August

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"PERMIT ME TO ESCORT YOU TO YOUR CARRIAGE—IN SPIRIT I GO WITH YOU."

—*Bonesy.* *Page 167.*

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BONES

THE small fine writing swam a little as he read it.

"I am an American girl alone in Paris and in terrible trouble. If you are a gentleman and can receive this without misjudging me or my purpose in appealing to you, may I not beseech your help? Please come over to my table, remind me of our having met on the *Kaiser Wilhelm*, and if you have a spark of humanity in you, help me, help me, help me! MILLY HALLERTON."

Esterbrooke sprang up and strode over to her table, hardly able to believe it was not a dream. She looked up at him with well-feigned astonishment as he blurted out: "I beg your pardon, but should I be presumptuous in reminding you of our acquaintance on the *Kaiser Wilhelm* coming over? If it is not taking too great a liberty, would you permit me to resume it here in Paris? I——"

She had risen, and was holding out her hand.

"My dear Mr. Esterbrooke," she exclaimed. "Why, of course, I should be delighted. I have been wondering all along how it was you had forgotten me."

Her cordiality, her warmth, her low, modulated, caressing voice put him in a seventh heaven. This was the girl whom he had watched through a month—a month of solitary sojourning for him in the little French hotel planned for an American clientele, where they had been surrounded by compatriots and yet aloof from them. How he had raged against the rigor of those excellent proprieties of the Hotel de Genève, those very smiling rigors which made it possible for the girl to stay here unchaperoned in her father's absence. She was awaiting now his return from St. Petersburg—so much had Esterbrooke won from Madame Lutzer, and had won no more. For the rest, he satisfied his soul as best he might by newspaper-screened observation that made

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his meals from day to day a sort of unrecognized love feast.

Her beauty had been only half revealed to him before; now, close at hand, he realized its dainty perfection—the fine oval of the face, the depths of the swimming eyes, the classic brow, and, most captivating of all, that smile so near to tears and yet alight with laughter. Esterbrooke laughed too, and somehow as he took his seat beside her they were already friends.

"Now I want to talk first," he said. "I want to reassure you about my being a gentleman and all that, you know. I am Mr. Willard Esterbrooke of Milwaukee, one of the regents of the State University, and vice president of the Red D Steam——"

"Oh, I could tell that in a moment," she interrupted gayly. "You needn't give any social references. I am willing to take you on trust."

"Well, now that that's settled, what are you going to do with me?"

Her only answer was an expression so full of embarrassment that it seemed kinder on his part to hurry on, and let her learn the extent of his devotion.

"Now, please," he added seriously. "I really want to help you—I'd be flattered to help you. Tell me, is it—*money?*"

"No."

She said the words so falteringly that he was unconvinced.

"I have a letter of credit for ten thousand dollars," he continued, "every cent of it is at your service, and if more's needed I will cable."

"Aren't you rather a reckless—gentleman?" The intonation she put on the last word was so whimsical, and accompanying it was a glance so dazzling and full of dawning good-will that Esterbrooke turned dizzy with delight. It was all he could do not to volunteer his heart's blood, too.

"I am here to help you," he said. "Be frank with me. It is money? You've got stranded over here or something, and overdrawn your account at Munro's?"

"No, no!"

"Has anybody dared to insult you, or—or——?"

She leaned her elbows on the table, and bent over confidentially. "And what would dear Mr. Quixote do to him?" she asked sparklingly.

"Kick him if he's a bounder, or fight him if he's a marquis."

"Bravo!" she cried. "What a nice headlong person you are! I'm sure they must like you an awful lot in Milwaukee!"

"There *are* some," admitted Quixote, "though the really important thing is to get liked in Paris."

This seemed so downright that she hastened to make a diversion by pointing out a tall, dark man, who was peeling a pear. "Suppose I said it was he," she remarked.

This was calling his bluff with a vengeance, but Esterbrooke was equal to the occasion. His face flushed with a mounting anger. "Tell me all about it," he exclaimed, "and then I think you had better go before I break that plate of *confiture* over his head!"

"Would you really do it?" she cried.

"Do it!" roared Esterbrooke. "He'll never finish that pear!"

Miss Hallerton went off into peals of unextinguishable laughter. "I was only putting you to a test," she said at last, recovering herself with little bubbles of merriment. "He's never done me any harm. Oh, Mr. Esterbrooke, it's far, *far* worse than that!"

"Then, for heaven's sake, tell me what it is," he cried, somewhat nettled, yet very much relieved. Getting one's collar torn off by a strange gentleman and being separated from him by waiters—however necessary at Beauty's call—was an undertaking that one was very glad to be spared. "What on earth is it all about, anyway?"

"A kitten!"

"A kitten! A *cat* kitten?"

"Yes, a kitten!"

"Your kitten?"

"No."

"Whose kitten?"

"I don't know."

"But where do I come in on this kitten question?"

"You're to help me save it."

"Why, I can beat that; I'll buy it!"

"It isn't for sale."

"Pooh! There isn't anything in Paris that isn't for sale."

"Except that kitten."

"Is it such a wonderful, prize, gorgeous, blue-blooded kitten, with a wadded silk coat, and its own pocket handkerchief and auto goggles—like the dogs you see in the Bois?"

"No, it's just a common, little scrub kitten."

"And you've lost it?"

"No, I found it!"

"Where is it?"

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"In a jeweler's window in the rue de Quatre Bras."

Esterbrooke looked at her, suspecting some fresh imposture—possibly another test, with another wounding outburst at his simplicity. But the sweet candor of her eyes belied his thought. He could not doubt that it was a real kitten in a real predicament, exciting a most real concern in that girlish bosom. It struck him as unutterably touching—the womanliness of it, the compassion, the divine tenderness which could even include the woes of a scrub kitten in its ken; that her blithe young heart could torment itself with that tiny, unconsidered life. At least he supposed that it *was* its life. But whatever the matter, it was evidently a kitten in a peck of trouble.

"Count me in on this," he said. "I'm going to stand by that kitten if it takes all summer. Surely, with ten thousand dollars on its side, and a husky American, and a lovely young lady, it can only be considered a kitten in temporary difficulties. We'll form a kitten receivership, and reorganize it on a new basis!"

"Oh, don't laugh about it!"

"Heaven forbid, I——"

"You see, it's starving to death!"

"Oh, no—really *starving*—? But what's the jeweler about that he doesn't——"

"There isn't any jeweler. The poor little thing is shut up in an empty shop, and I've seen it there in the window for two days, and—and—" She choked back her tears. "Oh, how good you are," she quavered. "It's been killing me to be so helpless; nobody cared, *nobody*, and I haven't slept a wink the whole night—and if you could see it, oh, it's hardly better than a furry skeleton, and it's eyes have such a glazed, delirious look, just like papa's when he had typhoid, and its poor little tumtum is all shriveled up against its backbone—and its poor, ratty little tail has that awful X-ray look——"

"Poor old Bonesy!" said Esterbrook, unconsciously christening it, and speaking in a tone so profoundly moved that the prettiest eyes in the world shone on his honest, ruddy, face with unmistakable liking and trust.

"You're splendid!" she cried impulsively. "You're what I call a real man. And you will help poor old Bonesy, won't you, and help him quick?"

"Me for Bonesy," exclaimed Esterbrook. "But tell me, first of all, isn't there any society here for the prevention of cruelty to animals? Surely that's the first thing to find out."

"It's only for cab horses," returned Miss Hallerton. "I choo-chooed around there the first thing, and of course they pointed out that Bonesy wasn't a horse."

"But couldn't they give you any advice?"

IN ONE CORNER WAS THE MOST PITIFUL BLACK KITTEN THAT COULD BE CONCEIVED.

"Yes, they said to show Bonesy to the nearest *gendarme*."

"And what did the nearest *gendarme* say?"

"Oh, he was so nice—said it was *dégoûtant, infame*, and threw a fit. He tried to get

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in, but the door was locked; then I carried him off to the Prefecture of Police, where I waited hours for them to make inquiries."

"Didn't they amount to anything?"

"Oh, it was wonderful! The Paris police know everything. They traced that jeweler to Corsica—and promised to inform him officially by post card."

"I CARRIED HIM OFF TO THE PREFECTURE OF POLICE."

"But what was to prevent Bonesy from dying in the meantime?"

"Nothing."

"It may be a splendid system, but it hardly seems to help Bonesy, does it?"

"Except to heaven."

"I propose we chase right around to Bonesy, and get busy."

Half an hour later their "taxi" turned into the rue de Quatre Bras, and stopped before that fateful, empty window. It was in a disorder of trashy purple cotton-velvet that in many places had peeled off the woodwork beneath, and hung or lay in torn, dismal, discolored shreds. In one corner, half hidden in a litter of cheap, discarded jewel-boxes, bits of paper, tarnished satin ribbon, blobs of cotton wool in all shades of dingy pink, was the most pitiful looking black kitten that could be conceived. It was nothing but skin and bone, and as it lay on its side, altogether limp and lifeless, with its hind legs horribly pulled out as though it had crawled to that corner in one last despairing effort to attract attention, anyone might have been pardoned for thinking it dead. But by looking closely a glimmer could be detected in those perishing eyes; and against the plate glass of the window a faint, faint blur told of a breath still moving in that shrunken handful.

Until this moment Esterbrooke's sympathy had not been untinged by a certain humor. Indeed, his devotion to Bonesy had much of it been inspired by a greater devotion to Bonesy's beautiful protectress. While far from a hypocrite, he would not have been natural, nor like a man in love, had he not enlarged on the subject that helped him with every word to make such an excellent impression. But with the sight of Bonesy a genuine commiseration, a real resentment and indignation rose savagely within him.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "This is awful—horrible—unspeakable! Why, the wretched thing must have been starving there for days and days, with thousands of people passing, and not one of them man enough to raise a little finger!" Then, turning to Miss Hallerton, he added: "Say, I'm glad you brought me here; I'm going to get that kitten out if I tear down all Paris. And if it dies before we can get it out, I'm going to hike for Corsica, and beat that jeweler black and blue."

Women always like men who want to fight somebody—when his cause is their own, at least. It appeals to a primitive feeling, a feeling three million years old and still to-day close to the surface, that feeling which makes the favored gentleman one handy with a club. Miss Hallerton's face was vivid with approval.

"And I'll go too, and see you do it!" she cried in passionate oblivion of all the proprieties.

Esterbrooke wrote down the address of the house-agents, whose notice "*A louer*" was posted on the door like a proclamation. He hurried Miss Hallerton back into the cab, and, pointing out the notice to the cabman, said "*Là, là*" in a commanding voice.

At 8 rue de Magellan they drew up at *Là*, which was a bustling little real estate office presided over by the most amiable man in France. Better still, the most amiable man in France spoke English. The situation was breathlessly laid before him—the locked shop—Bonesy—the need for instant action—

"Monseer," cried Esterbrooke in conclusion, "I will give you a hundred francs for that key if you will return with me this very minute and liberate the unfortunate *chat!*"

Monsieur Danat threw up his hands with

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exclamations of pity and protest. "Nevaire, nevaire would I take him," he exclaimed, leaping back from Esterbrooke's pocket-book. "Ah, Monsieur, the cry of an animal in distress reaches 'ere the most sympathetic of 'earts. Yaas, I have him on my books," he went on. "42 rue de Quatre Bras, eez it not? Jeweler, yaas? I vill get ze key, and send with you my clerk, with no charge whatever, Monsieur, not one sou, Monsieur, for a deed so honorable to your humanity!"

He scurried to a desk, and rummaged frantically among his papers. At last he found what he was seeking, and his face fell. He rose, and came toward them despairingly.

"Oh, Monsieur," he exclaimed. "It is too sad for anything. My partner, yaas, two days ago, my partner he rent this *boutique*, this shop, to Faussemagne et Cie., the great perfume 'ouse! 'Ere I 'old the memorandum of the transaction! To Faussemagne et Cie., of 2 rue de Castiglione! To them is the key, and I would suggest to Monsieur and Madame an application to them. They are French; they 'ave 'earts; rest assured of the salvation of pussee. 'Asten, Monsieur, and with Monsieur's permission I will give the address to the cabman, and contribute fifty centimes of my own that he may make expedition!"

So they were off again, with the cabman going ten cents faster, and swearing a whole dollar's worth at any one in his way. He cracked his whip, and nearly drove over old ladies, and scraped off yards of varnish from passing automobiles. Once, at the near annihilation of an infant, Miss Hallerton screamed and somehow Esterbrooke found himself holding her hand; and somehow he kept on holding it long after the infant had melted into their wake; and somehow, though the hand tried to get away, it didn't try very hard and then he carried it to his lips and kissed it, kissed it again and again before all Paris, his head whirling, and heaven only knows what incoherent avowals on his lips.

Then that soft, transparent hand did snatch itself away, and its owner widened the distance between them, flushing the loveliest pink, and all of a tremble; and it seemed that she was insulted, and, oh, worse even than that, *disappointed* in a man she had really liked. And the man she-had-once-really-liked begged and pleaded and explained, apparently all in vain, and was still begging and pleading and explaining when the cab stopped before the magnificent establishment of Faussemagne et Cie., and an edible-looking attendant in a chocolate-cake uniform was holding open the door.

"THE MOST SYMPATHETIC OF 'EARTS."

"And what may we show Monsieur?"

"Oh, if you please, I should like to see the proprietor."

"The proprietor?"

"Yes."

"May I have Monsieur's card, and the favor of his reason for wishing to see Monsieur Faussemagne?"

Esterbrooke produced his card, and was wondering how he could condense the Bonesy affair within such cablegram limits when he was approached by a tall, portly, distinguished looking man with eye-glasses, wearing the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor.

"I am Monsieur Faussemagne," he said, taking Esterbrooke's card and gazing at him keenly, and from him to Miss Hallerton. "I am desolated, Monsieur, but the name, I regret to say, is not familiar to me."

"Well, you see it is about a cat in the rue de Quatre Bras," began Esterbrooke.

"A starving cat," added Miss Hallerton, helpfully.

"Cat!" cried Monsieur Faussemagne.

"Yes, cat—*chat!*" explained Esterbrooke. "*Chat, chat!—Chat qui va mourir!*"

"But I have nothing to do with the cat," objected Monsieur Faussemagne. "I don't want the cat. Why do you come here about the cat? We are wholesale and retail perfumers, also manufacturers of fine soap.—Ah, *mon Dieu*, is that it? Soap for the cat? Or why, why do you come to me?"

Then Miss Hallerton, with all the confidence of a young and pretty woman in asking a favor of a man, interrupted Esterbrooke's disjointed explanations, and briefly outlined the Bonesy tragedy in the clearest, sweetest, most appealing little speech. Monsieur Faussemagne's reserve vanished. He became sympathy, consideration itself; he took off his eye-glasses and wiped them.

"Mademoiselle is like all her sex," he said, "a veritable angel

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of goodness and charity, and at her feet I lay every assistance in my power. Rather would I lose a thousand francs than cause such misery to the least thing that lives. I will get the key from the office, and my only stipulation is that Monsieur returns it at his convenience."

"I shall not keep it an hour," asseverated Esterbrooke.

"Your pardon," said Monsieur Faussemagne courteously. "Do me the honor to remain here till I secure the key."

"Thank goodness we've got it at last," exclaimed Miss Hallerton.

"Bonesy will be out in ten minutes," added Esterbrooke delightedly. "Vive Faussemagne! Vive Bonesy!"

In a few moments Monsieur Faussemagne was seen returning—but where was the key? He was excessively solemn and at the sight of the pair he was visibly overcome.

"It is terrible," he cried. "Oh, it is terrible! It is unexampled! But the key has been given to our contractors, the Got Frères, who are to alter the shop to our purposes. Monsieur and mademoiselle had better drive to their place of business at 81 bis Boulevard Montparnasse while I telephone that the key be surrendered to you—here I write it down on my card—Got Frères—voilà!—Mademoiselle, I am enchanted to have served you. Monsieur, your generous references to Lafayette redoubled my esteem for your great country. Permit me to escort you to your carriage—In spirit I go with you—*Bonjour*, Mademoiselle. *Bonjour*, Monsieur!"

"That's what I call a brick," said Esterbrooke as they rolled off.

"Me, too," exclaimed Miss Hallerton enthusiastically.

"We're seeing the nicest side of the French character," he added.

"Yes, seeing everything but the key," rippled Miss Hallerton—"and if it wasn't for Bonesy, I'd say we were having a lovely time! Oh, it's a good world, isn't it?—and when you have pounded that jeweler, it will be altogether perfect!"

"I am almost relenting toward him," cried Esterbrooke ecstatically. How adorable she was! How intoxicating the sense of comradeship, of intimacy that increased with every turn of the wheels! He grew inconceivably reckless. He loved her, and told her so. He called her Milly. Pound the jeweler? No, he'd go to Corsica to buy the engagement ring, or would they stop right here and choose it in that smart-looking shop? He spoke fast; that classic brow was clouding with anger, those golden-brown eyes were dilating with astonishment and scorn.

"You're horrid," she cried. "I couldn't have believed it of you. Stop right here. I'm going to get out!"

"No, no!"

"I'm going to get right out!"

"Oh, please."

"You've mistaken the kind of person I am, Mr. Esterbrooke! *Cocher——!*"

"It's true, every word of it! It's true. It's nearly a month since I——"

"*Cocher——!*"

"Think of Bonesy, then! It's Bonesy that will suffer! Are you going to desert Bonesy?"

She wavered. "Very well then," she said at last with freezing composure. "If you will sit over there, and let go my hand, and never call me Milly again, and try to act like a civilized being, and not dare—do you hear, not *dare* to say that you lo—, that you are so idiotic and impertinent—I'll *tolerate* you till we can get that miserable kitten out!"

Esterbrooke felt the fine reproach of Bonesy's having suddenly become "that miserable kitten." The substitution of the phrase gave him a terrible feeling that all was lost.

"I'll do anything as long as you'll stay," he said humbly. "I've acted like a forward fool, of course, and I can only blame myself if you are offended. Yet for more than a whole month I've longed and hoped and dreamed—Oh, very well, I won't say it—though it's awful only to be tolerated, when—Oh, Miss Hallerton, in all sincerity and honor it is true, every word of it, every word I've said, and poor little Bonesy isn't more wretched than I am this moment."

Miss Hallerton laughed cruelly as she replied: "You had two cups of coffee, kidneys with wine sauce, an omelette, a rasher of bacon, a second lot of toast, English marmalade, and my note only stopped you from starting in on bananas. Wretched as Bonesy, are you? You are not only an excessively silly person, but you don't have any imagination or sense either. What do you suppose Bonesy has had for the last week?"

"Bonesy's had sympathy," he retorted. "Oodles of sympathy, and that's more than I've had."

"You can be nice if you try," she said relaxing her severity and becoming sweetness

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HE SWORE, AND CRACKED HIS WHIP, AND NEARLY DROVE OVER OLD LADIES.

itself. "The trouble is, you don't try. If you'd behave I could get quite fond of you."

Esterbrooke beamed. The angel of peace descended on that taxicab, but so delicately that the *cocher* did not ring up the *supplément* for a *troisième personne*.

"Thank heaven, we are friends again," ejaculated Esterbrooke heartily.

"It's so stupid to quarrel," observed Miss Hallerton.

"For people who really like each other!"

"Yes," she assented slowly, "for people who really like each other." And the corners of her mouth dimpled.

The Got establishment was working full blast: lathes were turning, steam was hissing, hammers were flying, the snore of a circular saw exasperated the ear and cut harshly across their eager questions. One had to yell in the Got establishment—and what was worse, yell in French. The Gots lay outside the English-speaking zone. Great Scott, the Gots weren't even in their own zone! An explanatory female in wooden shoes said, or seemed to say, or implied—that the Gots were at Rouen to bury a sainted mother; and said, or seemed to say, or implied—that the Gots weren't to be at home until the next day. Esterbrooke talked; Miss Hallerton talked; the explanatory female vociferated; *cocher* mixed in loudly; the circular saw shattered the air; and yet where was the key?

Finally the explanatory female took Esterbrooke by the arm and, leading him into a small office—Miss Hallerton and the *cocher* following—showed him a small chunky safe in the corner. Amid a torrent of unintelligibility, but assisted by a pantomime as plain as English, she declared that (a) the key of the jeweler's shop was in the safe; (b) that the key of the safe was in the pocket of the Got brothers; (c) that the Got brothers were burying a sainted mother at Rouen; (d) that the Got brothers were expected to return the next day. But alas, she cast no light on (e) What was to become of Bonesy?

It was up to Esterbrooke and Miss Hallerton to settle "(e)," and they dismally discussed it in the cab as they made it wait on the curb outside.

"I propose we go back and ask Monsieur Faussemagne to let us get a locksmith and open the door," said Miss Hallerton. "He's so kind, he'll do it."

"By George, that's a good idea," cried Esterbrooke. "Say, you've hit it! Though, yes, stop—I can go one better!"

Without waiting to explain he ordered the *cocher* to drive to 42 rue de Quatre Bras. "*Vite, vite,*" he added, "*avec pourboire à l'Américaine!*"

"But that's the jeweler's. It's Faussemagne's that we want!"

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"No it isn't," returned Esterbrooke masterfully. "We've done enough shilly-shallying. I'm going to smash the window!"

"Oh!"

"And stop over there at that milk place for a quart of milk. *Arrêtez là, cocher! Là, là!*"

"But you'll be arrested."

"What of it?"

"The French laws are awful!"

"My stick's going through the window just the same!"

"And you may be put in prison."

"Hope I will—it shows what I'd do for you—and Bonesy."

"But won't they arrest me, too?"

"Oh, no! Listen, I've thought it all out. You sit in the carriage with the milk, I smash the window, pass you Bonesy, and off you gallop! You understand? I'll stay and face the music!"

The milk was obtained—a whole litre of it in a bottle with a patent top. The saucer too—a common, everyday, yellow saucer—specially priced for the occasion on a Pierpont Morgan basis. But no matter, no matter! Into the cab again, hugging both! "*Vite, cocher, quarante-deux rue de Quatre Bras! pourboire sur scale Américaine—scale énorme. Vite, vite!*"

Miss Hallerton was pale and silent. The hero, too, evidently felt the shadow across his life. But determined! Oh, yes, determined! He had a clean cut, fighting chin, and unshrinking eyes. Really very nice eyes; honest eyes, dark, frank, affectionate eyes, with a glint in them.—She surrendered her hand without a protest; let it lie unresistingly in his big clasp.—How thoughtful he had been about the milk; how devotedly he was sacrificing himself for her—and Bonesy! She was impelled to give him a tiny ghost of a squeeze.

These musings were suddenly cut short by their entry into the rue de Quatre Bras. It was disturbing to see so many people passing; disturbing, too, that a bull-necked individual should have planted himself and a handbarrow immediately in front of the shabby exterior of No. 42. Worse still that the bull-necked individual should be emitting loud cries of a peculiarly piercing character, and holding up a basket of indeterminate vegetables for heads in upper windows to inspect.

"Well, here goes," said Esterbrooke, with the same forced calm with which he had faced San Juan Hill, "I'll grab him, you take him, and off you go as hard as you can!"

He descended; and while Miss Hallerton quaked in the cab, he carefully assured himself first that poor Bonesy was still alive. Yes, there was the blur of breath against the glass; there was the glimmer of those glazing eyes; the little, shrunken bunch of fur still retained the vital spark. With the sight all Esterbrooke's hesitation vanished; smash went the iron ferule of his cane against the window, smash, smash, smash! But it was the thickest window in France; it might have been of steel for all the effect he could make upon it. Then, with a movement we admit was uncouth to those of an esthetic taste, he lifted his foot, and, bending down, aimed the flat of a number eleven American shoe, with mule-like precision and vigor, at a spot about eighteen inches away from Bonesy.

There was a crash like the end of the world; all the glass in the universe seemed to be falling on his head, and even while it was falling the street reverberated with the cries of the populace, shouts, yells, screams, and the sound of opening windows. To seize Bonesy was the work of an instant; to pass him swiftly to Milly was the work of another.

"*Allez, allez!*" he bellowed to the cabman, as a mob sprang up from nowhere, surging and jostling fiercely about him—as the feet of all Paris pounded into the rue de Quatre Bras; as waving swords and advancing uniform-caps betrayed the inrush of police.

"*Allez, allez!*"

But how could the cabman *allez* with a black-whiskered, apoplectic gentleman in a frock coat and silk hat holding to that bridle with clenched hands? With a black-whiskered, apoplectic gentleman resoundingly exclaiming in French: "Stop, you assassin! Stop, miserable one, in the name of the law—to me, my brave ones, to me!" The brave ones rallied; in vain *cocher* rose, a Niagara of expostulations pouring from his lips; in vain Esterbrooke forced his way to the black-whiskered, apoplectic gentleman, and tried to pull him from the harness. The waving swords were now about them; Esterbrooke was denounced and laid under arrest; Miss Hallerton was laid under arrest; the only note of calm in the whole convulsion was Bonesy, snugly cuddled in Miss Hallerton's lap, sucking milk for all he was worth from the handkerchief she had wet from the bottle.

"How can you ever forgive me?" exclaimed Esterbrooke as they drove off, one *gendarme* sitting on the little bob seat, confronting them, and another beside *cocher*, and keeping him on the straight course to the police station; "how can you ever forgive me?"

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"Oh, Mr. Esterbrooke, I have nothing to forgive you for," replied Miss Hallerton, with unexpected radiance. "You were perfectly splendid. I'm proud of you!"

"But I ought to have got you out of it," groaned Esterbrooke. "I mismanaged everything. I see now, we ought to have paid off the cab. It was just the stupidest folly to trust to the cab."

"What we wanted was Bonesy," she said. "And here he is, the poor darling. I call it a great, big success."

Bonesy had distinctly revived, and was swelling visibly in the tumtum region. He sucked noisily, greedily, voraciously, and every time the handkerchief was wet with fresh milk, he mouthed for it like a diminutive tiger, and sprawled shamelessly out to give his kitten-skin more room.

"And you aren't angry with me, are you?" Esterbrooke pleaded again.

"I think," she returned with a dazzling smile, speaking slowly in tantalizing little jumps, "I think—you are—the nicest—the kindest—the big-brotherliest—the most quixotically impulsive—just-too-good-to-be-true—manliest fellow—that ever—in my brief career here below—I have—been arrested with—since Papa—was jugged in Long Island—for sizzling up nine speed limits—in one wiggle of our new giant runabout!"

Esterbrooke beamed. "Then what does anything matter?" he cried rapturously. "Nothing can hurt me now! I'm the happiest man in France! Hurrah for jail, for love, for everything!"

"And Bonesy," put in Miss Hallerton jealously. "It was Bonesy that did it!"

"Yes, bless him," exclaimed Esterbrooke. "Give him another jolt of milk! Cram him to the guards, Milly! Don't ever let it get into his head that we aren't grateful."

"I guess that's our place," interrupted Milly, pointing with shivering cheerfulness at a large, gaunt, yellow building with iron-barred windows, and *gendarmes* very much in evidence. "Isn't it funny, though, to put *liberté, égalité, fraternité* over a p-p-prison?"

"I like it. It only needs one more word to be my philosophy—tabloided."

"One more word?"

"Yes—love."

The wide-open eyes gazed at him in mild reproach.

"Don't be silly," said Miss Hallerton. "It's awful to be landed in a prison with a silly person. Here, you take the bottle and the saucer, and I'll carry Bonesy."

They were lined up before a grizzled official at a desk, Esterbrooke, Miss Hallerton, Bonesy, bottle and saucer, the two *gendarmes*, and a quart of incriminating broken glass. The official was stern and direct, and had a hurry-it-through, don't-block-the gangway manner. The *gendarmes'* story was cut down smartly to the bald facts of the case. Pop, pop, pop went the questions. Dash, dash, dash went the entries in the book.

"Nationality?" demanded Napoleon of Esterbrooke.

"American, Monsieur."

"Name?"

Esterbrooke handed up his card. "Villard Esterbrooke," read Napoleon. "Address?"

"Hotel de Genève, rue San Roque, rue de Rivoli."

"Wife?"—Napoleon darted a finger toward Miss Hallerton.

"Yes," answered Esterbrooke on the spur of the moment. "Yes."

Then Napoleon shot out six yards of French—Twentieth-Century-Limited French

THERE WAS A CRASH LIKE THE END OF THE WORLD—

—right-through-and-no-intermediate-stop French. It all got past Esterbrooke, but Miss Hallerton caught some of it.

"I think he's asking if you want to communicate with your consul," she said.

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"No—the Transatlantic Express Company, 7 rue Scribe," said Esterbrooke. As Milly translated this, Esterbrooke drew out another card, and hastily wrote on it in pencil:

"TRANSATLANTIC EXPRESS COMPANY.

"DEAR SIRS:—Please send somebody quick to get me out of jail. Your bank clerk will probably remember me, and my $10,000 credit on you. For heaven's sake, speed up! W. E."

"He said he'll have to detain us until we're bailed out," said Milly, becoming dreadfully limp. "Oh, Mr. Esterbrooke, you oughtn't to have said 'wife.' You oughtn't, you oughtn't!"

"But will he send somebody to the Transatlantic Express Company?"

"Yes, by official messenger. Give it to him, and he says the fee is six cents."

Napoleon took the card, and rang an electric bell. In the meantime a strange *gendarme* had passed his arm through Esterbrooke's, and was exerting a gentle compulsion in the direction of a stone stairway.

"What's he pulling me about for?" protested the Milwaukean. "Say, Milly, what's this chap doing?"

"G-o-ing to l-l-l-ock us up," she quavered.

"Great Scott!" cried Esterbrooke.

They found themselves in a stone cell about the size of a Pullman drawing room, and heard for the first time in either of their lives the deadly sound of a key turning on the wrong side of a door, and heavy bolts pushed home. Miss Hallerton threw herself on the wooden bench which constituted the only furniture of the cell and gave way to uncontrollable tears.

A MOB SPRANG UP FROM NOWHERE, SURGING AND JOSTLING ABOUT HIM.

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Esterbrooke's attempt to comfort her was repulsed with a passionate outburst.

"I hate you!" she exclaimed. "You've disgraced me forever. How dared you say I was your wife? How dared you? I thought you were so chivalrous. I thought you were a gentleman. I really *liked* you, and now——"

"I did it so you wouldn't be shut up by yourself, or get your name in the papers," exclaimed Esterbrooke, in abject contrition. "Heaven knows, I meant it for the best. It'll only be for an hour or two, anyway.—What do you want me to do, then? Call them back, and tell them?"

He was about to make the attempt when Miss Hallerton sobbingly restrained him.

"You're not to blame," she exclaimed. "F-forgive me, and—and it's all right, and—and nobody will know—at least I hope not. It's only that I'm so scared and miserable, and Papa would almost kill me, and——!"

"It's absolutely for you to decide," said Esterbrooke. "Perhaps I was all wrong. Shall I call them or not?"

She shook her head, and the quiver of a smile appeared on her pretty, tear-stained face. Esterbrooke was emboldened to sit on the floor beside her, and pretend to stroke Bonesy, who was purring with three-kitten power and digging his claws lovingly into the dress of his protectress. Gradually the stroking included a soft girlish hand, and finally its entire and unresisted possession; and somehow under the spell of that bubbling purr, or in the sense of comradeship induced by all those bars and bolts hemming them in, it seemed the most natural thing in the world that Esterbrooke's arm should steal around that yielding waist, and——

Though of course she did not really—care for him; nothing could make her admit she—*cared*—no, not more than a teeny-weeny, just-so-much of her little finger. How could anybody—*care* for anybody in one day, really-truly *care?* Did he realize that it was only four hours? It seemed years and years; didn't it? And she had always watched him at his table; thought how nice he was; and wondered why he didn't burst—eating such breakfasts! And once when he was late she waited and waited, and when he didn't come it quite spoiled her morning. Though he wasn't to feel uppish or conceited about it; it was just a girl's fancy, you know, and the idealizing way girls have—often about the most tacky people; they just make a cloak-model out of any attractive man, and try on one ideal after another to see how it looks! It was the cloak that was interesting—not the silly model—oh, dear no, not the silly model! The idea! Why, it even made Bonesy smile!

Then the silly model's feelings got hurt, and he became cold and sarcastic; and had finally to be told to sit 'way over there, and stay till he begged pardon. But instead of begging pardon he turned awfully cross, and wouldn't answer a word, and even the little finger he had loved so much was powerless to entice him back—the little finger that *cared.* Then Milly became hurt, too, and a tomb-like silence descended on that dungeon cell, and a whole ocean of heartache filled the middle of the bench—with a drooping gold-brown head on one side, and oh, such a sullen, crisp-black one on the other.

It was too sad for anything, and grew sadder and sadder, till what do you think? That precocious bit of fur staggered feebly out of Milly's lap, and insisted, positively insisted, with meows, on wobbling over to Esterbrooke! Of course it *might* have been the bottle of milk in the corner, but why should we always put a cynical construction on every act of the dumb creation? Let us infer instead that Bonesy could not bear this estrangement of his two friends, and was determined at any cost to his poor tottering little legs to bring them together again. Milly, who knew the kitten-language ever so much better than French, translated for him, with the result that Bonesy turned round, leading Esterbrooke with him, and explained everything so satisfactorily, and with such sweetness and whimsicalness that—! Well, this is not a kiss-and-tell story.—Bonesy just put love on the track again, telegraphed ahead to clear the line, and descended well pleased, to guzzle another saucer of milk.

The trouble about making our own heaven here below is the unavoidable interruption to which it is constantly exposed. In this case it was the Transatlantic Express Company's "our Mr. Chickly"—an excessively friendly, helpful, small young man with eye-glasses and a canary-colored mustache. "Our Mr. Chickly" grasped the whole story in two shakes; in three he was making Esterbrooke sign a "temporary memorandum" with a fountain pen; six shakes more saw them bailed out—trial set for Tuesday at nine—the sun of freedom shining in their faces and *cocher*, their own *cocher*, who had been lost in the shuffle, but whose taximeter had gone on ticking off a king's ransom—their own

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faithful *cocher*, tumbling off his perch to welcome them.

"Our Mr. Chickly" was put on the bob-seat, and to his delighted embarrassment was complimented all the way to the rue Scribe, where he descended, together with a hundred-franc note, which "our Mr. Chickly" tried not to accept, and which had to be forced, with violence, into "our Mr. Chickly's" pocket. He was unquestionably a God-given young man, of a God-given institution, and Milwaukee rose and called him blessed; and when, inflamed by the hundred francs and in a perfect convulsion of good-will, he spoke of the apartment he shared with his widowed mother, and how, if necessary, he was prepared then and there to take and adopt Bonesy—angels must have inserted the name of "our Mr. Chickly" on their heavenly books; and on earth there seemed but one really right thing to do, and that was, with renewed violence, to force a second hundred francs on such soul-stirring heart and worth. —Not that Bonesy was allowed to accept the shelter of that modest household, however. No indeed, he wasn't! He had now become Bonesy E. Hallerton (name subject to change without notice), and his future lay over the billows, and his home in the setting sun.

Then back to the Hotel de Genève, tired, hungry, but in glorious spirits, the glamor of love over everything; hand pressed in hand; Bonesy purring like a coffee-mill; the joy of it all, the joke of it all, the wonder of it all, animating the two happiest faces in Paris.

But why was the Hotel de Genève seething like a revolution? Why that mob bustling about the entrance? Why those darkling, reprobative faces of the sixty guests, all shrinking, and shuddering, and raising their outraged noses? And why these *gendarmes*, and why that French gentleman, but girded like a comic-opera comedian in the flag of his native land, and gesticulating fiercely to a pale Swiss hotel proprietor?

It was Herr Lutzer who answered these questions, as with choking fury he recognized Milly and Esterbrooke.

"So," he exclaimed wrathfully. "So, you go forth from a hotel as pure as an American home—you get drunk; you break windows; you create riot; you compromise me, *me*, with the police, and give scandalous information for which I am held responsible! Ah, it is nothing to you that I am ruined! that the Miss Sweeneys have given notice; that Major Tompkins moves to-morrow; that Miss Tyker has cabled to her parents in Teepee City to say that the Hotel de Genève is the haunt of unparalleled outcasts of either sex, raided constantly by the police, and not to be tolerated by a young lady who came here alone under assurances of our perfect propriety and decorum!"

"But hold on," expostulated Esterbrooke, "We've done nothing except to save a cat!"

"Did you not declare," vociferated Herr Lutzer, almost beside himself, "did you not declare that Miss Hallerton was *your wife?*"

"Yes, come to think of it, I believe I did," Esterbrooke admitted feebly.

"It was not only a lie," roared Herr Lutzer, "a lie to screen unspeakable conduct, but it was in direct contravention of the Penal Code! These gentlemen, arrived to verify your statements, are confronted with an infamous deception!"

"Monsieur, this is a vairy grave mattaire," said the flag-functionary, in a voice of overwhelming solemnity. "You have deceived ze police; you have made assertions of uncontrovertible falsity; you have violated—yes, Monsieur, you have violated Section seven thousand one hundred and eighteen, Sub-section nine, Paragraph B, of the Penal Code of the French Republic!"

This awful hole he had made in the Penal Code quite unmanned Esterbrooke. He faltered; beads of sweat stood out on his forehead; he was thankful when Milly took the stammering words from his mouth in her own low, sweet contralto.

"It was to keep my name out of the affair," she explained. "It was to save me from horrid publicity and chatter. Monsieur is a Frenchman; Monsieur in a similar situation could not have acted otherwise; Monsieur will understand and be indulgent."

"But, Mademoiselle, Section seven thousand one hundred and eighteen, Sub-section nine, Paragraph B, makes no exception—even for a lady's reputation."

"No, but *you* will," said Milly.

The flag-functionary melted. "I will represent ze mattaire as favorably as possible," he remarked. "It will not be my fault if Monsieur ever hears of it again, zough I can make no absolute promise. In any further complications with ze social order, I would implore Monsieur and Mademoiselle, to inscribe themselves with sacred truthfulness on ze records of ze police."

"Oh, we are so much obliged to you,"

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DETERMINED AT ANY COST TO HIS POOR TOTTERING LITTLE LEGS TO BRING THEM TOGETHER.

cried Milly gratefully. "I cannot thank you sufficiently!"

"I should like to shake hands with you," added Esterbrooke heartily.

The flag-functionary gracefully freed himself with protestations of profound regard; signaled to his subordinates; buttoned his frock coat over the Fourth-of-July effect beneath, and impressively withdrew.

"Now, sir," cried Herr Lutzer, advancing on Esterbrooke with pent-up passion, "I give you one hour to leave this establishment! And as for you,"—with this he turned resentfully to Milly, "as for you——!"

"See here, Lutzer," interrupted Esterbrooke coolly, "if you say anything to Miss Hallerton I'm going to punch your head."

"I have no idea of insulting Miss Hallerton," observed Lutzer, with sudden and agitated suavity. "I wish merely to inform Miss Hallerton, in the politest manner, that I disapprove of her conduct, and have telegraphed my disapproval to her esteemed papa at St. Petersburg, requesting him to make other arrangements for her accommodation—as the Hotel de Genève wishes to set a limit on the responsibility it has incurred for her."

"You telegraphed to my father?" cried Milly, horrified. "Oh, how wicked of you!"

"I want to see that telegram," exclaimed Esterbrooke.

"But it is gone," returned Herr Lutzer.

"Yes, yes, but the copy. I know you have a copy. Show it to me, or——"

It was hastily produced—an old envelope scribbled over in pencil.

"Wish respectfully state Miss Hallerton arrested for intoxication, riot, malicious mischief, petty larceny, giving false name, in company with stranger who declares himself husband. Advise your immediate return, meanwhile awaiting your instructions in painful matter. LUTZER."

Milly's eyes blazed. "And you sent that to my father?" she cried. "You dared to tell me you sent that to my father?"

"I had no alternative, Miss Hallerton. You were confided to my care for the fortnight your father was to be absent, and I——"

"Come away," she whispered to Esterbrooke, who was blazing, too, and in a touch-and-go condition that warned the girl to get him out. "Come away; it's horrible. You can't say anything or fight him; we must telegraph papa the truth instantly."

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As they stood outside in the open street, the angriest two people in France, Esterbrooke passed his arm through hers, and said, in a curious, curt, defiant way, that he had been thinking.

"So have I," she returned, "just like the drowning man who reviews his whole life in the wiggle of an eyelash, from being born, right up to Bonesy and you, and being out here like castaways in——!"

"I've cut one Gordian knot to-day," he interrupted, "and now I'm going to cut another. You and I are going to drive to the Embassy and get married!"

"Married!"

"Yes; it's bound to happen sometime, and so why shouldn't it happen now?"

"You're crazy!"

"Yes, about you—always have been."

"But how can people get married who have only known each other five hours?"

"You and I can! Besides, don't you want to be on the right side of the Penal Code!"

"Oh, if it's only the Penal Code!"

"I love you, and you love me—and what does anything else matter?"

"Are you sure you do?"

"Certain of it!"

"But, Mr. Esterbrooke, we couldn't—it's awful!"

"It isn't, and anyway we're going to do it!"

"All that talk of Herr Lutzer's was too silly for anything. I'm not disgraced, only frightfully exasperated about that telegram to papa. You dear, chivalrous lunatic, instead of getting married, let's go and have lunch."

"Then you don't love me?"

"Oh, I never said that."

"You don't love me enough to marry me?"

"I never said that, either."

"Hop into this one. *Cocher*——"

"For lunch?"

"No—Embassy."

"You'll have to do all the explaining."

"Just watch me!"

"And I must get a blue ribbon for Bonesy."

"We'll pick one up on the way."

"You really-truly mean it?"

"With all my heart I mean it! Oh, Milly, I've loved you for a month, loved the very ground you trod on."

"Well, I guess I'd better take you before you change your mind,—only tell him to drive slowly in case I change mine."

Of course, that was all a long time ago now, and doubtless there will be some who won't believe it ever happened at all. That is why I'm going to put in as evidence Exhibit A, Tootums, aged seven, Exhibit B, Bill-bill, aged five, Exhibit C, Anniesister, aged twenty months, and Exhibit D, Bonesy H. Esterbrooke, who is now in the prime of tomcathood, and tips the scales at fourteen pounds.

Listen to Tootums:

"Oh, yes, it was Bonesy who married Papa to Mama, and Papa says if there hadn't been any Bonesy he's sure there wouldn't have been any *us*, and wouldn't that have been awful! —Come here, Bonesy, and lick the butter off my fingers.—Come along, you fat old Bonesy!"

WITH CHOKING FURY HE RECOGNIZED MILLY AND ESTERBROOKE.

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PRISONERS OF LABOR: SOUTH AFRICAN DIAMOND MINERS CORALLED FOR AT LEAST THREE MONTHS.

THE TRAIL OF THE DIAMOND

By FRANKLIN CLARKIN

SOME day, motoring over hard, smooth white roadways between Bordeaux and Paris, you may cross that branch of the Loire which is called Cher River, and enter the village of Vierzon. There will be, besides vineyards, many little oaks along the way. In Vierzon you will fancy the people themselves to be little oaks, so hardy are they, so strong, so gnarled with labor in an ancient soil much exhausted. There won't be much shade, and there won't be much wind, and the strident cicadae will seem to give sound to "the sun's luminous vibration." But if you will mark a neat, tiled cottage, with flowers about it, and grape arbors, and a barn with a red roof bearing a weather vane tipped with a piece of glistening glass, and out under an olive tree an elderly man whose face shows the severe lines of one who has known hardship and struggle and passed through the supreme moment of stooping down and picking up at his feet a fortune—that will be Antoine, his last name forgot, who discovered the great diamond called the "Stewart."

You may not care for the diamond at all, but it is reasonably sure, some time in your life, to stand for something, perhaps a great deal, in the way of sentiment. "Never a stone was cut that had not its romance." Nothing else, unless it be gold itself, symbolizes so profoundly the lights and lusters of pleasure, or place, or power. Nothing, except gold, has been at the bottom of so much roguery, robbery, intrigue, cupidity, murder, and remorse.

Pure, limpid as a drop of dew, the light of the diamond has been likened to a "dance of moonbeams over crusted snows," a "shimmer of frosted trees under a cloudless sky, "the glisten in the path of the moon at sea." It is never tired of, any more than are sunrises and sunsets.

Its fascination is common to the oppressed Jew and to the court which bears him down; and it lends glitter to Passover parades off

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the Bowery as well as to gala nights at grand opera. The other morning you may have read:

"Last night when Tetrazzini sang, it was Mrs. S—— in the 'diamond horseshoe' who took the triumph. From the stage, against the dark, only her corsage could be seen—velvet bands of fire-white jewels tracing gracious curves, straps in six straight, radiant rows bent over rounded shoulders. Even the diva, whom she visited between acts, acknowledged the triumph, saying: 'Your diamonds distracted me. I couldn't sing for looking at them.'"

Before then you may never have heard of Mrs. S——. You may still be wondering why any jewel, instead of the wearer, should distract anybody. But the diva is a woman. The allure she yielded to was but that which bribed Eriphyle to sacrifice her husband against the walls of Thebes; and Mrs. S—— is merely one of millions of women for whom, to dizen and to deck with these crystals, slaves have been bonded, dynasties overturned, maps changed, wars made.

Three or four other gems—the pearl, the ruby, the emerald—rank the diamond in price and rarity. None is so full of beauty—and yet it comes simply from a bending of the light that passes into a crystal of carbon. The effect is no more than a combination of "the purity of water with the flash of fire." But beauty, even when simple, is ever "fatal." And as the diamond blazes most brightly against blackness, so its trail, radiant with the pleasures of vanity and the pomp of power, leads across the somber gloom of uttermost misery. It has been called "the tear of human woe."

You will be interested in Antoine because he was a hunter of diamonds. That is a calling for which the main preparation of spirit is to have a taste for the ends of the earth. Also there may be the impulse of a sickness, of a disappointment, or of some other desperation, such as poverty, which drives one with a still strong love of living into lonely and despondent places where willing vigor may lead to pleasanter fortunes.

The search is a desolate business. There is one moment in the prospector's life, however, which must be worth living. One has heard of many sorts of thrills—the ecstacy of a Pensieri-Vani plucking a crown from the sepultured dust of an ancient king; the stir of blood when a wilderness is forced to yield up a long hidden orchid; the rapture at the desert capture of a marvelous rug; the solemn emotion of touching the farthest north; the surge of heart in the soldier planting his flag on the enemy's defence. None of them seems to reach deeper depths of feeling than those of a diamond-digging slave who, after years of bondage, turns up a "pebble" which means freedom, or, nowadays, of the poor adventurer, drudging with pick under a tropic sun, whose eye one day is caught by a flash which heliographs to him the end of every drudgery.

Let me give you the actual episode of Antoine. Antoine was so humble a peasant that when he left Vierzon and took up prospecting in South Africa, nobody asked what his other name was. Having no capital save his muscles, he asked leave to dig, on shares, a claim on the Vaal River with which one

DIAMOND WASHING BY HAND IN GERMAN SOUTHWEST AFRICA

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prospector after another had become discouraged. Antoine got a Kaffir boy to help. The yield was pitiful. He asked the boy to stop working the center and try the side.

INTRICATE MODERN WASHING AND SIFTING PLANT AT KIMBERLEY.

When the boy did not understand, Antoine impatiently drove his own pick in the place designated:

"Suddenly (says one who knew him on that day), he was spellbound at sight of a large stone—a diamond. For some moments he could not move and could not speak. He feared it was an illusion, like the mirage of water which appears to men long athirst. He expected it to vanish if he winked an eyelash. Collecting his energies, he darted forward and clutched the stone. Such was the tumult within him that for two days he was unable to eat, or do anything but laugh and cry!"

Now, back home in Vierzon, where he had been a peasant, he is, as you may see, in comfort and content, with a glass replica of the diamond on the tip of his weather vane: for the stone itself weighed 288 carats in the rough, 120 carats when cut, and those who purchased it paid hundreds of thousands of dollars to possess it.

No hunting could be more haphazard than diamond hunting, and it is only now and then that a prospector comes through to the placid happiness of Antoine. Most diamond deposits have been found by chance. Brown or black men would use pretty stones as card counters, or children would use them as playthings, or one like the $100,000 "Star of Africa," would stare gleaming from the mud wall of a hut; and along would come a white man who knew what diamonds were, and would infer that the land surrounding contained them. Some men have gone about diamond-hunting systematically, putting down holes over a large tract of country. Many

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IN A SOUTH AFRICAN MINE AT THE 1200 FOOT LEVEL.

DIAMOND-BEARING "BLUE-DIRT" BEING LIFTED TO THE SURFACE.

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DIGGING UP THE STREETS OF KIMBERLEY FOR DIAMONDS.

SORTING-TABLES—DE BEERS DIAMOND MINE.

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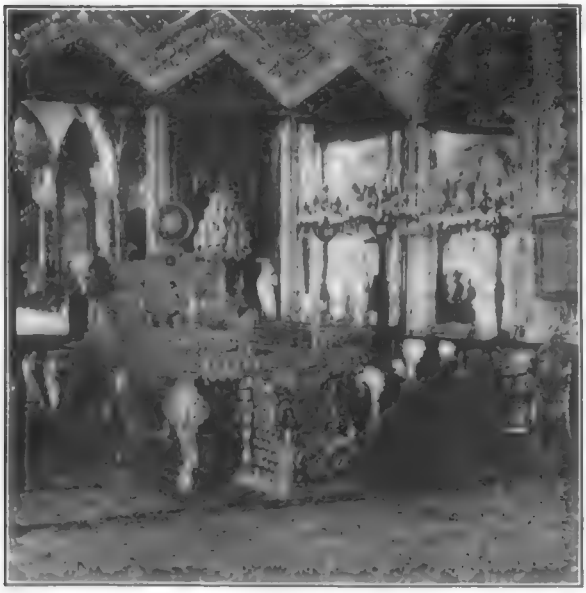
have followed up the diamond-bearing beds of streams, and come upon huge deposits. Gardner Williams, foremost of American diamond prospectors, declares, "The prospectors in South Africa are mostly old alluvial diggers, and as there is nothing on the surface to indicate the precise locality of a diamond mine, *any industrious digger makes a good prospector.*"

As a substance, the diamond is one of the mysteries of nature, one of the despairs of science. Nobody knows whence it came, nor how—whether it is a spark from a comet's tail, or a crystallized drop squeezed in some horrible intensity of fiery convulsion from the white-hot insurgent heart of the earth. Nobody knows much about it at all, except that it doesn't "belong" to this world.

Some known black diamonds literally were from the skies. They came embedded in meteorites cast upon Arizona and Chili by an unidentified star. One does not prospect for chips of stars. As well search for the end of the rainbow. Neither is it practical to hammer all sorts of eruptive rock and conglomerate



THRONE ROOM OF PERSIA'S SHAH CONTAINING $35,000,000 WORTH OF GEMS.

wherever come upon. Earthquake or volcanic upheaval districts are not, necessarily, the most promising, for often diamonds that seem to have had volcanic origin occur thousands of miles from the probable choice of extrusion—carried thence, it is assumed, by glacial drift in some far back geological time.

Chiefly, diamonds have been found between, or close to, the Tropic of Cancer and the Tropic of Capricorn. All of the diggings of India, Brazil, British Guiana, Ceylon, Sumatra, are within the tropics. Sumatra and Borneo and British Guiana are spilt by the Equator. Australia, divided by the Tropic of Capricorn, discloses some diamonds as distant as the thirtieth parallel. South Africa's incomparable fields lie mainly between six degrees inside, and ten degrees outside, of Capricorn. Alabama, South Carolina, and Arkansas (where prospectors are now working) have disclosed a few within seventeen degrees of Cancer; but the Urals, sixty degrees north, are the farthest known locality yielding diamonds of any worth. Once one was found in a brook in County Feroganogh, Ireland, but it must have been a "bull." No prospectors hurried there.

Only a few weeks ago the *Associated Press* told of a new "strike" in a desert, ten miles inland from Luderitzbucht, German Southwest Africa. Deserts had not previously yielded diamonds. Here they were flaring up at the sun from the surface of the sandy waste. You could pick them up as you walked along. The discoverers are now digging shallow pits and sifting from the sand brilliant small crystals of a blue, or gray, or a yellow shimmer. M. E. Frames, of Johannesburg, expert geologist, can explain the phenomena only by saying that "no doubt long ago the land lay under water, and these diamonds were in fissures in the bed of the ocean. As the land slowly rose, strong currents in the shallow water over it swept the diamonds toward the shore. Thus in the passage of time the land appeared altogether above the sea, with the diamonds on its face."

So, most generalizations about the sort of place to hunt for diamonds are belied by the next discovery.

Nearly all diamonds have been mined by slaves working in manacles and chain gangs, under whip lashes, or, in modern times, by laborers covered by cocked rifles.

Black, naked, sweating miners in South Africa to-day are kept in a corral, im-

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THE KIMBERLEY MINE.

prisoned, at their own expense, for the length of their "enlistment," at $1.20 a day in wages, which in purchasing power is about what fifty-eight cents would be in New York. White labor is not kept in durance, but is constantly under espionage; and white foremen and other bosses charged with the mining and custody of millions of dollars' worth of property get scarcely a ribbon clerk's wages.

Diamond hunting at Kimberley is underground mining, and there have been shiftings of earth which choked off many a breath. In Guiana a life goes out for each 200 carats; it is the average toll exacted by fevers, poisonous insects, and the perilous trail.

Those who wax pitiful over millinery plucked from wild birds, and unborn lambs skinned to make a lady's jacket, might consider the circumstance that beings perfectly grown and human are casually and ceaselessly used up to provide diamond ornaments.

Only under the Portuguese in Brazil was freedom a reward for the discovery of a great diamond; elsewhere the poor finder had to manage by stealth to gain escape from bondage. In Brazil, after the old negress who gave up the "Star of the South"—value nigh half a million dollars—was not only released from servitude, but pensioned for life, the custom was (and still is with modern free workers) to reward for special honesty.

Many are the sorts of diamond prospectors, and some, unlike Antoine, are more than industrious diggers. Once, in Borneo and Brazil, prospecting was a picturesque vagabondage: You took a faint or tangled trail into arid hills or rough wilderness, and through privations and disasters tried to track vague rumors to a "find."

In Brazil, where many Portuguese soldiers sought fortune after the British had saved their country from the French and Spanish

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Invasion, there were hunters who did not hunt, but seized what others found. Of such were Joao Costa and Jose Brasilio, "whose hair hung in pigtails; whose beards curled in ringlets." In their time the government operated the diamond fields. Costa and Brasilio became outlaws, *garimpeiros*, formed armed bands, and worked government locations in defiance of guards.

No force the governor at Rio could send against these bands could drive them from their fastnesses. Over rough trails he sent a cannon; but a cannon, while awesome enough, might as effectively be discharged at circling eagles as at these flighty disturbers of orderly mining! Their recklessness, and especially their chivalry, endeared them. They assisted the poor to some of the treasure which, piling up in the royal vaults at Lisbon, already had excited the cupidity of nations. Slaves were helped to leave slavery. Reform citizens were helped to their reforms. There was a Father Placido, a priest of the Church, who accepted contraband to dispose of it. Outlawry seemed a blessed protest against irksome conditions, for at Rio there was systematized graft—excessive rent for slaves, stones withheld from Portugal, the poor overtaxed.

SEARCHING A MINER WHO IS GOING OUT.

An American of this period, and special in type, was Joseph Mawe. By vocation a merchant, only by avocation was he a diamond prospector. His joy in geologizing through wildernesses that held somewhere nature's most mysterious and fascinating gem, was sedate—never reckless. He was a scientist instead of a fortune hunter; and besides, "there had been an earthquake, and the ground seemed strewn with diamonds." When chickens scratch them up in your back yard, and you find them attached to the root of a green you pull up from your garden for salad, there is not much excitement in diamond hunting. So Mawe adventured thoughtfully, connoisseur and humanitarian, untouched by avarice (it was remarked of him that he was probably the only man who came out of the fields in that period without bringing contraband hidden in his clothes). People interested him—their little tragedies and triumphs. Diamonds interested him—their weights, qualities, mother-soil.

Memorable anecdotes from the journal he kept are these:

A negro made it known that he would like to present a giant stone, the bequest of a fellow worker, to the fugitive Regent, then at Rio. Escorts, outriders, conveyances as splendid as could be obtained, were sent to bring the humble, important negro and his diamond to the capitol. He had twenty-eight days of triumphal journeying, the envy of all persons in every settlement. For a month he was a king in state.

Mawe, as a geologist, was called to test his gift. One of the Regent's three jewel chests was unlocked. Forth from it was lifted an elegant little casket, and "in great form" the treasure was revealed. Nothing but a piece of crystal! To prove it, Mawe took a real diamond and with it cut a deep nick in the much softer stone. Disagreeable, indeed, was the news to the Prince Regent. The negro had to trudge homeward unrewarded, unescorted, ridiculed in every place where his recent grand progress had been so acclaimed.

More solemn was the case of a slave at Tijuco. Mawe and the officers were anxious that the big diamond he had found might prove heavy enough to entitle the poor negro, under the law, to his freedom. Once in a lifetime of serfdom he had happened upon an opportunity to purchase his own body! Alas, on being tested, the diamond was one carat short, and the negro remained in his manacles, while enriching his owners by tens of thousands of dollars.

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Of course, the arch-prospector of all times was Cecil Rhodes. For him it was *not* merely going out and putting down holes in likely places. At seventeen he had been touched with tuberculosis and ordered south. Arriving at his brother Herbert's cotton plantation in Africa in the midst of the second diamond excitement, he, with Herbert, was drawn into the "new rush." They took a claim at Colesburg—at thirty shillings a month rental. In a few weeks each leased a full claim, all the law allowed. Cecil Rhodes set himself to get the law to allow one man to own two claims, then ten, and then as many as he could lay hold of. So well did Rhodes keep pace with changing regulations that he returned to England at nineteen a millionaire!

The purpose of his return was to enter Oxford. Eight summers he spent at the university, eight winters at his mines; meanwhile becoming a power in Kimberley and obtaining a seat in the Cape Parliament.

With health, wealth, and a university degree, and presently power, he was still young, energetic, and a great romancer. When he swept his hand over half a map of Africa and said: "That all red!" (meaning all British) it was imaginative, like fiction. But his medium was to be deeds, not words. He maintained a Napoleonic exclusiveness of purpose, holding three basic beliefs—that he "would for choice rather be Bismarck than Washington;" that "old Kruger was interfering with business," and that "any man could be 'dealt' with!"

To deal with Chief Lobengula he sent his partner, C. D. Rudd, and his friends, Rochefort Maguire and F. R. Thompson. For sole rights to "prospect for minerals" in Lobengula's country, 150,000 miles square, they offered 500 pounds sterling a month to Lobengula "and his heirs and successors," and also 1,000 Martini rifles, 100,000 rounds of ball cartridge, and a gunboat for the Zambesi River. The gunboat never arrived. Presently the native chief was involved in war with Great Britain; and, dying of smallpox, left no "heirs and successors." His territory, being taken over, yielded eight or ten great gold mines, and the Mashonaland diamond fields in what is now Rhodesia.

Rhodes changed laws, organized diplomacies, arranged treaties, secured concessions in territories unexplored, armed expeditions, set capital against capital, erected a monopoly, devised raids and revolutions, all to two ends: first, that he should get wealth in the shortest possible time; and second, that the British flag should float over the diamond and gold fields of Africa. How he gained his ends is recent history.

Loose construction is placed on the term "diamond prospector," but I think Rhodes's protagonist, Barney Barnato, belongs in the class. He turned to bartering, rather than to digging—he became, with his brother, a "kopje walloper." This brother was a circus performer, conjurer, and juggler, but sent for Barney to join him as a "walloper," making rounds of the diggings to take up what gems miners in need of ready money would part with. To make the journey from Capetown to the fields, Barney obtained the "privilege" of going with an ox caravan—the privilege being to walk beside it when it moved and to sleep under a wagon when it stopped.

All day "Barnato Brothers" worked, all night they passed from one barroom to another, joining in every conversation and every drink, keeping abreast of all that went on. In three years Barney, at twenty-four years of age, bought his first Kimberley claim. From men who had dug down to "blue dirt" (below the first yellow) and feared that underneath there were no more diamonds, he got other claims. At thirty-two he was controlling so much of the Kimberley mine that Rhodes had to make terms with him in his plan to consolidate all mines.

Barnato married the love of his youth. London fawned on him; Mammon swung incense before him. His every whim was reported to a public awed at such a favorite of fortune. Anybody would buy shares of him in anything he "promoted;" till one day in 1895 the bottom dropped out of all. He tried to plug the leakage with his money. His money was flooded away. Back again in South Africa, he worked without sleeping, and that and worry gave him delirium so that he was induced to start home. One afternoon on deck, restlessly pacing, he asked his companion: "What is the time?" The answer was: "3.13." On hearing these figures, Barney sprang overboard.

An odd career—from Jewish East End clerk to "King of the Kaffirs," then to "richest man in the world;" then from high and happy place to—nothing.

True prospector was T. M. Cullinan. Born at Queenstown, Cape Colony, he was as familiar with diamond soil as a Georgian is with cotton soil. There was something grand

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about Cullinan. He held for years a secret—a secret of a sort harder even than most to hold, because it was worth millions of money even yet uncountable. It was that there was a diamond deposit on the "Elandsfontein" farm of "old Boer Prinsloo."

Then came the Boer War. To have let any one know what he knew till that crisis was over, would have meant loss of every possibility; Cullinan therefore lived with his secret four dragging years, earning nothing, afraid to think of what possessed his mind. When the war was over, he endeavored to arrange a three month's option on Prinsloo's tract, with the privilege of prospecting, and, if the prospecting was satisfactory, of purchasing for $750,000. The owner refused, asking instead immediate purchase at $260,000, which Cullinan raised among friends, with $140,000 additional for starting the mining.

Old Prinsloo took his portion gladly, asking only, besides his quarter of a million, that he be left in the mud-walled dwelling which had been his home. There he smoked his long pipe contentedly, planting and harvesting his small garden—while on the acres he once held Cullinan opened the Premier Mine, disclosing riches without visible limit. Well within sight from the old Boer's door Cullinan's surface manager one afternoon, giving a last look around as the diggers were leaving, glimpsed a flash of brightness. It came from a stone so incredibly large that he "thought he had gone insane." When he picked it out—almost no coating to dim its lustre—it was 4 x 2½ inches in measurement (as big as a brick), 1 37-100 pounds avoirdupois in weight, 3,024¾ in carats, three times larger than any undisputed diamond ever found. No potentate could afford to buy it; so the Transvaal Government, which collects sixty per cent. of all diamond yields, voted to buy out the Cullinan interest and present the stone to King Edward of England. The Cullinan interest in this single stone was probably twice what old Prinsloo received for his farm. It was cut into about a hundred parts—one of 516½ carats, alone estimated to be worth about $1,000,000.

Men have never collected great crystals just for personal adornment. Even that "fribble in lace and spangles," the rival of Beau Brummel, and afterwards George IV of England—even he sought them simply for some Perdita he was pursuing. Louis XIV, Le Grand Monarque, purchased twenty-five large diamonds, mostly for his mistresses—La Vallière, whose name still endures in a form of trinket, Montespan, Fontanges, Maintenon. Among them was the wondrous "Pitt."

A slave in India had found it. Having found it, his heart shouted for liberty. Cutting the calf of his leg in order to hide the diamond within the slit, he limped to the coast. To an English ship-captain he offered it for passage to any country where men were free. The captain quite casually, and with nice humor, took the gem and threw the slave into the sea!

The guerdon of such jesting release from servitude was sold to a dealer for $5,000, and through him reached Sir Robert Pitt, Governor of Fort St. George, for $102,000, who shipped it home to England to be faceted. A Scotch financier, John Law, then doing business in France, negotiated, for a fee of $25,000, the sale of the diamond to the Regent (afterward Louis XIV), at $775,000. It is pleasant to remember that thereby the fortunes of the house of Pitt were restored, and that the seller's son, William Pitt, and his grandson, the Earl of Chatham, were assisted to high place and service by opportunities made possible through the profit on the diamond for which a poor slave, seeking freedom, was thrown into the sea.

France was impoverished by what Louis XV squandered upon war, his "Pompadour," and that "wonderfully dizened woman," Du Barry. His successor, friend of the American Revolution, kept aloof from licentiousness and for the sake of France economized in expenses and placed the "Pitt" diamond in the Crown. A monarch of simple life—what irony that through his queen, Marie Antoinette, he should have lost his decent head on account of a string of diamonds!

That queen, of sad preëminence in beauty and misfortune, covets a necklace, and a prince cardinal covets the queen. Talleyrand prophesies: "This will overturn the throne." Consequences come swiftly: a guillotine is presently cutting in sunder the lovely neck the diamonds were to adorn, and the queen, I vote, not guilty after all; while there follows the ghastliest of all revolutions. Uprises one of the people, becomes a chief of armies and a pro-consul, an emperor who dismays Europe.

He has many wars. He is continually under the necessity of sustaining himself in place and prestige, and he carries in his sword hilt the monster diamond—the "Pitt,"

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valuable enough to ransom a king in times not long gone. In the Revolution the "Pitt," then called the "Regent," had been pillaged from the Garde Meuble, and hidden in a ditch. A thief promised to reveal the whereabouts of the jewel in return for pardon. Thus Napoleon came by it. When hard pressed, after the 18th Brumaire, he pawned it to Holland. (Not long ago the French Republic redeemed it.)

It has often happened that even to covet, seek, or come into possession of extraordinary diamonds has invited the lightnings of fate.

Nadir Shah of Persia descended upon Delhi and carried off the diamonds of the treasury. Conspirators soon accomplished his death, and one of them, his treasurer, fled with the "Kohinoor."

This treasurer founded a new empire in Kabul; when he died, the "Kohinoor" was among his possessions. Successors came, were killed or driven forth; the "Kohinoor" descended. It was in the Lahore treasury when the British annexed that country, confiscated everything to the East India Company for debt, and stipulated that the famous diamond should go to Queen Victoria. It became her symbol of empire over India.

"The Star of the South" did bring independence and comfort to one slave, the one who found it; but, as usual in the history of great diamonds, sinister occurrences attended its career. First sold for $15,000, next for $60,000, it finally was obtained by that remarkable fancier of diamonds, the deposed Gaikwar of Baroda, who paid for it $400,000. Whether, as in so many previous instances, his possession of this and numerous other diamonds made him a fit object for despoilment, one doesn't know. The fact is, that he soon was complained of to the English protectors as one whose fad was "murderously to destroy his refractory subjects with diamond dust." It was inferred that he collected scintillant crystals only to kill subtly with the dust he ground from them; so when he was charged with having tried upon a British resident, Colonel Phayre, this magnificent and oriental mania, it was simple to have the Gaikwar tried, found guilty, and by a mandate of the Queen stripped of his inherited place.

As Regent, Joao IV of Portugal had gathered from his colony of Brazil the finest lot of diamonds in the world. Portugal was a little kingdom and looked "easy." Spain invaded it; then Napoleon; England always to the rescue. The royal family and the nobles fled ungallantly from Napoleon to Brazil, carrying the diamonds.

At Rio during ceremonials Joao IV wore the great "Braganza" (uncut, and weighing a pound) suspended from his neck by a gold cord. It was burdensome, such a treasury, but the sight inspired diamond hunters, smugglers, and slaves. Whether it is really the largest diamond known, or only a white topaz, nobody can say. It suits the Portuguese to let the theory stand that it is the largest diamond, and worth $300,000,000. So long as she holds this (if it is real), Portugal is not poor and can always buy protection; and it cost her merely a simple little act of grace:

Three convicts, condemned to perpetual exile, forbidden to enter any city, took up prospecting. They had wandered six years in Brazilian valleys and mountains, seeking treasure. Washing for gold in the Abaite River they found this stone. It was a chance for a pardon, and they hastened with it to a good priest, who took it to the governor, who sent it to the Prince Regent, who pardoned the three convicts. Was ever absolution paid for more richly?

Of the "Sanci" diamond that is being worn by Mrs. Waldorf Astor—a gift from her father-in-law, half what has been said is mere myth. It couldn't have been worn by Charles the Bold and "taken from the frozen finger of his corpse." For that gem was the "Florentine," now owned by the Emperor of Austria. Elizabeth of England purchased it when De Sanci, extravagant and splendid, was low in purse. When Charles became king and sent Buckingham to Paris to bring back his bride, Henrietta, the messenger wore the "Sanci." Charles quarreled with his queen, Henrietta, and with his Parliament, and not long afterward Cromwell asked for his head. Henrietta gave the diamond to the Earl of Worcester. Worcester probably gave it back to the Stuarts, for whom he ruined himself, for it descended to James II. James's disastrous reign cost him the crown, but he kept the "Sanci." That and other jewels which he took away with him supported various Stuart pretenders; this particular one was sold to Louis XIV of France for $125,000.

Stolen with other jewels in 1792, the "Sanci" disappeared for thirty-six years. A jeweler came by it, and Prince Demidoff

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purchased it for his wife. Twenty years later she let it go to Jamsetjee Jeejeeboy, a rich merchant of Bombay. Again it appeared at a Paris jeweler's shop, and was sold to the Maharajah of Puttilala. He, too, came upon hard times. It was from a London jeweler that William Waldorf Astor bought it for his son's bride. *Desunt caetera.*

Whether luck has attended the "Orloff," which blazes, big as a walnut, in the imperial sceptre of Russia, you may judge for yourself. It was set there by Catherine the Great, in tenderest memory of her earliest favorite, whose brother, by strangling her husband, Peter III, placed her in absolute dominion. Well-looking and talented, this favorite, Grigori Orloff, held place from the age of twenty-eight to thirty-eight. Having then "violated the first law of love," he was sent on a mission to Turkey. Word comes to him that he has been supplanted by Vassiltchkof. Back he posts, only to be stopped by Catherine's orders outside St. Petersburg. She is kind, she is tender, but she tells him to go on and wander, and accept from her 100,000 rubles a year allowance.

He broods. In Leghorn he learns of the arrival from the East of a superb diamond. Stories of it interest him: it was stolen from the eye of an idol in Mysore by a French grenadier; it was part of the "lost Great Mogul" which, not really lost, had been split in two. Orloff pays $450,000 for the gem, and forwards it as a peace offering. The Tzarina accepts—and she firmly inserts his gift in the imperial sceptre. But, having pride and further intrigues, she does not take Orloff back. The day comes to him when reason gives away, and, sinking into the black abyss of madness, he dies. Catherine still cares. "The loss," she writes, "put me into a fever, with such delirium that I had to be bled." Then she passes to a long succession of other lovers—but the "Orloff" still emits sentimental sparks from the sceptre, transient lights upon a royal tenderness.

Which brings me to the point of the story. We have seen history changed, maps recolored, colonies established, courage butchered, friendship betrayed, amorous monarchs and pretty queens laid low by the diamond—but many poor made comfortable, and those whom they loved happier, many bondsmen freed, and hardy souls lifted to high place and usefulness.

After all, that sparkle in the diamond—perhaps it's like that in the human tear, and may be often that of gladness.

A Summer Morning in the City

By JEANNIE PENDLETON EWING

ALREADY is a thrill of coming heat,
  Yet still some heart is in the morning throng,
For heavy steps along the crowded street
  Grow rhythmic to an organ's nasal song.
    Thin-veiled, the summer sky
    Burns on, aloof and dry,
But, pattering fresh, a water-cart jogs by,
    And some far steamer's roar,
    A whiff of salt—no more—
Bear cooler thoughts into the street's hot core.
    One passer halts awhile
    Where crimson fruits beguile,
Barters, and hurries on with dreamy smile,
    For through the long years' haze
    He sees such cherries blaze
Among green leaves, above his yesterdays!

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THE REVIVAL OF GREEK LETTERS.

HIGH-SCHOOL FRATERNITIES

Farce, Tragedy, and Statesmanship

By WILLIAM HARD

Cartoons by C. A. Briggs

SOME years ago a swarm of Greek Letters issued from the colleges of America and began migrating in the direction of the high schools. They immediately overspread the whole social sky of their new home, and finally alighted on the shirt-waists and waistcoats of the socially elect.

Since that time at least five state legislatures and at least five hundred rescue-parties of high-school teachers have been busy waving aprons and kindling smudges and beating tin pans in an agitated effort to lure the Greek alphabet back into captivity in the works of Xenophon and Homer, where it is much less likely to get a chance to bite the modern youth.

Some people have scoffed. "This whole high-school fraternity business," said a state legislator last year to a delegation of teachers, "is nothing but a drop in the bucket of the body politic." Metaphors aside, such is not the opinion of the members of it. And such is equally far from being the opinion of the teachers.

"I cannot conceive," said Mr. Edwin G. Cooley, when superintendent of the Chicago school system, "of the permanent existence of what is known as the American Public School if the fraternity spirit continues and grows as it has during the ten years past."

What is this "fraternity spirit" which has come to dominate the social life of American high schools from the Atlantic to the Pacific? What is this quirk of childish fancy, this Kids' Crusade, which has become a heavily capitalized **E**ducational **P**roblem?

Well, it is hard to see it as a problem at first.

A couple of Western boys go East for vacation. They meet some other boys and learn that there is such a thing, really, for practical purposes, as the Greek alphabet. They also learn that their new friends, organized into a company, own three of the letters, which are

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certainly good to look at—much resembling chewing-gum trademarks. The new friends offer to lend them the letters, teach them how to shake hands in a complicated way, write the translations of the letters down on a slip of paper so that they won't mislay them in their minds, and send them back West to found a chapter of Pi Phi Psi.

Returning home, the boys pick out a few agreeable associates of their own social species, hold an initiation, teach the new members the principles of Pi-Phi-Psi-ism by dropping oysters at the end of strings down their throats and then jerking the strings and pulling the oysters up again, devise a few new complications in the art of hand-shaking, have their coats cut five inches lower in the front than at the back, have buttons sewed on the flaps of their pockets, turn up ten inches of their trouser legs, take a pair of scissors and clip off the whole breadth of the rims of their soft felt hats all the way round, slit holes in the remaining fragments of the hats and twine their fraternity ribbons through the holes, invest some of father's money in an enamel, gold, and diamond Pi Phi Psi label, hook the label to their waistcoats, and paralyze the high-school corridors between classes with a burlesque of a stage imitation of a college boy's imitation of a human walk.

Why not? It is all as innocent as a flock of lambs. But now the problem begins to appear. Now the school, whether in Maine or in California, begins to get divided into socially successful "Greek Letter" lambs and socially unsuccessful "Barbarian" lambs. And there now begins among these lambs a struggle for social distinctions, quite inappropriate to their charming time of life and, in fact, so banal and so mutton-headed as to be worthy only of completed sheephood.

The main count against the high-school fraternity is that it helps to make a nice little lamb into a foolish old sheep long before the proper date for the infliction of that penalty.

Of course, in a way, it sharpens the lamb's wits. Just two years ago, for instance, a young Chicago girl conducted a social campaign which is already a kind of classic in the annals of social generalship.

This young girl was about to enter high school. She was poor, but she was nobly determined to rise. She would not always move among the masses. When, however, she cast her eyes upon the hoity-toity, she observed that a certain expenditure of money would be of assistance to her ambitions. And she had no money. But the great principle occurred to her that an appearance of former expenditure is almost as effective as expenditure itself. She had just one rich friend. Her strategy was bold and decisive. She got her family out of town for a while, went to stay with her one rich friend, drove down to high school on the opening day in her friend's motor, wore some of her friend's best things, took sorority girls driving through the parks. She spent no money, she was not ostentatious, she always exclusively bade farewell to her new acquaintances at the door of her friend's house, she was gracious but far from familiar, she accepted membership in the sorority she liked best, and then, having won her battle, laid aside her weapons—and went back to her own dresses, her own feet, and her own obscure flat. But she carried a sorority pin with her.

Of course, in a way, this incident was a scandal. The girl was an outsider. And (we must confess it) outsiders do still occasionally break in. But we are becoming more vigilant and more discriminating right along, even in places like Chicago.

Last year there came to one of the Chicago high schools a young girl who dressed with excellent taste and whose manners were both correct and attractive. The boys lost no time in pointing her out to their girl friends in the sororities. But the year passed and she was not among those chosen. Solicitous inquiries from the boys revealed the extent of the social disaster which had just been narrowly but triumphantly averted. The girl was unexceptionable in most ways. But—Well, we hate to talk about her. What is the use? Still, if you *must* know, she lives—Now why not let it drop? Oh, well, she lives on 'Steenth Street. What? Yes. 'Steenth Street! Good heavens! 'Steenth Street has a car line on it, and shops! It is just about as clean as any other street, perhaps, and they say it is perfectly respectable—but it has a street-car line on it, and shops! Well, congratulate you on finding out in time. We were sadly mistaken in her.

No, the social outsiders can't come it on us any longer to any great extent. Why, in one of our Western high schools there is a sorority which simply will not take a girl in, no matter who she is, if she lives in a flat. The family must move to a house. *There's* some social going for you!

Of course, there are lots and lots of high-school fraternity boys and girls who still

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mix up with the human race in the old manner of the country of Abraham Lincoln. But the tendency of the new system is to teach them better.

Those Pi Phi Psi boys, for instance (to take the history of a certain fraternity in one of the Chicago high schools for an illustration), soon observe that almost everybody eats lunch in the school lunch-room. And many of the persons there have brought their lunch with them from home in paper bags and old shoe-boxes. Such persons are not interesting associates. The members of Pi Phi Psi, all of whom used to eat in the lunch-room, now go down the street at the noon hour to Gianakopepopoulos's fruit store and purchase an exclusive lunch of stale peanuts and aniline-dyed ice-cream.

Pretty soon, however, the Central Cryptic Conclave of the national organization of Mu Mu Mu establishes a local chapter in the school, and the new Mu Mu Mu's come tagging along and endeavor to hobnob. A farther remove becomes necessary. This time it is half a mile down the street to Kelly's stew store, well known as "The Blink," where one can vibrate quite familiarly for a few minutes around the free lunch counter. What now is the dietetic, hygienic, etc., dairy lunch served at cost in the school lunch-room by the local Woman's Club? What, even, are Greek peanuts and ice-cream? A tub of arsenicated suds for us, and a couple of condemned-meat wiener-wursts! Life is on the wing!

(It is curious how exclusiveness runs to sportiness, when one is very young. But it always has done so, and it always will.)

"The Blink" does very well for a while, but again those Mu Mu Mu's come tagging along. A new thought is needed. Ah! Here it is! A fraternity house! Of course all the members of Pi Phi Psi are living at home, already amply provided with meals and beds. Everybody already has a house. But why not another house?

So high-school fraternity houses, club-houses for men of from thirteen to eighteen, without any adult supervision whatsoever, were rented, furnished, and occupied in various parts of various cities. They were distinctly unofficial, having never been authorized by the National Day Nursery Association; but they were effective. They marked a winning round in the long fight made by the American child to skip its childhood and also, by separating the socially elect still farther from the socially ineligible in high-school life,

PROMINENT MODERN CLUB MAN AND PROMINENT MODERN SOCIETY WOMAN (COMBINED AGES: TWENTY-NINE) STARTING FOR MODERN CHILDREN'S PARTY.

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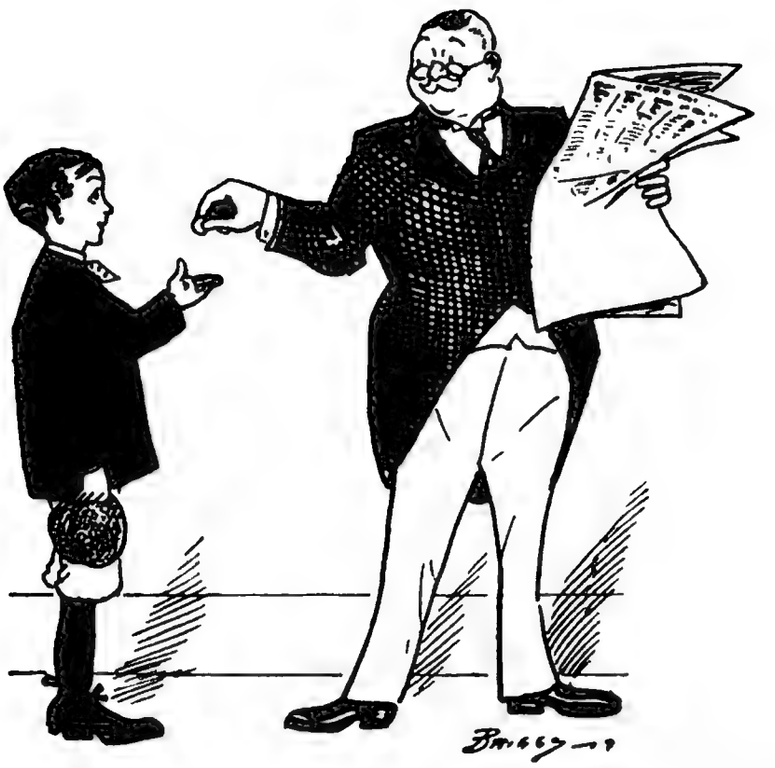

EFFECT OF PI PHI PSI ON RELATIVE—

they drove the wedge of caste still deeper into that "citadel of American democracy," the public-school system.

This was the deep-down reason why that rather old-fashioned educator, Mr. Cooley, spoke in such heat, and why most school authorities agreed with him, all the way from those of Seattle, in the West, who fought the high-school fraternity question as far as the supreme court of the state, to those of Melrose, Massachusetts, in the East, who pugnaciously said: "We are firmly convinced that rather than lower our great system of public schools into schools of clique and caste, of contempt for humanity, scholarship and duty, it would be better for the youth and better for the commonwealth if our schoolhouses close their doors and the children labor for an honest livelihood."

The controversy between the educators and the fraternity children seems sometimes to rest not so much on a difference of opinion with regard to the existence of the clique system as on a difference of opinion with regard to the desirability of that system.

In a recent issue, for instance, of a "*Quarterly*" published by the national organization of a certain high-school fraternity, there is a letter from the corresponding secretary of a local chapter out on the coast in which, with a careless but most effective brush, there is painted an enthusiastic picture of the beauties of the clique system, as apparent in the manipulation of school politics.

"Each of the two fraternities in the school [Such are the details sketched in by the artist] had candidates for the offices of manager and treasurer of the football team. So had the Opposition. [This means the non-fraternity, or "Barbarian," crowd.] We had the rival fraternity easily beaten but, seeing that neither fraternity could win out against the opposition, we decided to combine. A combination was formed by which one fraternity was to run a candidate for manager and the other a candidate for treasurer, both agreeing to support both candidates. On the toss-up the Geks [This means the other fraternity] got the manager and we got the treasurer. At the election the fraternities won out by one vote. . . . Recently the school board sent out a thousand circulars to the parents of pupils, informing them that any one who belonged to a fraternity was liable to suspension. But still the good work goes on while the faculty kicks. The fraternities hold meetings and initiations under the very eyes of the faculty, who are powerless to act. . . . This shows on what friendly terms the fraternities are at present. Half the students will scarcely speak to a fraternity man."

The gratifying state of affairs referred to in the last sentence of this letter is not often completely realized by the fraternity men (average age, sixteen years and three months) of the American public high schools. But quite frequently, even if the school population continues to be on speaking terms with itself, there is a very successful exemplification of the antithesis which that last sentence

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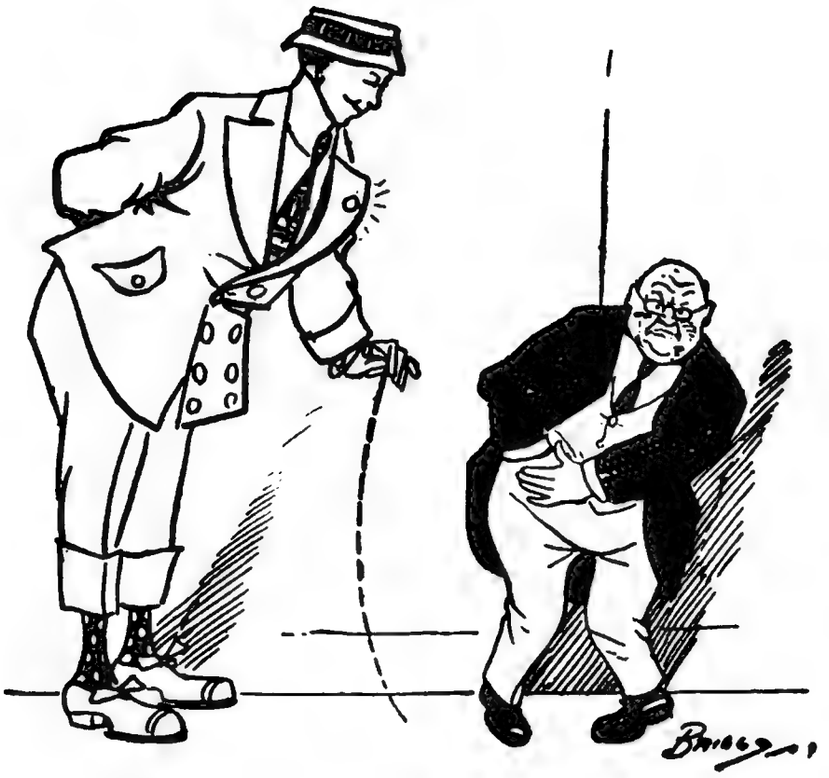

—SIZES OF FATHER AND CHARLIE.

so happily conveys between "fraternity men" and "students."

One of the Chicago high schools for one whole semester kept all the records of all the members of all its fraternities and sororities in one tabulation. The showing made by the end of the semester is herewith reproduced in some detail in order to avoid assigning to any one fraternity a preëminence in fraternity enthusiasm over the others. It should be remembered, in reading the figures, that a pupil of normal intelligence, in order to avoid reaching the passing mark of 75, must have certain other positive interests to distract his attention.

THE SEMESTER ENDING FEBRUARY, 1907

GIRLS

Name of Sorority	*Number of Members*	*Average Standing*	*Number Below Passing Mark*
Kappa Theta	8	79.3	2
Kappa Psi	15	77.85	4
Pi Delta Psi	4	76.9	1
Phi Epsilon Psi	9	76.55	2
Iota Beta Kappa	22	76.55	9
Zeta Beta Psi	17	76.32	4
Beta Tau Delta	3	74.6	2
Phi Sigma Psi	2	72.12	1
Gamma Beta Sigma	2	69.7	1
Beta Kappa Phi	4	68.5	3
Tau Beta Epsilon	1	51.9	1
	Total, 87	Avg., 75.6	Total, 30

Out of 87 girls, 30 were below passing mark.

BOYS

Name of Fraternity	*Number of Members*	*Average Standing*	*Number Below Passing Mark*
Alpha Omega Mu	1	78.	..
Phi Sigma	12	75.65	6
Beta Zeta Phi	9	72.4	5
Gamma Delta Psi	5	71.7	3
Delta Sigma Chi	7	69.5	5
	Total, 34	Avg., 72.0	Total, 19

Out of 34 boys, 19 were below passing mark.

The total number of boys and girls was 121. The average mark of all of them put together was 74.9, which was just below passing mark. The number of those who went above 90 in their studies was *one*. The number of those who fell below 75 was forty-nine.

It would be a great injustice to the fraternity boys and girls to suppose that they are congenitally stupid. The exact contrary is the case. They come, on the whole, from the most successful families in the school district, which, on the whole, are the most intelligent.

(It is curious how, when one is very young, exclusiveness runs not only to sportiness but to willful ignorance. Curious—but it always has been so and always will be.)

Now, of course, there are no end of little high-school fraternity and sorority boys and girls just as simple-mannered, sound-headed, and sweet-hearted as anybody. Also, in spite

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of the scholarship record just quoted (which, since it is the only one ever tabulated, is the only one that *could* be quoted), there are plenty of high-school fraternity members at plenty of schools in plenty of towns who use their school-books. Finally, there are large numbers of parents who, in the matter of their children's pleasures, besides paying the piper, still call the tune.

But for all this the fraternities are not responsible. Whatever they have done has been to hasten the production of that vaudeville sketch of American education in which the part of Leading Man has been taken by Young America, in which Teacher, at almost every performance, has got the hook, and in which Father and Mother, if allowed to appear at all, have had to take the combination *rôle* of The Goat.

There was a really modern Mother who, winter before last, came to a teacher in one of the Chicago high schools and said: "I wish you would get on the good side of Agnes and persuade her not to join a sorority. I don't believe in them, down in my heart."

Teacher caught on and was pleased. The game, apparently, was to distract the young lady's attention from "Society" without giving her any suspicion of parental or pedagogical interference. Teacher tried it, by means of books, pictures, athletics, a camera club, and other things. Finally, she called Mother in and said: "It's no use. I've tried everything and failed. I can't persuade her at all. You'll just have to *tell* her not to. I'm sorry. But parental authority will have to be resorted to in this case."

"Good heavens!" said Mother. "What do you suppose I came to you for? I've told her a hundred times that she just *mustn't* join. But she just *will!*"

She just *did.*

Occasionally, Mother has been found not only acquiescent in Agnes's desire to join a sorority, but eager about it.

This is usually because Mother is naturally anxious that Agnes shall have the best possible time socially while in high school, on much the same principle of maternal conduct which led to the epitaph: "Here lies Elizabeth who died at three of indigestion: it is a comfort to remember we never denied her anything she wanted to eat."

Very occasionally Mother has had another reason. If Agnes joined the Lambda Omega sorority she would know Dorothy, and then possibly Dorothy's mother would call. Snippy thing, Dorothy's mother. Carries her nose so high in the air she has to climb a step-ladder to wash her face. Perfectly horrid disposition. But if our Agnes belongs to her daughter's sorority, perhaps she'll call.

As for Father, he has taken no particular personal interest in the new organizations. He has only paid for them. That is the main use of Father. He may not shine much at anything else, but he is still allowed to roll the barrel home from business.

Father's barrel was tapped for the new frat labels, the new frat clothes, the new frat eats and drinks and smokes, the new frat clubhouses, the furniture of them (in many cases Father would have saved money and got the same result by buying a gross of ash-trays and a car-load of playing cards and letting it go at that), the rent, the heat and light, the service, the grand annual fraternity five-a-plate banquet, and all the other features of a proper club life at an age when Father himself, back in Iowa, was tickled to death if he could get all of twenty-five cents for a week's pocket-money by leading a neighbor's cow home from pasture.

When it came to the fraternities and sororities together, Father's barrel was again tapped for large halls for "formal" parties, small halls for "informal" parties, decorations, refreshments, orchestras, stacks of engraved invitations and visiting cards, evening clothes, reception gowns, flowers, carriages, and all the other stage properties for a complete satire on adult social life tellingly rendered by a cast of persons who were admitted to the company when thirteen or fourteen years old.

Agnes was wonderful to look at when Mother hooked her into a white net evening gown which displayed her nice little child's collarbone, encased her immature arms in long white gloves, squeezed her recalcitrant young feet into high-heeled white satin slippers, tied an evening cloak over her shoulders, and sent her downstairs to Father.

It was a great education for Father.

Father learned not to look surprised when at about eight o'clock some prominent young society man of fifteen came around in a livery carriage built for two and took Agnes off by herself to a "formal" dance.

And finally, after considerable practice, Father learned not to utter rude ejaculations of astonishment when Charlie, aged sixteen, said: "Well, I guess I won't be home for dinner to-night. And, by the way, I guess I'll sleep at the frat house. So long!"

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There is a Swedish genius called Ellen Key who has written a book called "The Century of the Child." She says it is the *next* century. She has never visited America.

And, by the way, speaking of books, did you ever read Kenneth Grahame's "Golden Age"? Do you remember how the children in that book, enjoying their "Golden Age," were amazed and amused and disgusted by the vapid, tiresome pursuits of their elders, such as teas, parties, calls, dinners, and the like? Do you remember how it puzzled them that apparently reasonable beings could devote themselves to such things? Do you remember how their games and sports and books, touched to romance by the unsullied imagination of childhood, gave them a child life all their own, special, distinctive, from which they looked down at those adult "Olympians" who considered themselves superior? Those children had a lucky steer. Childhood comes once. Why miss it? One has to be an adult some day, and it lasts an awfully long time.

The high-school fraternity has brought to an acute stage that disease of Prematurity noted in American children (along with other more admirable characteristics) by all foreign visitors. It is the disease of which Mr. Kipling has made a most complete diagnosis in the person of the young hero of "Captains Courageous." And the high-school fraternity has stimulated Prematurity in that part of adult life especially which, beyond all others, ought to be unknown to children; namely, the social struggle.

Social struggle, with all its blindness and all its bitterness, is likely enough to come some day. Why begin it at an age when our outward actions are crudest and most cruel while, at the same time, by the contradiction that produces many of the tragedies of childhood, our inner feelings are shyest and most attuned to suffering?

All that the high-school fraternities have done for the social life of the schools has been to accentuate deeply the social differences already existing, to convert the sweet, normal, mutual associations of mutually attractive boys and girls into coarse, obvious "successes" and "failures," to emphasize by publicity the distinction with which the "popular" enjoy their triumph, and to sharpen, by artificial contrast, the misery in which the less "popular" endure their neglect.

If it is one of the great purposes of the American public-school system to teach democracy, the fraternity system, operated, as it must always be operated, by children of the high-school age, is a checkmate to that purpose.

Some time ago there came to light a series of letters addressed to an imaginary correspondent by a young Chicago high-school girl. If those letters had been written by George Meredith, they would have been made artificially more "natural." As they stand, they give rather the effect of a literary "effort." Nevertheless, they convey the real experiences of a real girl, felt and put down by herself. And, through the trivial incidents which she records, there emerges a clear view of that idea of "clique and caste" which the fraternity system has brought out in bold relief on the surface of American high-school life.

Certain short excerpts from those letters are here reproduced:—

"Feb. 1. DEAR ELEANOR: I am perfectly wild with joy. I graduate from the grammar school tomorrow and I passed over 90 in everything. I have the prettiest new white dress and mother is going to order me some roses—you know I have to sing.

"Feb. 4. DEAR ELEANOR: I went to a rushing party to-day. They say you are nobody at the high school unless you belong to a sorority. I was so 'fussed' I couldn't eat a bit of all the good things they had, but the members didn't seem to be the least bit embarrassed. They just ate and ate.

"Feb. 11. How can I ever tell you? I didn't get a bid to the Rho Tau sorority! Think of it, dear, invited to their spread and not being bid! And what do you think? They gave Della a bid. The girls were all lovely to me, but never said a word about my joining. Oh, I could have died of mortification. When we were walking home Della said if I would promise not to tell anybody, she would tell me why I didn't get a bid. She said that Mrs. Simpson persuaded her daughters that it would be a kindness to me if they saw that I was not bid, as my mother had to work for a living and I couldn't afford it. Now I understand what mother used to mean when she said it was hard to be poor. I never minded it before; just thought it meant not being able to buy all the pretty things I wanted, and I never cared much about that, for every one liked me and said I always looked stylish and pretty, no matter what I wore.

"Mar. 8. It was sweet of you to write such a lovely, comforting letter. Yes, Eleanor, I do try to be brave. You know you always said I was proud, so when I went back to school after my horrid snub I acted just as though nothing had happened, though I noticed Della treated me very differently. You know she used to like to go with me, but now as soon as we get near the schoolhouse she rushes off with the sorority girls and leaves me to walk alone. But that isn't the worst of it. The girls down in grammar school that used to love me so, think it funny that I was rushed by all the sorority girls at first and then dropped so suddenly and they are not so fond of me any more.

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"I am telling you all this, honey, because you know we never kept anything from each other, but you should see how gay I act at school. I wouldn't for the world have them know that I feel so stung. But last night I told mother all about it and then I just broke down and cried my eyes out. . . . She felt so bad that I was afraid she was going to cry too, so I just braced up and said I would pitch in and study and forget the old sororities, and that is what I am trying to do, too.

"June 13. To-day was the last day of my first semester in school and I don't know whether I'm glad or sorry, for I shall never go back to school again. I just can't stand it. I suppose if I were as fond of my studies as I should be, I would start in again next year and just dig away. Some of the girls do, but you know I always like to have people care for me. I could never begin to tell you, dear, what I've had to go through—walk to school alone every day, then watch all the girls I used to go with, eating their lunch and talking and laughing while I sat alone. The other day I heard the piano playing and I couldn't resist the temptation, so I went up to the gymnasium where they were all dancing, but no one looked at me or, if they did, they seemed to say: 'What are *you* doing here?' I found out it's only the sorority girls who stay and dance. So of course Della stays and I walk home alone.

"Well, honey, school days are over and I am going to get right down to business and learn something, so I can earn my own living and help mother. She says it was always a help to her when she saw me gay and happy, so I'm going to do my best to be once more your foolish, happy chum, Helen."

At just about the time when these letters were being written, a somewhat similar situation in another part of town was working out to a much more tragic close.

The heroine was a girl who had some money but who needed more. Simple and childish, she used to try to recommend herself to the sorority girls of her high school by giving them flowers to wear and ice-cream to eat. And she offered them many other little presents, thinking so to make them love her and never understanding why they stopped with smiling at her. These things were bread cast upon the waters. They did not return. But other, better bread might. She would wear prettier ribbons and gloves. So she bought them down town in the department stores, till one day, being afraid to charge them any longer to her father's account, she charged them to the account of the father of a remote acquaintance of hers. She did this again. And then again. And then steadily. And so, never paying now for such purchases, she had all her pocket money for more little presents for the little girls who could fix her social future by telling her the meaning of three Greek words. The last scene, in a down-town department store, in a telephone booth, revealed a detective at her side, who accused her of impersonating the daughter of the man at the other end of the wire, while she, in the frantic stupidity of desperate childhood, snatched the receiver from his hand and poured into the transmitter her wild, unavailing assurances that she was really and truly the daughter of the stranger to whom she was talking.

For this pitiful incident the high-school fraternity system was to blame only in so far as it intensifies the temptations naturally inherent in social life. But that is the only extent to which anybody blames the high-school fraternity system about anything. Its fault is simply (but that is enough) that it forces the pace.

It forced the pace of the young boys who spent their spare time at the Chicago high-school fraternity houses till, when President Schneider, of the Chicago Board of Education, investigated those houses in 1908, he found that in at least six instances they had been used to entertain night parties of women from the Red Light district.

Now, these boys did not go wrong purely because they were fraternity boys. The world has not had to wait for the invention of high-school fraternities in order to see boys sowing their wild oats prematurely. Nevertheless, there was no getting away from the fact that the fraternity system, by giving boys the environment and equipment of an artificial and unhealthy adult life, enormously increased the possibility of such happenings.

The rule of the Chicago Board of Education forbidding the existence of fraternities, was passed under the immediate influence of President Schneider's report. But the Board already (back in 1904) had tried to dissuade pupils from joining fraternities by providing that no member of a fraternity might represent his school on any public occasion, such as an athletic contest or an inter-school debate. The hostile policy of the Board toward the fraternities has not been based on the moral frailty of a few members. It has rested on the two propositions (amply fortified by evidence) that the fraternities, first, destroy scholarship, and secondly, disrupt the student body.

The disintegrating influence of high-school fraternities on the student body is felt in almost every school in which they exist. This is just as true in a new state like Kansas as in an old state like New York. There are a few exceptions to the rule. For example,

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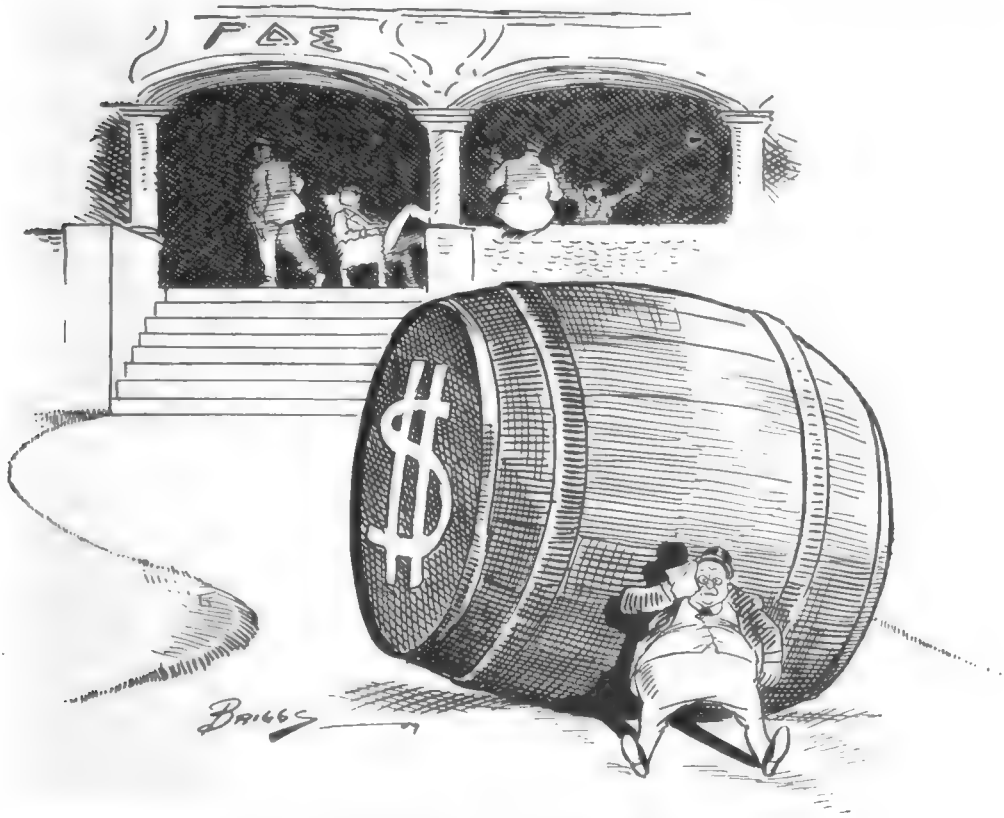
in one Chicago high school (a private institution), each fraternity takes in a member of the faculty as a full member and as a sponsor for its good behavior. There the fraternity system seems not to have injured the school everybody. This was an agony of exclusiveness before which a mere college fraternity might well turn pale.

The college fraternities (contrary to a widespread assumption) are not connected with



FATHER MAY NOT SHINE MUCH AT ANYTHING ELSE, BUT HE IS STILL ALLOWED TO ROLL THE BARREL.

as a school. But the nature of a fraternity is to foster not so much the "school spirit" as what a fraternity boy once called the "bunch spirit."

In one of the Chicago high schools, for instance, there used to be, before the advent of the fraternities, a School Social Club which gave parties, dances, and picnics. Everybody belonged to it. It was very popular and very successful. When the fraternities and sororities came, it fell sick, dwindled, and finally died. Instead of a common social life, that school now has a social life of cliques. Such is not the full purpose nor the full possibility of the public-school system.

In another Chicago high school the fraternities gave up attending the Junior Promenade, which, being a class affair, was open to

the high-school fraternities. And they constitute a totally different question. Their members are much older, and most of them, being away from home, find a new home in their fraternity life. College fraternities, so far from being helped by high-school fraternities, are injured by them, and the girls' college sororities have already taken semi-official action on the subject. The Inter-Sorority Conference, to which all the national college sororities send delegates, has recommended to its constituent bodies the adoption of a rule providing that after a certain date none of them will admit to membership any girl who has belonged to a high-school Greek Letter society.

But why multiply instances? Fraternities may be very bad for our children. But what

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can we do about it? They just *will* have them. They just *will*. So there you are. Fraternities, even in cities in which rules have been passed against them, though scotched, are still wiggling along underground. It is a most perplexing question.

At the beginning of the trouble, the *Gamma Eta Kappa* (real name, this time) *Magazine*, said:—

"It is simply a case of all educators not educated. Some of them, however, are getting educated, and we hope that the others will learn and save us the trouble of summoning our array of able attorneys who are willing to defend us in the courts and in doing so will make these uneducated beings feel their lack of knowledge with humiliation and chagrin at the expense of the poor unfortunates."

This bugle-call of defiance, though apparently directed particularly at teachers of English composition, was really meant to reach the ears of all teachers and to give them a sporting chance to make their get-away before the hunt began. It was followed by doughty doings in the courts of Washington, Kansas, Minnesota, Illinois, and several other states in which boards of education had attempted to enforce their anti-fraternity rules.

Father came nobly to the front, tapped his barrel for lawyers' fees, and began to buy petitions for injunctions, mandamuses, writs of certiorari, answers, rejoinders, writs of errors, appeals, demurrers, and other such grown-up toys to which Charlie had now taken a fancy.

Moreover, Father assured the school authorities (notably in a memorable document addressed to the authorities of a South Side Chicago high school) that boys and girls who were "descendants" (at any rate, hypothetically) "of the men of 1776" would never permit themselves to be dictated to. Father also told the judges of the state of Illinois that these anti-fraternity tyrannies could not happen in this country because the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States provides forever that there shall be no abridgment of the "privileges and immunities" of American citizens.

The judges, however, were indignant. The Fourteenth Amendment has appeared in a good deal of high comedy. But when it came to making it appear in farce, the judges seemed to think it was time to ring down the curtain. The fraternities managed to persevere as far as the supreme courts of some of the states, but the court decisions have unanimously upheld the right of boards of education to control the school social activities of their pupils.

After the boards of education and the courts, came the state legislatures. Four of them (those of Kansas, Minnesota, Indiana, and Ohio) have already flatly forbidden the formation of fraternities in the public schools, while the legislature of Illinois has been on the brink of enacting a similar law.

It has required conclaves of educators, benches of jurists, and assemblages of statesmen to put Agnes and Charlie to bed without supper. And still they won't go. In almost every school in which fraternities have been forbidden, the prophetic words of a juvenile but far-sighted contributor to the *Gamma Eta Kappa* (real name again) *Magazine* have been, to a certain extent, verified:—

"As far as the secret societies are concerned they will go ahead and prosper as before. There will be no difficulty in pledging and initiating members as desired."

When operating underground, the high-school fraternity may lose its overt demoralizing influence on the whole student body, but it may continue, even more strongly than before, to make for social snobbishness and mental laziness among its own members.

No, simple coercion is not the full answer. There is a wee something to be said, after all, for Father's view of the case. Father's appeals to the spirit of 1776 and the Fourteenth Amendment were tinged with the contagious humor of the situation with which he was dealing, but nevertheless Father had some natural human reason for resenting the attempt of the school authorities to control his children in matters which, while they reacted on the schools, had their origin in purely social relations. And, further, if the fraternities were abolished, what organized social life would the children have? In most schools, none to speak of.

If educators intend to substitute a democratic social life for a caste-and-clique social life in the high schools, they will have to do more than simply forbid the caste-and-clique life. They will have to come on with their apparatus for the democratic life.

A law against a combination of persons into a fraternity is something like an anti-trust law. It represents the instinct of old-fashioned democracy against such combinations, but it is terribly hard to enforce.

There was sense in the remark of the man who said that it might be easier for the United

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States to swallow the anthracite coal industry than to break it up into its original unwelded fragments, on the same principle which makes it easier to eat an omelet than to resolve it back into three eggs.

Some educators have come to believe that it will be easier and better to absorb the fraternity boys and girls into a well-organized general school social life than simply to pulverize the student body back into individuals.

One of the Chicago high schools (a private school) is doing in this direction a work which is most curious, most suggestive, and most promising. Five dollars out of each tuition fee is set aside for the furtherance of the social activities of the pupils. This term includes athletic teams and literary societies and musical clubs and so on, as well as what is usually called, strictly speaking, social life.

One phase of social life under the new auspices you may see if you will go out to the school building on a certain afternoon in any week. You will find a dance in progress which is open to all the pupils of the school. Nobody is obliged to be present, but everybody who comes must stay till the end. In a way, it is a class exercise.

There is an instructor present. She teaches waltzing and two-stepping, of course. But she also teaches figure dances, national dances, and folk dances. She gives dancing what it ought to have—a "festival" character, as well as a "society" character. And she uses it as the basis for a training in social forms and usages. Her department is really a department of social education, and she is regarded as one of the most important members of the faculty.

Looking at this dance, you will observe that the children are all dressed very simply. Girls who come too noticeably arrayed are admonished. It is not "good form."

And in speech and in manner, as well as in dress, you will observe the influence of proper instruction. Nothing could be more correct than the behavior of these children. At the same time, nothing could be more unaffected and natural. They are not developing the crude, fantastic ostentation which comes with an unguided imitation of adults in totally unregarded and unadvised enterprises of their own. They are being provided with a proper environment, and they are falling easily and unconsciously into the simple ways of cultivated people.

You will notice that no program cards are allowed. As each number in the dance comes along, the girl dances with the boy who first bows to her. And the affair is so punctiliously conducted, the dancing is so standardized that it becomes almost as natural for boys and girls of different social sets to take part in it together as it would be for them to walk together in a procession.

No girl may refuse a partner who offers himself. This rule will astonish and offend you beyond measure at first. But it is extraordinary how well it works out. No boy who is really distasteful to a girl continues to offer himself. The girl may be trusted for that. But among the boys whom she would never otherwise have met she finds many who please and attract her and give her a broader and friendlier view of the companions of her school days. The outcome is that many trivial social barriers are broken down, and that many personal experiences are pleasantly, and in a proper place and manner, enlarged.

As a "feeder" for this weekly dance, there are compulsory dancing classes (except in case of parental objection) for the pupils of the first two school years. The principle involved is that, since dancing is the entrance to the social life of the young people of the district, it is highly desirable that every pupil should at least go through that entrance and have a chance to look around.

Finally, in addition to the compulsory classes and the weekly afternoon parties, there are evening parties at various times during the year. The school authorities feel that the installation of these events as part of the education offered by the school has done a great deal to break up cliques and to introduce into the school a social life of breadth and human kindliness.

From such experiments much may be expected. And if the high-school fraternities, by stimulating educators to give their schools a social as well as a purely scholastic usefulness, succeed thereby in widening the bounds of the educational system, they will have put the finishing touch to the unconscious humor of their career.

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THE WISDOM OF YESTERDAY

By GRACE MacGOWAN COOKE and ALICE MacGOWAN

Authors of "Return, A Story of the Sea Islands"

Illustrations by Charles B. Falls

I'S always been a white folks's nigger. All my days I's made my manners to de white people, an' pulled off my hat an' tol' 'em 'Thanky' for what dey give me, and I'll leave it to you-all whether I's done well by it."

The old man glanced around the Sunday breakfast table with a smile of innocent craftiness puckering his brown face. His head, snowed by the winters of nearly seventy years, was finely relieved against the window behind him; his black broadcloth was speckless, his linen as beautifully laundered as the women of his household could make it. Though black, he looked the gentleman—and he called himself a "nigger."

The two sons of Amos Hilgard, with George's wife and children, made up the company in the room; and the woman of the house, George's wife, Julia, rattled her cup

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in the saucer and looked at her husband, hoping he would answer his father. Amos noted his daughter-in-law's perturbation, and again addressed his sons:

"You got to remember dat my mammy, an' de grandmammy of you-all, was a slave woman. I don't even know who my daddy was. I was born a slave." There was silence. "Dis may be de las' time I visit ol' Watauga," Amos went on. "I's gittin' along in years; de ole man ain't as strong as he was. I's had some mighty curious sinkin' spells here of late dat skeered my old woman powerful; an' seein' I'se here, I feel called on to carry de word, an' bear testimony to my chillen. I's got de bes' stand for a barber shop in Savannah, an' I's got money laid by. And it ain't only money; de old man's got friends —he's respected. Dey's plenty o' white people dat'll shake him by de hand and inquire after his health, same as dey used to after Judge Hilgard's. If you calls dat prosperin', I want you to know how an' why I's prospered. I see you-all has de new ways; but I's come up here to show you what a man can do wid de old ways. My mistis learned me to count money—she said dat was all a nigger needed to know about figurin'. I reckon you's sendin' dese here chillen to school, and dey can read and write."

"Alfred and Henry are in the fourth grade," Julia quickly supplied. "Florence is in the high school. She is studying Latin." It was almost as though she defied her father-in-law with these statements. But the old man received them graciously. He had his own pride in them.

George and Silas Hilgard were doing well in business. They dealt in ice and coal, and had attempted during the past year—with fairly satisfactory results—to break loose from the local ice trust. This undertaking Silas endeavored to explain to the old man.

"I tell you, father," he said, finally, "the times is changin'. There was an editorial in our paper here—*The Watauga Afro-American*—last week that said: 'When the black man ceases to be an acceptable servant to his white master, he can no longer partake of that social contact—which is by no means social equality—that is granted to those who serve. Being a competitor in other lines, he must learn to compete socially, set up his own churches and his own places of public gathering." The earnest-faced colored man repeated the phraseology word for word, with the exactness of a child reciting a lesson.

Old Amos heard him out; then, "Dat ain't no way to do," he commented sweepingly. "Niggers cain't run things like dat. You cain't stand alone. You git a white man for a backer. When Marse Hilgard an' his family was gone, and I left Watauga, I never stopped till I found me a white man dat would stand in place of my old marster, and speak de word for Amos. Major Fithian—I've shaved him ever since I went to Savannah; and if anything comes up, I can go to de major and he'll speak for me. I was mighty sorry when I went out here whar de ol' place stood to find it all cut into buildin' lots, an' nothin' but Hilgard Street runnin' past whar de front drive used to be at, to tell dat ol' Marse been livin' here. If you-all boys had some o' his folks to back you, you might git along."

"We don't need it," said George finally. "We do get along, pappy—don't you think so? All anybody asks now in Watauga is prices. If we sell better goods cheaper than the others, we'll get the trade, and hold it."

"Uh-huh," Amos nodded his white head, and his eyes twinkled. "You folks been a-doin' well back here—I ain't disputin' dat—but de old man's been doin' well, too, down in Savannah. You-all is young—" ignoring the fact that both were married men come nearly to middle age. "You boys 'll l'arn. But I wants my grand-boys and grand-gal heah to have a chance to see how dey grandpappy stands wid de white folks. Cain't I take de chillen to St. Jude's wid me dis fine Sabbath mawnin'?"

"I wish you would go to the Walnut Street Church and see what our own color can do," Silas, the younger son, put in rather hastily. "We're all mighty proud of our preacher. He's a fine man, a graduate of Fiske, and he studied divinity at Oberlin."

These words meant little to Amos. "No, I's a-gwine to St. Jude's dis mawnin'," he said in the big, musical voice of his people, a voice whose caressing turns and cadences sets a value upon even commonplace speech. "I's still got my name on de church book at St. Jude's. I j'ined dar befo' de war, when I was houseboy to ol' Marse Hilgard, an' my mammy was housekeeper. We used to set in de colored gallery of a Sunday and hear de word of God preached by a white man dat got a heap of money to know what he was talking about. I was baptized in St. Jude's. De bishop hisse'f confirmed me in dat church. My people thought a heap of me,

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and I got it by staying close to dem, not by drawin' away and settin' up for myse'f! No suh! I got sech teachin' as de young folks in dese days don't know nothin' about. I's sent my money to St. Jude's every year to pay de rent on de Hilgard pew. Ain't nobody to set in dat pew now but ol' Amos—an' any of you-all dat wants to go wid me; but my name's on de church book, an' dem o' you dat goes along will see how a well-behaved nigger gits treated in a white man's church. You'll hear preachin' dat'll do you good—not de fool yawpin' of ign'ant trash; a white gentleman, in a gownd of white linen, and yo' betters all around you for you to take pattern by—dat's de way to come on in de worl'."

"The boys have a part in the choir this morning," explained Julia hastily. "I—Florence, are you going to sing?"

The young girl, George Hilgard's eldest child, paused by the table and set down her plate of hot cakes. A pretty creature, with fine dark eyes, and features that were beginning to show the refinement of the second generation of education, she stood high in her classes in the public school. She was well, even handsomely dressed, with very jealous care, by a mother who felt that a good-looking colored girl must be twice the lady that a white girl of her class has need to be.

"No," said Florence, smiling at her grandfather. "I'm not going to sing. Grandpa, I believe I'd like to go to St. Jude's—for once, that way."

"Course you would," the old man put it stoutly. "Gals like you is bound to want to see how little white ladies behaves deyselves. Dat's de best education for her, Julie. You git dat gal a good place in some white fambly, 'mongst de genuine quality, and she'll l'arn what she ort to know. I've heard some talk 'bout dis graduatin' at de high school and goin' to Nashville to de college; but I tell you dat's too much for niggers. Hit gits de white folks down on you; an' when you git de white folks down on you, you can't wag a foot."

II

Old Amos had declined the carriage. The horse that pulled it was one of the pair which drew the ice wagon on week days; but it was a dearly cherished dignity on the part of young Mrs. Hilgard to ride to church in her own vehicle. Amos made his distinctions in a way strange to the younger generation, and preferred going on foot to a white man's church to riding to the negro organization; and with Florence he set out for St. Jude's.

The streets were full of worshippers, and the old man moved among them filled with innocent pride over his destination. The wife of his youth was dead and buried in Watauga. There was another wife, with other children, in the lowland coast city to which he had drifted. But the instinct of the hill people had brought him home to the mountain town for sight and smell of it all before he should get what he, in the figurative language of his people, named "the call in the night." He would sit in the pew for which he had paid these many years. How should he know that it was used as a stranger's seat, and that the Amos Hilgard in Savannah who yearly sent a tiny rental for it was forgotten, except as the name stood upon the rolls and the money was received and acknowledged.

It filled his heart with a glow of pride that, the instant he mentioned the name Hilgard, he was shown to the seat which that name commanded. He had chosen a communion Sunday, that he might for the last time partake of the body of Christ in the one church to which he belonged. The edifice itself was new to him, the old building having been used successively as an arsenal and a hospital, during the Civil War, and finally destroyed. The architecture of this St. Jude's was ambitiously English, and the back seat from which he viewed the great auditorium made it seem really larger than it was.

While he knelt in prayer, when—later—he looked around him, he was seeing it all through the eyes of the little negro boy who used to sit with his mother in the slaves' gallery. This was much finer. There were more people here. But it was still his church—his name was on the church book. When the vested choir began to pour in, chanting, and the rector in his robes took his place to open the service, as the long swell of the organ died away, tears were in the old eyes, and Amos leaned his white head down on the hand that held the gold-headed cane, sitting bowed thus for some moments. But an avid, curious interest in his white neighbors brought his gaze up to study the occupants of the seats about him. All new faces. Nobody he had ever seen before. For one half-terrified moment he wished that Major Fithian were here to speak for old Amos;

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then he lost himself in the effort to listen to the rector's sermon, which he could not comprehend.

Florence, too, glanced about her with interest, and a child's unthinking enjoyment of the larger, handsomer church, the stately Episcopal service, the beautifully dressed people, and the atmosphere of extreme reserve, reverence, and dignity. Yes, she was glad she had come with grandfather.

The admired, uncomprehended sermon came to an end. Old Amos saw the consecrating of the bread and wine. The voice of the great organ, whispering to itself the notes of some mighty composer dead and gone, whose methods would have been as incomprehensible to the negro as the sermon, laid hold upon his heart with sure fingers, so that it swooned within him in a sort of ecstacy, the religious rapture to which his race is so susceptible. To the sound of that soft music which played so potently upon the unsophisticated old nerves, with a subdued rustle, and a moving of finely-shod feet on padded, carpeted floors, the communicants went by twos and threes down the aisle, knelt at the rail, and received the bread and wine. "Take, eat," reiterated the rector's deep, musical voice, the trained tones low-pitched, but reaching the remotest corner of the auditorium, the prolonged vowels lingering bell-like on the ear; "this is my body which is given for you." The first communicants came back to their seats, and their places were supplied by others. And still the old man delayed, with scrupulous humility. It was part of his

"AND YO' BATTERS FOR YO' LAWD'S PATTERN BY—DAT'S DE WAY TO COME ON IN DE WORL'."

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theory of life, as a negro, to be last—and to be deferential about it.

Finally he rose, and, stepping softly, with bent head, made his way to the communion rail, those big, tender, disturbing organ tones yet sounding upon the curious, rustling, modified stillness of a concourse of silent people. Old Amos felt the eyes of many on him. The servant of God at the altar in his white robes—come, as he supposed, to the close of the sacrament—glanced up and saw only an old black man in speckless broadcloth, who stood humbly at the rail. The janitor of the church and his assistant were colored men. Apparently it did not occur to the rector that this negro could be a communicating member of St. Jude's. The "name on the church book"—if he had ever seen it he had no comprehension as to who Amos Hilgard was. The next moment he had turned his back and commenced the ceremony of cleansing the communion service.

Throughout his seventy years Amos had kept the friendly tolerance of the dominant race, and gained their patronage, by using the simple craft, the innocent freedoms, and shrewd humility of a child. The social hardships of an inferior he made nothing of; a submissive, servile position he knew well how to assume; but a catastrophe so unexpected as this, so discountenancing, he was as little able to endure as a favored child would be. Great gouts of rose and blue and purple from the chancel window swam before his shamed eyes. Curious sounds were in his ears. He recalled with alarm those recent "sinking spells," and dreaded the squalid mischance of falling where he stood. A decent self-respect and dignity died hard in the old man. His legs were giving under him; but he must—he must—hold out and get back in seemly wise to his pew. His sick imagination goaded him with the fancied words, whispered above him if he should fall, "What's this old nigger doing here?" Oh, if Major Fithian—if only old Marse——!

He put down a brown right hand and, trembling exceedingly, clutched the railing. The organ murmured to itself in its soft, fluting undertone. Florence, looking on, at first with admiration, then with uneasiness, and finally with a growing terror, saw now what was amiss. She gazed anxiously about on the alien faces, and the petted grandchild, brought here to learn white folks' ways, to see what consideration her grandfather would receive among them, burst into silent tears. In front of her sat two faded gentlewomen. One of them whispered to the other, then, turning round, asked the colored girl's name. She choked back her sobs to tell it. The little, shabby ladies glanced from her to her grandfather and nodded to each other.

It was all over in a very few moments. Probably not a dozen persons in the church were aware of anything out of the common in what had happened. As the white-robed priest made an end of his cleansing ceremony, Amos gathered together his failing strength; he steadied his dim, confused sight with a mighty effort, and, turning, walked slowly, stumblingly down the aisle to his pew—the strangers'. There he sat with bent head till the benediction was pronounced and while the congregation was passing out. Florence cowered behind his broad, stooped shoulders and whispered, "Let's go, grandfather—oh, let's get away from here!"

"Leave me alone, honey," murmured old Amos huskily. "Wait till all of 'em is gone. Leave me alone, honey child, till they all gets out."

When the church was at last empty, Amos got up uncertainly and made his labored way to the door, holding by each pew end, as he passed it, fumbling doubtfully for the next one, while Florence watched him with frightened eyes and trembling lip.

"Are you sick, grandpa?" she whispered once more, peering fearfully around into his face. "Grandpa, do—do you feel bad?" And he only answered in a low, hurried voice: "Ne'mmine, honey. Le's get along home—le's get along home."

The two ladies who had spoken to Florence came hurrying from the vestry, where they had been looking after the cottas and cassocks of the choir, and halted Amos and his granddaughter at the door.

"This is Amos Hilgard, isn't it?" asked one of them. "I remember you very well, Uncle Amos, when you were butler to Judge Hilgard. I—we saw what occurred in there, and my sister and I were very sorry. We were very sorry, Uncle Amos. It wouldn't have happened if the rector had known you. He's new to Watauga. He didn't know you."

The old man touched his hat and bowed a white head low. "Yes, mistis," he assented humbly. The old eyes searched the faces before him. "You ladies is Bishop Sheldon's daughters, isn't you?" he said faintly. "Yo' father confirmed me when I joined dis church."

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The Misses Sheldon exchanged distressed glances. "I hope you're getting along very well where you are, Uncle Amos," the one who had not spoken put in. "There are very few of your sort left us now in these days of new ways. You deserve to get along well."

"Thanky, Mistis," returned Amos in a spiritless tone. He had just been paying very dearly for this standing of his with the old generation of white people, and he was a trifle exhausted.

"Oh, grandpa, there's father and mother with the carriage—now you can get home all right!" exclaimed Florence eagerly, breaking in with what the ladies evidently considered unwarranted freedom.

Standing sick and dizzy at the head of the steps, the old man stared eagerly toward the approaching relief. It was nothing to him that Bishop Sheldon's daughters stiffened disapprovingly at sight of his son's presumptuous turnout. He even forgot to thank them again or to bow once more as he turned and felt his way hastily down the stairs toward the sidewalk.

"The times are certainly changing," said Miss Virginia Sheldon almost bitterly, as she smoothed her faded skirt with a worn glove. "Even the old generation of negroes seems to be infected."

But Amos was safe on the seat from which the careful Julia had ejected the two boys with the whispered warning, "You walk—, along with sister—yo' gran'pa ain't feelin' very well." During the drive home, the sun warm upon his back, the springs of Julia's prized carriage bearing him up smoothly as the sober horse went ahead at a comfortable gait, his daughter-in-law beside him, his stalwart sons on the seat in front turning again and again with solicitous glances toward him—all of them subtly aware that something distressing had happened to Amos—the old man drooped mute and forlorn. He noted none of these things; he was but vaguely conscious of, vaguely thankful for, the dignity and adequacy of his means of escape.

ONLY AN OLD BLACK MAN IN SPECKLESS BROADCLOTH WHO STOOD HUMBLY AT THE RAIL.

Matilda, Silas's young, smiling wife, had cooked dinner for them all at George's house, and it was awaiting them, with Matilda's little ones already propped up at the table. Throughout the meal—a good one and abundant—Amos still sat downcast and altered, saying very little and eating sparingly. He looked about him doubtfully from time to time at the commodious house, with its comfortable furnishings, at the pleasant faces of the well-clad, well-mannered household. Here were his sons—the Hilgard brothers—the business firm, standing shoulder to shoulder, loyal to color and race, driving ahead like a slender wedge, to make an entrance into the close-set, hostile ranks of an alien civilization, a serried

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array, social, political, economic. Yes, maybe they were right—for their time and their place. Indeed, it looked as though they were right. But—well, he was an old man, spent and unnerved; it was all very bewildering, very subversive. He could never make it square with his own ideas. It might do for them, but never for him. "For ye cain't l'arn an old dog new tricks," muttered Amos to himself. Aloud, he answered some anxious inquiry of Julia's.

"Don't you-all worry about me." (Julia had found a moment to question her daughter; and the elders now knew the child's version of what had happened in the church, and were full of pained sympathy.) "Oh, no, I ain't rightly sick. I reckon dis is des' one o' dem spells I was tellin' you-all about. Old folks is liable to 'em. De destroyer comes on a-many chariots—a-many chariots." He smiled at her tolerantly, with a little return of his old manmer. "Got to expect de sound o' de wheels when yo' days is as long as mine." Presently he spoke again, hesitating a bit uneasily with his words. "Hit—er—hit's des' a little cold for old bones here in Watauga. Reckon I b'en a-livin' down in de fur South so long till I ain't usen'd to it no mo'. Reckon I'll be gittin' along back to Savannah to-morrow—I told de ol' major I'd sho' be dar to shave him, come Chuesday."

He seemed to feel better and more at ease once the suggestion was safely out, and nobody offered any loud opposition. He sat up and looked about him more freely.

"You-all boys is a-comin' on mighty well," he said with fatherly patronage. "I's mighty glad I come up to see you-all; and I's a-gwine back powerful well satisfied wid de way you' a-doin'. But you cain't l'arn an old dog new tricks. Hit's for you-all—not for me. De ol' woman an' de chillen an' de barber shop is all a-needin' Amos, I 'spec'. I'll be gittin' home—I'll be gittin' along home."

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THE UNCERTAIN AGE

By FANNIE HEASLIP LEA

"WHAT have you done to your hair?" asked Jasper abruptly.

Miss Seton lifted nervous fingers to her smooth, black coils, and touched apprehensively the soft pompadour with its broad streak of white above the left temple.

"Nothing—not a thing on earth; why?"

"It's too—it hasn't any curl to it. Where's the little curl that—used to fall over your right ear?—Let me muss it up for you——"

"William Jasper!" she cried in horrified reproof.

"And your clothes—" continued Jasper, relentlessly—"what's the matter with them, anyhow? I don't like that stiff thing under your chin. Why didn't you put on that red dress I like? Good heavens, Eleanor, if this is the effect the country has on you, I think you'd better come back to town. What *have* you been doing to yourself?"

Miss Seton avoided his eyes, shifting uneasily in the big leather chair beneath the rose-shaded light.

"Don't be foolish," she said. "I haven't been doing anything that I shouldn't."

"You quite look it," he commented dryly. "You look as if you'd been repeating a litany of propriety, prunes, and prisms, six times a day. Aren't you well?"

"Perfectly."

"It's three weeks now since you came down here; that ought to have set you up again. You haven't worked any?"

"Not a stroke."

Jasper stared at her keenly, with the cool gray eyes behind which lay so many memories of bared souls.

"You look different, somehow," he repeated. "They don't beat you here, do they?"

"Nonsense. I'm staying with my sister."

"Aren't you glad to see me? It's the first time I've had a day off since you left town. You know the Churchill case didn't come up till the fifteenth—" He plunged into an intricate explanation through which she followed him with tense interest and flushing cheeks, till at his final simple, "And I got the decision," she broke into a delighted chuckle.

"There, that sounds like Eleanor Seton," he approved; "do it again—!—"

"Tell me some more—how are Billy Fielding and Mrs. Billy?"

"I met Billy down town last week," said Jasper, "and he kept me three quarters of an hour showing me the plans for their new place. He's going to have an enclosed courtyard, like those old French homes down South—Creole fashion, you know—stone flags, and a fountain, and palms—all that sort of thing."

"Rather out of place in a Northern environment."

"I don't care for it myself," assented Jasper. "I saw Trueman at dinner last night with Laura Norton."

"Oh, then she's got her divorce?"

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"Yes, she's going to marry him in April, Langham tells me."

Miss Seton clasped both hands about her knee, and leaned forward. Then she thrust unconscious fingers through her hair, and the little strand Jasper had missed fell over her right ear.

"I'm glad of that," she announced cheerfully; "she has a right to be happy, for half an hour at least—and if she won't get more than that with Trueman, at least she never got that much with Norton—the brute! Do you know, Will, sometimes I think——"

"Auntie, dear," said a soft voice behind her, "are you sure you're warm enough? Mother says, don't you think you'd better have this shawl?"

Miss Seton turned suddenly, the light dying out of her face. A young girl stood in the doorway, pretty with the fresh pinkness of an apple blossom; behind her rosy flounces and her little, fluffy head, showed the darker figure of a young man. Miss Seton wavered visibly.

"Thank you, Dora—I'm quite warm. Have you met Mr. Jasper?"

Dora said something, smilingly, to the face behind her shoulder, and it disappeared into the gloom of the hallway; then she came quickly into the room, and gave her hand to Jasper's perfunctory clasp.

"How do you do," she said brightly. "Auntie, you mustn't be imprudent. I'm going to make you wear this, anyhow. There's no fire in here, and the room is cool."

She draped a large white wool shawl round Miss Seton's shoulders without regard for their owner's feeble protest. "If you take cold," she chided soothingly, "who will chaperon our barn dance? And you know Mother promised that you would go with her to the Ladies' Auxiliary meeting to-morrow. Don't you think she's looking well?" She appealed to Jasper, tilting a rounded pink chin in his direction.

"I have seen her when she looked better," said Jasper gravely.

"How unkind!" Dora's voice took on a softer sweetness: "Auntie, dear, your hair is loosened; let me fix it for you." She smoothed back the vagrant strand, and secured it with a hairpin extracted magically from the coils above. "Don't you want a footstool?" She slipped one under Miss Seton's feet, and fluttered to the door, turning, even there, with a quaint air of sudden recollection, to say: "I saw your glasses on the hall table. Don't you want them? You know it always gives you a headache to leave them off."

"No, thank you," said Miss Seton hastily—"dear," she added with obvious afterthought.

She watched Dora's pink organdie shimmer in the doorway, then disappear, with eyes preoccupied and rather dull. Presently a steady murmur of voices from the hall announced the *tête-à-tête* in the nook under the stairway.

Miss Seton sighed involuntarily; then she started with surprise. Jasper had come quietly round the table and pushed the footstool from beneath her feet; he loosened the blanket-like shawl from about her shoulders, and threw it into a chair across the room; last she felt his clumsy, unaccustomed fingers on her hair.

"What are you doing?" she gasped. "Will!"

"Take it out then," he ordered stubbornly—"the hairpin that chit put in—let the little curl down; if you don't, I'll muss the whole thing—Great Scott!"

Miss Seton loosened the pin with hurried fingers, strangely unnerved by the proximity of those other strong, brown hands.

"That's better," said Jasper. "Upon my word, Eleanor, are you a candidate for the Old Ladies' Home?"

"Go back to your seat," she begged.

"I've a mind to shake you," he grumbled, but he returned to his chair, and faced her, leaning his elbows on the table, and staring out from under level, heavy brows.

"How old are you?"

"Thirty-five," said Miss Seton defiantly.

"H'm! Thirty-five—'Auntie dear'." His deep voice was a ridiculous imitation of Dora's cooing tones. "No wonder you look dragged out. Where are your cap and your spectacles? Do they feed you at the table? And where's your knitting? Poor old lady!"

"Oh, don't," begged Miss Seton weakly, melting into shamefaced laughter.

"'Chaperon!'" he scoffed, relentlessly. "'Ladies' Auxiliary!' Wouldn't Langham and the Fieldings howl over that? Eleanor Seton, the most irrational, the most inconsequent, the most erratic, uncertain, brilliant, adorable woman in town, wearing a blanket shawl and using a footstool—and 'Auntie dear'! By George, that's rich!"

He pointed an accusing finger at her high, black collar with its bit of fine, white linen. "So that's why you're dressed like a govern-

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ess—and that's why you didn't dare to let your hair curl? You poor, abused girl!"

Miss Seton glowed under the caressing humor of his tone. "It's been horrible," she admitted tragically. "I've grown old by tens of years, Will. You know in New Burnham a girl is out at fifteen, and if she isn't married she's *passée* at twenty-one. At twenty-five she takes up literature or church work, and at thirty she wears black and brown and gray. Ugh!"

"Do they know you write?" asked Jasper.

"They think I do society notes for the papers—" Miss Seton's smile was a pathetic one. "I haven't the heart to undeceive them. Suppose they knew that I report big murder cases—and muck-rake a little on the side! Why, Will," she leaned across the table with its litter of magazines and papers, and lowered her voice fearfully, "I heard my own sister the other day saying to some women who had run in to borrow a pattern, that it was a great pity Eleanor had never married; Eleanor had been quite an attractive girl—she must have had some chances."

"Did she know about me?" he asked when he could speak.

Eleanor shook her head.

"Didn't know I'd been waiting five years or more for you to get tired of your own way—eh?"

"No," said Eleanor dryly. "I didn't think it necessary to tell her. To tell you the truth, I've been half afraid they were right. Thirty-five isn't eighteen, you know."

"No, thank God," Jasper interjected fervently.

"Well, I may have been just as far wrong on the side of feeling myself young," she objected, "as they were on the side of thinking me old. Now, that red frock you like so much—I'm not sure that a woman of thirty-five ought to wear red—it's the color of youth and vitality and fire."

"It's the color of the full-blown rose—and the mature life," said Jasper hotly. "What are you thinking of? Are you old and tired and done with life? Doesn't it mean something to you that you've got your work—and your friends? Doesn't it mean something to you that I love you?" He crushed the hand that he had lifted in his own, then let it fall in her lap again, and leaned back in his chair.

"At all events," he said humorously, "you can still blush."

"I do care for all that," she protested; "you know I care—I never thought myself old; but these three weeks here—it has seemed sometimes as if I might have been making myself ridiculous. You don't know how the apple-blossom freshness of a girl like Dora can make you feel old, and jaded."

"I know how 'the apple-blossom freshness of a girl like Dora' can make me good and tired," Jasper retorted. "I'll bet that youngster is sitting there holding her hand right now, and she is saying 'When did you first begin to love me?'—Bah!"

They both laughed, and he got up from his chair with a lithe movement that bespoke muscles in good training. "I'm going now, but to-morrow morning I'm coming to get you for a drive, and you will be good enough to wear the red dress. I'll see if I can get any red roses for you in this heaven-forgotten hole. Good night."

Her fingers tingled with his masterful clasp long after he had gone, and she passed the two in the hall, on her way upstairs, with a light step and a buoyancy of mood from which Dora's gentle "Good night, Auntie dear," rebounded powerless.

Yet, after all, and in the face of an April morning, heady as new wine, she came down the walk when Jasper's summons found her, not red-gowned, but black from head to foot, with the only fleck of color in his red roses at her belt. Under the wide brim and sweeping black plumes of her big hat, her eyes met his with half humorous appeal.

"Don't scold me," she said as he helped her into the high buckboard. "I simply couldn't put on that red frock under their reproving eyes. They think this hat is too juvenile, even. I could see that—and it took sheer will power to wear the roses."

Jasper drew himself up beside her. "Well, you are——"

"Drive on—quick!" she suddenly commanded, five black-*suède* fingers on his sleeve.

The horse leaped forward under a sharp cut of the whip, there was a flurry of dust, and, glancing over his shoulder, Jasper saw a white-frocked figure at the gate they had just left. The figure carried a large splotch of color on its right arm.

"It was Dora—with the old plaid shawl," Miss Seton explained breathlessly. "I saw her coming out of the door." She lapsed into a moody silence.

"Don't I look staid enough?" she demanded wretchedly, speaking for the first

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time as they dashed past the last prim cottage, and the fields opened before them.

"You look like an adventuress in a stock melodrama," he retorted, "all in black, and with that dashing thing on your head. If you were making up for the old woman, you've missed it this time. Never mind, I'm going to take you back to the city on the noon train."

"What!"

"You can regain your youth there."

"What are you talking about, Will?"

"We'll do a show every night, and go up the country with the Fieldings in their new motor, and——"

"You're too absurd," Miss Seton said with uncertain calmness. "I'm not going back to-day. This isn't the right road; I want to drive out into the country—you're going back into town."

"So I am," said Jasper with elaborate surprise. "Well, the minister's in town, and he's going to marry us inside of fifteen minutes. I saw him last night about it."

"You did?" cried outraged dignity.

"I did," said Jasper coolly; "I think it's about time I saved you from yourself, and from your relatives. Moreover," he added deliberately, as they turned into a shady lane, and then stopped before a little weatherbeaten church with a little weatherbeaten rectory beside it, "moreover, life hasn't been worth living for me these past three weeks, and I'm not going back without you. I'll explain less formally when we're not in the public road."

His eyes explained less formally even there, and Miss Seton let him lift her from the trap, unprotesting. "Of course, if you don't want to—" he offered as he opened the gate.

"Think of being married in black!" said Miss Seton.

The little church was very still, and dark, and cool. A shaft of sunlight struck through a window of red and purple glass, and a bird outside the window wove a mesh of high, sweet, mirthful notes around the solemn murmur of the minister's voice.

When it was over, they came down the steps and into the warm sunshine again. Her eyes were wet, and his hand shook.

"We'll make the noon train," he said with a flippancy that covered a multitude of other things.

Eleanor stopped him as he lifted the reins. "Here's Dora," she said with the calmness of despair; "we've got to tell her!"

Dora, with the young man of the night before close at her left hand, signaled them from the corner, and hurried up.

"Auntie dear," she cried, as soon as she was within speaking distance, "the girls want to know if you won't be one of the chaperons on the straw-ride to-morrow night? I said I thought you would."

She swayed eagerly toward them as she talked, like a flower on its stem, her rosy face upturned; but Jasper met her squarely.

"I'm sorry," he said politely, "but Eleanor and I are going into the city on the noon train. We've just been married, you see, and——"

"Married!" gasped Dora. The youth beside her stopped twirling his hat in his hands, and his mouth fell open.

"Will you ask your mother to have my things sent after me, Dora?" Eleanor leaned forward with her hand on Jasper's arm. "I'm afraid we sha'n't have time to tell her good-by. Give her my love, dear—and be a good little girl."

She nodded sweetly, and Jasper lifted his hat. They drove off in a small eddy of dust, out of which Dora and her swain watched them with awestruck, wondering eyes.

Jasper turned once, on the way to the station, from a silence too tender for speech.

"How old are you now?" he asked with a sudden, happy laugh.

"It doesn't matter," she answered softly.

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THE LIGHTS AHEAD

By CAROLINE DUER

Illustrations by Frank Craig

"AND that," said Sybilla, somewhat out of breath after twenty minutes of uninterrupted monologue, "is what I know about love. To you, it is a good thing—at least, I suppose most men regard it as a good thing—but to *us* it is the whole fulfilling of the law and the prophets."

The man on the divan—who seldom contradicted Sybilla—settled his shoulders more comfortably among the cushions and looked at her with a smile of lazy amusement. "I've made you very wise, haven't I?" he said.

Under ordinary circumstances this would have provoked a hot retort, a denial not unconnected with references to past rivals; or a quick flash of assent, flung out with lavish recklessness, like a handful of gold from an open window. But to-day it seemed Sybilla was unexpectedly slow to answer, and her eyes were vague with reflection.

"The wisdom of all women comes very suddenly to one," she announced at length, sitting bolt upright, Sphinx-like, in her corner. "It's like opening your eyes and finding you belong to a secret society of the whole world. Don't make me wise! It means disappointment, and it's generally learned from the person who least should teach it. I know! There's some one I've been talking to! You'd never guess she had a story. Such a stolid stone image as she seems now. But underneath—she is all on fire. You've seen her. My mother's Swedish housekeeper, Mia. You remember her?"

Finding that it was required of him, the man on the divan drowsily recalled a tall, blank, blonde presence, occasionally encountered in the halls, and said so.

"I found it out quite by accident," Sybilla swept on, "after she had been with us a year or two. I was coming home, rather late, toward dusk, one day, when I saw a man jump out of a cab in the middle of the street, and deliberately walk up to the servants' entrance of our house and ring the bell. He was a big, handsome, florid man, not badly dressed; and if he did not look quite of the kind that generally drives in cabs, still less did he look as if he were in the habit of ringing at basement bells. I was just at the front door myself when I heard Mia's voice speaking to him. She must have been summoned, or have been expecting him, for she would not, except for some particular reason, have been in that part of the house. She did not open the door, but spoke to him through the grating.

"'It is of no use,' she said. 'You may come again, and yet again—forever—and I will not let you in!'

"The man turned and went away without a word.

"I should not have thought much of it if I had not seen the whole thing repeat itself, in every particular precisely, about a month later, and once more before the winter ended. Then my curiosity got the better of me, and the next time I saw her alone I said to her abruptly, 'Aren't you very unkind to the man at the gate, Mia?'

"At first her face burned and she said, 'No, Miss,' and then she grew pale and muttered that it was not her fault; and then she suddenly broke down and told me.

"It seemed that they had been engaged, or promised, or betrothed—whatever it is they are in her land—when they were very young. They must have been a splendid couple then, I think. Tall, slim, beautiful, yellow-haired, blue-eyed creatures, full of

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the half-sombre, half-wildfire blood of the North—like their own midnight suns and dusky daylights. When Mia talks of her country I seem to see in her all the wonder of the amber air, and the black pines, and the bleak *fiords* with the blue sparkle of the sea between. Are there *fiords* in Sweden, by the way?" she broke off. "Not that it matters. I think of them when I think of the rest.

"Well, they had nothing to marry on, and the man, Carl—a boy he was then—decided to come here to America and make some money. That's what brings such people here—that's what we stand for now among the poor of all nations. Not a place that means greater peace or happiness, or deeper thoughts, or broader aims, but a place where it is most possible to make money. So of course he thought of coming to America.

"Mia could hardly bear his leaving her. It was one of those things that seem too terrible to happen till they *have* happened and you find yourself alive and on the other side of them. How do I know? Why shouldn't I know? The Lord gives you plenty of imagination when he puts you in petticoats. Besides, Mia told me how dreadful it was to see the days being swallowed up by time, till the last day came and he was gone, and time seemed to have stopped. They take what she calls 'the true love' very seriously there, and he solemnly swore that he would return for her before many twelvemonths were over, and she swore that she would wait for him forever. Every evening she used to walk up the hill behind her father's farm and look over the woods toward where the sea would be, and wonder where he was, and how he was, and whether he was thinking of her. All the foolish things every foolish woman wonders about the man she loves.

"His first letter was written just before he arrived in New York. The ship had got in after nightfall, and he spoke of seeing the lights of the city ahead, and of the hope and ambition the sight of them woke in him after his long voyage. He took it for a sort of symbol, 'the lights ahead,' that were to bring them fortune. And so in time she came to take them for a symbol, too.

"Year after year she waited, her heart full of nothing but the love and longing for him. She did not mix much with the other young people. She did not go to their fêtes and dances. It is not peasant etiquette, it seems, when you are 'promised'—even to a man on the other side of the world—to dance with those near at hand. So she stayed at home.

"She worked on the farm. Laboring hands are scarce in Sweden, and the women help in the fields as a matter of course. And besides that, she fed chickens, and milked cows, and caught fish from the lake—the 'sweet water,' she called it—below the house. She washed the sheep, and clipped them, and stored away the wool to spin and weave into cloth when the winter evenings came. She rode many miles, alone or with her father, over the long, white roads to Stockholm, to sell their farm produce. Six English miles to a Swedish one, and there were ten between them and the city, but they made nothing of the double day's journey.

"She was strong and brave and enduring, but she was very unhappy. She wished passionately that Carl had been a woodsman like her brother Gustavus, or a blacksmith like her brother August, or a sailor like her cousin on the king's yacht. Anything, no matter how little it earned, that would have left him to her, there, in his own place—the place where they belonged, among the tall pines in the crystal air. She would have asked for so little else, the barest necessities, if she might only have been his wife and the mother, perhaps, of fine, yellow-haired boys—new men for Sweden, she called them proudly to herself.

"The few letters she had from him were always hopeful, always confident, but—they came from so far away! She was thinking of him when the sun faded at ten o'clock at night, and dreaming of him when it shone out again at two o'clock in the morning. But her thoughts and her dreams brought him no nearer.

"At last, six or seven years after he had left her, a letter arrived asking her to come out to him. He was well able to support a wife and he wanted her, but he wanted her in America. Mia was half distracted between great transports of silent joy that he had so justified her faith in him, and great depths of quiet anguish at leaving her own people and her own land. But leave them she must when Carl was ready for her.

"There was jubilation in the neighborhood, and all the other blonde girls, who had come to look upon Mia quite as an old maid, began to treat her with the respect due to a bride-to-be—a woman of some importance, whose coming adventure—this voyage across the sea to the arms of a faith-

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EVERY EVENING SHE USED TO WALK UP THE HILL BEHIND HER FATHER'S FARM AND LOOK TOWARD THE SEA.

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ful and probably successful lover—surrounded her with a golden glory of romance, if not of actual riches. They did not scruple to whisper, rather loudly, their surprise that the constancy of Carl had been so enduring. They did not see how it had remained proof against the charms of all those foreign maidens with whom he must have been thrown. Mia was uncommonly handsome, of course, they said, but Mia was absent, and the foreign maidens—*they* were present. He might so easily have become interested in some other woman. It was altogether remarkable and much to be wondered at that he had sent for her.

"But Mia did not wonder. She had seen the 'true love' in his eyes, and heard it in his heartbeats, and felt it in his words. He could not be interested in another woman. What other woman could take her place? She was all his life as he was hers. Such things might not be written, but they were there, sure and certain, for all that. And he had sent for her, and she was going. Going across the sea as he had gone; to look ahead for the lights of hope and a home, as he had done.

"So she packed her marriage portion of household properties in a large chest, and her personal belongings in a small one. She caught her last fish in the 'sweet water,' toiled her last days in the fields, said good-by to her mother and her brothers in the old black-beamed farmhouse, and started, laughing and crying, on her last journey with her father along the white roads to Stockholm.

"She was caught up in such a whirl of excited feeling that she hardly realized what was happening till she found herself on the ship that was carrying her to America. And even then, through the horrors of homesickness, seasickness, fear-sickness, and desperate discomfort, she had always with her the thought that she was going to Carl, who loved her, and had sent for her, and who would take care of her. The nearer she got to him, the more vividly he stood out before her as she had seen him last, swinging down the path, his face white with the pain of their parting as he turned to look at her.

"'Come back! Of course I shall come back,' she could hear him saying. 'There is only you in the world. Keep yourself true to me, Mia, and you shall see what things I shall do.'

"Well, he had not come back. But she was on her way to him. It did not matter much where they met, so long as they did meet at last, after all these years. She wanted to tell everybody on board where she was going, and why, and what a man it was she owned, only so few of them knew her tongue that she could not have made them understand her. She stood on the deck like a statue of ecstasy as the ship came slowly into New York harbor, feeling his nearness, and the passion of his greeting, till her cheeks caught fire from her heart, and she must have looked just as she did when he first fell in love with her. She hated the herding and hideousness of the immigrant landing, but she was borne up by the expectation of seeing him at any moment.

"He never appeared. But he managed to get a letter to her, explaining that he was in Chicago, and she must get some one to read the directions he enclosed and put her on the train. He would meet her on its arrival.

"Somehow she did contrive to have herself and her luggage set in the right way, but she did not know enough to get herself a sleeping berth, or food, and she arrived in Chicago perfectly spent with fatigue and faintness. Carl was there. She saw him, head and shoulders above the crowd, as she staggered along the platform. Her tired face flashed into youth again at the sight of him. Anywhere she would have known him. He had not changed. Now all her troubles were ended! Now she was safe! Now she was at home! She pressed forward till she found herself beside him, crying and clinging to his arm.

"'I've come, Carl,' she said, 'and it's been a long time and a long way, but I saw always the lights ahead.'

"He hurried her into a carriage he had waiting, got a man to put her queer boxes up in front, and told her they were going to the house of a woman he knew where she might spend the night, and rest. The next day they would be married. All the way, as they drove, he told her what a wonderful success he had achieved. How he had slaved and saved till he had collected a little money, and made a lucky speculation in real estate—which it happened the city wanted. How he had got into the swing of things; gone into politics. How he was now the 'boss of his ward.' Which, naturally, she did not understand. But she did understand—at least, it seemed to her, as she listened, that he might have sent for her be-

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"IF I THOUGHT YOU DID NOT LOVE ME, DIDN'T UNDERSTAND OR CARE WHAT I WAS FEELING—"

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fore, if he had not chosen that she should not come till he could dazzle her with his glory. She tried to interrupt him.

"'It was so hard to wait, Carl. Sometimes I thought I must never expect to see you again.'

"'You never expected to see me like this,' he boasted; and he went on to tell her what a big man he was; how he could give her a fine place of her own—furnished in any way she pleased. He was flushed with pride and exaltation as he talked. Every instant he demanded her admiration and applause.

"'But oh, Miss,' she said, 'he was not glad to see me! He never kissed me! He never asked after any one at home! He never cared how I had stood that awful lonely journey! He never thanked me for coming! He never even saw how tired I was! There he was, sitting beside me, just as I remembered him, just as I had thought of him. But he was not my Carl, and there were no lights ahead any more.'

"All that night in a strange house, among strange ways and people, she lay awake and thought. And the more she thought, the more she was terrified of this man who had taken the place of *her* man. He was alert, active, ambitious, successful; he had won power among men; he was fully willing and, indeed, determined, to marry her; he meant to be kind to her. Not for a moment had he thought of any other woman as his wife. He had made a place for her, and he believed he was filling her needs, and more than fulfilling her wildest expectations. But he was no longer Carl, and for her that was the end.

"It would not have been for me," Sybilla interrupted herself to exclaim. "I'd have thought—I'd have hoped—I'd have tried to get the lost illusion back. But then I'm a fool. Mia felt differently."

And she took up the thread of the story:

"Before it was light on the day that should have been her wedding day, she slipped out, found her way to the station, and spent almost her last dollar in getting back to New York. She went to Ellis Island and asked one of the matrons there—who had been kind to her—to find her a place where she could do the coarsest kind of work to support herself till she had learned enough English to go into service. She was too proud to go home to Sweden. Go into service she did, and finally by some chance of Fate she came into ours.

"After a time Carl managed to find out where she was, and he followed her. But she always gave him the same answer. He was not her Carl, and she would not marry him.

"So America has got another working machine, Mia has a broken heart, and Sweden has not got those splendid boys and girls she ought to have had.

"He still comes once a month from Chicago to see her, but she never lets him in. He doesn't understand. He feels that he was ready to give her a share in everything he had, and he is angry that she will not take it. He does not see that the only thing she wanted—the thing she lived for—is gone. I tell her I think he must care, or he would give up coming. But she says it is just that he will not admit he is beaten.

"'He is a fine-appearing man, he is a strong man, but he is not the one who left me. He has lost our heart. He is not the man I loved, and he does not love me. What is the use?' she says. 'Where would the happiness come from? No. To all the world I am tenderer because of what I have suffered, but to him I am dead because he has made me too wise.'

"So you see," said Sybilla, with a long sigh, "what happens when women learn wisdom; which is the balance of accepted things. Wring a woman's heart and it fills with new feelings she never dreamed of. Tragic, sorrowful, passionate feelings, hard to reconcile and heavy to bear, yet wonderful, too, for all that. But I don't hold with wisdom myself," she added, with one of her sudden changes back to lightness. "I'd rather believe a man—and when I say 'a man' nowadays, I always mean *you*—I'd rather believe you were going to be all I thought you, all you promised, all I wanted, even if you weren't. And then, if you seemed to fail me, I'd rather believe it was a mistake, if I could—or even if I couldn't. No woman cares how much she gives a man if he just keeps up a semblance of recognizing it and being glad of it. We want so little—outside the great primitive things—to content us. A little petting, a little appreciation, a little understanding—not too often, but occasionally—of what we pour out at your feet: the patience, the pride, the love, the service! If I thought *you* did not love me, didn't understand or care what I was feeling——"

Sybilla broke off and looked pleadingly at the man on the divan.

He was asleep.

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"MAY I TROUBLE YOU TO TELL ME THE WAY TO THE VILLAGE OF THE LIU FAMILY?"

CHINESE CHILDREN AT PLAY

By ISAAC TAYLOR HEADLAND

Professor at Peking University; Author of "Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes," etc.

Reproductions from paintings on silk by Yang Chu-hsi, made at the request of Dr. Headland, especially for this article

FORTY little bodies sway from side to side, as forty small Celestials commit to memory some primer page. Forty childish voices strive in rivalry, repeating the words aloud in an astonishing jumble of sound.

Enters a visitor.

Forty voices cease, every body ceases rocking, but not one eye wanders from its intent gaze at the open book. And you—assuming that you are the visitor—see for the first of the solemnest, most unsmiling little faces that the world contains.

One has the impression, if the sight of these little Chinamen is not familiar, that they would surely laugh if they could but see themselves. Their heads, for instance, are all clean shaven in a dozen curious patterns. Here is one who has merely a ring of hair around his scalp. Another has two little bunches on the sides, and here is a third with similar bunches in small braids.

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"RIDING THE ELEPHANT"—A DISTINCTIVELY CHINESE GAME.

Still another wears only a scalp lock, braided so tightly that it sticks straight up, ridiculously; while one charming little fellow has a braided ring of hair that resembles a dark halo.

All are dressed in loose-fitting, bright-colored garments, so brilliant that the youngsters have a constant appearance of being decked out for a gala day. If it is winter, they are wearing clothes made of two layers of thin goods wadded with cotton quilted like the "comforters" our grandmothers used to make. Plump and roly-poly naturally, a little Chinese boy in his winter clothing looks like nothing so much as a football, with a baseball on top for a head, and two sled runners beneath for feet. There is nothing of solemnity here—save only those serious, almond-eyed, round, yellow faces.

But watch them. Dismissal time comes. To the tap of a gong, the little fellows put

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"BLINDMAN'S BUFF" IS AS POPULAR IN PEKING AS IN ILLINOIS.

away their books, stand, and march out in perfect order. Then—with a whoop and a yell, they strike the playground, and your notion of infant Celestial dignity is shattered. Any idea that the Chinese are temperamentally inactive is dissipated. No released roomful of squirming, giggling Americans ever abandoned themselves more unreservedly to play.

They divide into groups, and several games are going in a twinkling. Here a company blindfolds one of its number, holds hands up before his eyes, and inquires how many fingers he sees; and presently these little Chinese, in gay-hued, flowing garments, are tumbling, pulling, pinching, and making catcalls in "Blindman's Buff," exactly as you did clad in knee breeches and dark jacket.

"Let's play hawk catching the chickens," some one calls in another quarter.

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"EVERY ONE IS ABLE TO DO SOMETHING AND EACH ONE MUST DO WHAT HE CAN."

"Who will be the old hen?"

"Let Chi be the hen. We want a big boy for the hen."

Immediately the boys begin arranging themselves in the order of their size behind the mother hen, each taking hold of the belt or girdle of the boy next in front. One of the smaller, but not very agile, boys has been selected as the hawk, and he begins flying in a circle to catch the chickens. The old hen spreads her wings, and also moves in a circle, keeping between the hawk and the chicks, while the brood moves in the opposite direction to keep out of danger.

Finally, one of the smaller chicks is caught, carried away, and eaten. "No boy can be a hawk unless he is a good eater," one of the boys informs you. The hawk pecks and pecks, and pulls at the clothing of the child with his sharp beak, and then

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"LET EACH ONE FEEL AT HOME."

makes as if swallowing great mouthfuls of reeking flesh, while the poor old hen ruffles up her coat-tail-feathers with her arm-wings, and flaps and flutters about in great agony. The chick, however, is eventually eaten, the hawk looks about as if for more, and finally flies away.

In another part of the court several boys are arranging for a game that you will probably never see outside of China. It is called "Riding the Elephant."

One of the boys draws his arms back into his loose sleeves, which are several inches longer than his arms, and holds his hands up near his mouth, letting the ends of his sleeves hang down like an elephant's trunk. Now a second boy bends forward, puts his head against the small of the first one's back, and clasps him about the waist, so that, unless your imagination is very defective, their bodies clearly make the form of an elephant.

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AN AMATEUR CHINESE BAND.

Next they place a small boy with a rattle in his hand on the elephant's back, put a leading string in the beast's mouth for the use of the manager, and the ride begins. The right feet of the boys move together, as do also their left feet, giving them an awkward, lumbering gait exactly like that of an elephant, which, of course, they emphasize as a part of the fun.

One day when I encountered a fine specimen of this kind of elephant, the little rider was singing one of the Chinese Mother Goose rhymes, adapting it to the case in hand as the Chinese children are always able to do. It translates as follows:

"Old grandmother Wind has come from the East,
She's ridden a donkey—a dear little beast.
Old mother-in-law Rain has come back again,
She's come from the West on a horse, it is plain.
While old mother Lightning has come from the South,
On a big elephant, with a string in its mouth."

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NO CHILDREN ARE MORE ZEALOUS ACROBATS THAN LITTLE CELESTIALS.

This delighted the rest of the children, and they roared and tumbled about with laughter at the idea of "old mother Lightning" ambling about on the back of such a steed.

"Blindman's Buff" is not the only game that is common property in China and Illinois. I have seen Chinese boys play "Hide-and-go-seek," and "Tip-cat"; and once, after watching a game similar to our "Prisoners' Base," I was surprised to hear that it was called "Black Man and White Man," for the only name by which I had known it as a child, in Pennsylvania, was "Black Man."

Some of the games that are distinctively Chinese strongly reflect special race characteristics. This is obviously true, in particular, of games that are imitations of grown-ups' doings. The exquisite courtesy of

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A FAVORITE GAME AMONG CHINESE CHILDREN IS "HAWK AND CHICKENS."

Chinese people and the leisureliness of their lives are often delightfully reproduced in the children's play. For instance, I noticed a boy one day come galloping into a group of his companions, dressed in the garb of a past dynasty, and riding a two-legged horse similar to that of the naughty little king in some of our modern fairy tales.

He had a *papier-maché* horse's head and hind quarters fastened to him in such a way that, when covered with his flowing robes, they looked very natural. The head would move from side to side when he pulled the reins, and when he struck the hind quarters with his whip, he could touch them with his hand and make them move as if the horse had shied. Coming up to his companions, he pretended to be a traveler who had lost his way.

"May I trouble you," he said with a polite

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bow, "to tell me the way to the village of the Liu family?"

"It is no trouble at all," said one.

"A pleasure to be of service to you," said another.

"You give us face by allowing us to talk with you," said a third, and so on until all of them had uttered some polite phrase, after which they pretended to write out the directions for the stranger, presented them to him with a bow, and offered to go with him and show him the way. This he would not trouble them to do.

But they walked with him for some distance, asked his honorable name, his august age, where he came from, and where he was going, with a host of other questions. All of these he answered in an equally polite manner, without telling them anything of importance. His miserable name was Liu, his immature age was fifty years, he had come from the village of the Wang family (of which there are hundreds in China), and he was going to his humble home, but he had never taken this road before, and had been so stupid as to lose his way.

"I hope you will arrive safely," said one, after the traveler had urged them again and again not to go farther.

"May peace go with you all the way," said another.

"I will see you to-morrow," said a third, and they all turned back and began talking of other things.

The ease with which these children carry on a conversation, the polite and kindly phrases that they use so readily, their bowing and scraping, and the time they devote to being courteous, make them appear quaint little Chinese men and women.

One gets the same effect of elaborate Oriental courtesy in watching Chinese children play at host and guest. I overheard a little group one day in the yard of a mission school making preparations to serve a play dinner.

"Go and get some bowls and chopsticks," ordered one.

"What do you want with bowls and chopsticks without rice?" asked another.

"It is nearly dinner time," said a third; "ask the cook to give you some rice."

Some of the party gathered a few dates from a tree near by, while others purchased a *cash* worth of peanuts from a passing salesman. The cook was kind, and granted them the bowls and chopsticks, with a liberal supply of rice, and a nod to the peanut man led him to add a few extra measures, with a little candy, to what they had bought, so that they had a real feast.

One of them said grace, and they all squatted on the ground as they had often seen the Chinese laborers do, and, with all the ceremony of their race, helped each other to the peanuts and candy as soon as the leader said, "*Sui pien pa*"—"Let each one feel at home." While eating, one of them repeated the following Chinese Mother Goose rhyme:

"My nephew is a naughty boy,
He comes here every day;
He eats until he's very full,
And then he runs away,"

at which they all laughed heartily; and another chanted:

"Pound, pound, pound the rice,
The pestle goes up and down so nice;
Open the pot,
The fire is hot,
And now we will boil and eat the rice."

By the way, I wonder how many of my readers are forming an incorrect mental picture of the way in which these small Orientals managed their chopsticks. Both chopsticks are held in the same hand, one stationary, the other movable. When rice is being eaten, the bowl is raised to the mouth, and the chopsticks are used to push the food from the dish to the mouth. It is possible, with these apparently clumsy utensils, to pick up a pea or a bean or a bit of meat with perfect ease; and hence the Chinese call them "*K'uaitze*"—"nimble fellows."

The Chinese never drink while eating. But when their meal is over, they drink cup after cup of tea, while they sit and smoke. And so our children, as soon as they had finished their meal, ordered one of their number who was acting as servant to "*tuan ch'a*"—bring the tea. Several small pots were brought, with little cups, and, while some acted as servants, others took the part of host and guests, and with a dessert of what peanuts, candy, and dates were left, they went through all the forms of social usage that characterize this, the politest and most ceremonious of all people.

The *papier-maché* horse of the little traveler was one of a large number of Chinese toy outfits. Most interesting among these, perhaps, is the dry-land-boat show, which is in charge of a showman, and is carried about

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from place to place, much like a merry-go-round.

It consists of a light, sled-like framework, without a bottom, whose runners turn up at both ends, giving it the appearance of a boat; and the whole is covered with bright red cloth. A boy, dressed as a girl, gets into it, between the runners, grasping the frame with his hands, so that he can carry it without raising it enough to show his feet. Another boy, with a long bamboo pole, stands beside it to row. What matter that he is outside the boat? With each pull of the oar the girl-boy steps forward, carrying the boat with him, first slowly, but presently more and more rapidly, running in a circle about the rower, until the strange craft attains the swiftness of a merry-go-round. The showman also sits near the center of the ring, beating on a drum or a gong, and keeping time to the moving of the boat.

During the boat ride the boy keeps time to the pulling of his oar with a ditty to his ladylove. Afterward they each put on a large false head, one that of a Buddhist priest, the other that of a young lady, and enter into a mild and harmless flirtation. A Buddhist priest is a celibate, and is never supposed to speak to a girl or a woman, and this jest seems to furnish the Chinese great amusement.

In addition to this sort of thing, half toy, half entertainment, the Chinese have a great many shows for children, such as Punch and Judy (which, by the way, originated in China some two thousand years before it was taken to Europe), mouse shows, bear shows, monkey shows, and a host of others, with which jugglers and acrobats are connected. These companies of performers go about the streets beating their gongs, twirling their rattles, or otherwise advertising themselves, and are called into the courtyard by the women or children to play for them.

It is a very inexpensive form of entertainment, for a whole company is willing to play half an hour for ten, fifteen, or twenty cents. They can continue their performances, too, for days, and even weeks, without repetition, for they carry trunks full of puppets and other paraphernalia. At Chinese New Year the students of Peking University not infrequently hire a company for an entire day, and invite their friends to witness juggling and tumbling, and listen to Punch and Judy —with the baby—cracking jokes.

After one of these performances, the children who have witnessed it invariably organize themselves into a troop in which "every one is able to do something, and each one must do what he can." Then begins such a rolling, turning, twisting, and tumbling as you will probably never see outside of China—plump, pudding-faced youngsters walking on their hands, standing on their heads, turning flip-flaps and handsprings, with a delightful abandon and, apparently, with tireless energy.

Boys and girls do not, for the most part, play together. But the games played by girls are in some instances almost the same as the boys'. The girls dress like the boys, too, except that their skirts are a bit shorter, with more ornamentation. Besides, the feet of most of the little girls are bound in their infancy; and even though unbound when they enter school, as is the requirement in some cases, they are deformed and stiff, and prevent the girls' running with the same rapidity as the boys. Moreover, their shoes have thick wooden soles which allow no spring to the foot, as with the cloth or paper soles of the boys' shoes.

Perhaps that is why they like a counting-out game, not unlike our "Eeny-meeny-miny-mo." A group of them sit in a circle on the ground with their queer thick-shod feet in a bunch in the center. With a tap on the toe of each little shoe, the leader goes the round while she repeats the following verse:

"One, two, three, and an old cow's eye,
When a cow's eye's blind, she'll surely die.
A piece of skin and a melon, too,
If you have money I'll sell to you.
But if you're without,
I'll put you out."

And the foot on which her hand happens to rest when she says the last word is counted out. Again she repeats the same verse, and again she puts out a little foot, and so on until there is but one left.

It is amusing and extremely interesting to watch the children while this counting process is going on. One might think it would grow monotonous and tiresome. Not so, however. There is always the alluring element of uncertainty which makes the game a gamble; and, as the leader continues to count, the nerves of the girls are set on edge, until, near the end, they fairly tremble with excitement, for it is the privilege of the crowd to take off the last shoe and spat or slap the foot which it contains. American children become as intensely interested in

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this game as the Chinese, a fact which I have tested in various places with a great variety of children.

A game that is popular among both boys and girls is called "Selecting Fruit," which I have never seen played by any other people, nor even heard of save in China. It is one of a number in which the children pair off, choose sides, and compete in groups.

As I saw it among my own students in Peking, the boys appointed two captains, who chose sides. The two groups then formed themselves into lines some twenty feet apart, squatting on the ground facing each other.

Next, the captain on one side blindfolded a member of his gang, and then one from the other group arose, stealthily walked over, and touched the blindfolded boy's head. He then returned to his place among his own group, taking a position as nearly as possible like that he had occupied when the other was blindfolded. In case the captain was fearful that the change of position was noticeable, he made the whole group stand and then squat again, in order to prevent the blindfolded boy from guessing who had left his place.

The covering was then removed from the guesser's eyes, and he went over to the other side, examining carefully if perchance he might discover—from change of attitude, evidences of discomfort in squatting, or a trace of guilt in the face or eyes of any boy—who had moved. He "made faces" in an effort to get his opponent to laugh. He gesticulated, grimaced, contorted himself; but they stared, blank and unconcerned, or all laughed together, allowing no telltale look to appear on their faces. His pantomimes sometimes at last brought out the guilty one; but, in case they did not, his last resort was to risk a guess, and so make his selection. If he was right, he took the boy to his own side; if wrong, he remained. One of this side was then blindfolded, and the whole process was repeated until one group or the other was broken up.

As the children grow older, they want games for increasing and for testing their strength; and of this class the Chinese have a large variety. One of these, "Skinning the Snake," is unique. The boys who are to play stand up straight in a row behind each other. At a signal, all bend forward, every one thrusting his right hand through between his legs. Each right hand is grasped by the left hand of the boy behind. Then the line begins backing, the boy at the end lying flat down, and the one next in front backing astride him until he can lie down with the head of the first between his knees. This the rest do in succession, until all are lying on their backs, each—save the last—with his head between the knees of another, and all still keeping fast hold of hands.

They then begin to get up. The last to lie down is the first to arise, and each pulls his neighbor up after him, until all are standing again, holding hands as when they began. At a given signal they let go hands, straighten up, and the game is finished. It is a good exercise for strengthening the spine.

Another game of this class is called "Forcing the City Gates," and corresponds to our "Bull in the Pen," except that the Chinese boys choose sides as in "Selecting Fruit," forming two opposing lines and taking fast hold of hands.

The boys on one side then sing:

"He stuck a feather in his hat,
And hurried to the town,
And children met him with a horse,
For the gates were broken down."

Then one of them runs and throws himself with all his force upon the hands of two of the weakest of the opposing group, to try if he can break down the gates. If successful, he takes to his own side the two whose hands he has parted; while if he fails to break through, he remains on their side. The others then sing, one of their side runs, and thus they alternate until one side is disbanded.

Solemn? Inscrutable baby faces, with the mark of the ages and the mysterious Orient upon them? So these little Celestials seem to us at times, perhaps, in their serious moods. But Chinese children are, after all, essentially like American—merely children. One cannot watch them play, I think, without getting a different and a more human impression of the entire Chinese people. Their wholesome, happy, gamesome childhood is a great, bright, open window into the joyousness of Chinese home life. And the thought of these little almond-eyed Celestials, with queer queues and strange gay garments, racing and yelling and tumbling in "Blindman's Buff," seems somehow to deepen one's sense of the brotherhood of all nations.

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THE TITLE MARKET

By EMILY POST

Author of "Woven in the Tapestry," "The Flight of a Moth," "Purple and Fine Linen," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII

IN Rome, after Easter, society blossomed out afresh. Giovanni Sansevero had returned, and to Nina the commencement of the spring season promised a repetition of the winter.

Nina's antipathy to the Duke Scarpa remained unchanged, and to her annoyance it had happened frequently, when dining out, that he had taken her in to dinner. Each time his unctuous, "It is my pleasure, Signorina, to conduct you," gave her so strong a feeling of resentment that she had to exert a real effort to put her finger tips on his coat sleeve. She always kept the distance between them as wide as possible by the angle at which her arm was bent.

On looking back, however, she had to acknowledge that his manner had undergone a radical change. He no longer alarmed her by aggressive pursuit, nor sought to lead the conversation to those topics which she had found so repellent. He never mentioned his rejected suit, and he did not even talk personalities.

Besides, he was untiring in his efforts to interest her, and evinced an ability to keep the conversation going with great skill—even more skill than Giovanni, whose natural attractiveness could afford to do without the effort that Scarpa found necessary. He flattered her by his assumption that she was a woman of the world, and he disguised the exaggeration of his expressions in such a way that she thought he was speaking but the barest truth. For instance, he dilated upon the particular qualities for which Nina herself adored the princess, until it became apparent to her that, after all, Scarpa must be a man of sensitive perceptions.

Nevertheless, the underlying feeling of terror with which he filled her at the first moment of each encounter was far worse than mere dislike. Intuitively she regarded him as a menace, and, through his unvarying politeness, she found herself trying to fathom his real intentions. What object could he have had in ranging himself with the suitors for her hand? He was very rich himself. Aside from his own fortune, "poor Jane"—as every one called his first wife—had left a handsome amount, which, according to European custom, was entirely in his control. Perhaps he wanted still more money, and thought that he could find in her another source of supply to be exhausted and practically thrust aside. Many tales that Nina had heard, many things that she had observed were not good for the girl's all too ready cynicism—and the hard little lines around her mouth that the princess so disliked to see, were growing deeper.

The question of international marriage was one on which Nina found herself becoming quite skeptical. She admitted that there were happy examples. Her aunt, for instance. Surely no wife was ever more loved and appreciated than the princess, even though her husband had one serious failing. But then, did not some American husbands also gamble?

Indeed, so far as Nina's observation could penetrate, every Americo-Italian marriage of which she knew was one of sympathetic comradeship between husband and wife; in nearly every household was the indescribably charming atmosphere of a harmonious home.

Yet proposals for the hand of the American heiress were so common that, in spite of the delightful households of her countrywomen, Nina had long since begun to think—first in fun and then more seriously—of the palaces of Italy as so many spider webs waiting for the American gilded fly. It was at the Palazzo Scarpa that her theory became actuality.

The princess had, very much against Nina's will, taken her to see the duchess on

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the day after their own dance. But a serious indisposition had prevented the duchess from receiving—not only on that particular day, but for the rest of the winter. Toward the end of March, however, in response to a note, Nina was finally obliged to enter the Palazzo Scarpa.

It was a rugged gray stone fortress of a place. Through the yawning gateway they entered a sunless courtyard. Even the porter at the door, notwithstanding his gold lace and crimson livery, was austere and forbidding. Within, the palace had been refurnished in the style of the most lavish Florentine period, but the effect of the high-vaulted rooms was that of a prison.

One room, however, through which they passed to reach the reception apartments of the duchess, gave Nina a little thrill in spite of her antipathy. The Scarpas had belonged to the "Blacks," that is to the ecclesiasticals, and this room was not repaired in modern fashion, but hung in tattered purple silk. On one side stood a solitary piece of furniture—a great gilt throne upholstered in red velvet, and above it hung a portrait of Pope Alexander VI, the whole surmounted by a canopy of red velvet.

"Was he a relation of the duke?" Nina whispered, aghast at the resemblance.

"Who, child?" asked the princess.

"Rodrigo Borgia."

"No one knows. Hush!"

"But why the throne? Were the Scarpas kings—or what?"

"Before the secular unification of Italy," the princess answered, "the Holy Fathers used to visit the Scarpa cardinals. There has always been a Scarpa among the cardinals. The one now is Monsignore Gamba del Sati. Del Sati is one of the numerous names of the Scarpa family."

Nina cast another glance at the portrait of Alexander VI. The heavy-jawed, sinister face was so like the present duke's that it made her shudder, and her imagination at once pictured slaves and prisoners being dragged along these same stone floors. At the end of ten or twelve rooms, each gloomy, yet overrich with architectural adornments and modern elaboration, two lackeys lifted the hangings covering the last doorway, and announced:

"Sua Eccellenza la Principessa Sansevero!"

"Messa Randolph."

The Duchess Scarpa was very gracious to the American heiress. But unaccountably, Nina had a strangled feeling, as though she were a bird and had been enticed into a cage. It was a ridiculous notion, for, even following out the simile, the door was open, she knew; and, for that matter, the bars were too far apart to hold her, as soon as she should choose to slip through. But the feeling of the cage was oppressively vivid, and she clung as closely to her aunt's side as she could. Friends of the princess rather monopolized her, however, while the duchess neglected her other guests to talk to Nina. To add to the girl's distress, the duke, stroking his heavy chin with his fat hand, stood beside her chair with what seemed a proprietary air, and a smile that was intolerable. "Well, my guests," his manner seemed to say, "how do you like my choice? She is not all that I might ask for, but she will do —quite nicely."

Nina glanced appealingly at her aunt, but Eleanor's back was turned. Involuntarily she looked toward the doorway—Giovanni was to meet them there, and she longed to see his slender figure appear between the *portières*, to hear the announcement of the well-known name which was no less great than that of the odious man who was trying to compromise her by his air of proprietorship.

Nina could stand it no longer, and sprang to her feet, in the very midst of a long-winded story about—she had no idea what the duchess was saying to her, but she realized that she had done an inexcusably *gauche* thing, not only in interrupting, but in starting to go before her chaperon made the move. And her discomfiture was increased by a quick sense of the Potensi's derisive criticism. Recovering herself, she exclaimed rapidly: "I am so much interested in sculpture; may I look at that statue?"

The duchess, far from showing resentment at the interruption, was apparently delighted with the opportunity of impressing upon her guest the greatness of the palace and the family of the Scarpas. "Certainly," she cooed, as nearly as a snapping turtle can imitate a turtledove; "that is a genuine Niccola Pisano. The original document is still intact in which he agreed with the cardinal of our house to execute it himself. The portrait of our ancestor who ordered the statue is in the gallery."

Before Nina could resist, she found herself being conducted between mother and son through the numerous rooms which terminated finally in the gallery. Unlike most

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of the collections of Italy, this included many modern canvases.

Before the portrait of a thin, heavy-boned, frightened-looking English girl, the duke assumed a deeply sentimental air, sighing as though out of breath. "That is the portrait of my beloved Jane," he said. "It was painted by Sargent while we were on our honeymoon." The artist, with his consummate skill of characterization, had transferred a crushed, fatalistic helplessness to the canvas. Nina found herself, partly in pity, partly in contempt, scrutinizing the face of the woman who had brought herself to marry such a man.

Suddenly an indescribable feeling of oppression seized her. She looked away from the picture, and then, glancing around to speak to the duchess, she saw the edge of her dress disappearing through the hangings of the doorway, while between herself and her retreating hostess stood the stolid figure of the duke, with the most odious smile imaginable upon his horrid face.

With a flush of anger that made her temples throb, Nina realized that a dastardly trap had been sprung upon her. To leave a young girl even for a moment unchaperoned was against the strictest rule of Italian propriety. The duchess had brought her all this distance on purpose to leave her with the villainous duke—in a situation that should it become known, would so compromise an Italian girl that there would be no place for her in the social system of her world afterward outside of a convent. Her marriage with the duke would be almost inevitable.

Determined to give no evidence of the terror that gripped her, with the most fearless air she could assume she attempted to pass the duke; but he blocked her way so that her maneuvers came down to the indignity of a game of blind man's buff. Nina held her head very high and looked straight at her tormentor. "Please allow me to pass." She tried hard to speak quietly and to keep the tremulousness out of her voice.

For answer Scarpa quickly closed the intervening distance between them, and the next thing she knew the grasp of his thick, hot hands burned through the sleeve of her coat, and his face was thrust near to her own. In a frenzy of fury she wrenched herself free and without thought or even consciousness of what she was doing, she struck him full in the face.

Instead of recoiling, he caught and pinned her arms in a grip like a vice. "Ah ha, so that is the mettle you are made of, is it, you little fiend! Don't think that I mind your fury—you will be a wife after my own heart when I have tamed you! I am a man of my word—I said I would marry you, and I will! Not many men would want to marry a woman of your temper, but you suit me!"

In her horror Nina felt her throat grow dry. She stared at the thick, red, cruel, animal lips of the man with a loathing that almost paralyzed her power to move; while his hands pressed numbingly into the flesh of her arms.

"Let me go! Do you hear"—her voice shook with fright and rage—"let me go! At once! You coward! You beast!"

And like a beast he snarled his answer: "Scream all you please! You could not be heard if you had a throat of brass!" Then mockingly he sneered, "Come, won't you dance with me, as you did with the pretty Giovanni? You had his arms around you lovingly enough! But, by Bacchus! the way to win a woman is to seize her, after the good old customs of our ancestors!" And with that he drew her close to him—so close that, though she screamed and struggled like a fury, his lips drew nearer—nearer——

Then a jar struck through her blinding rage; in a daze she felt herself released, and realized that Giovanni had appeared; that he had gripped Scarpa around the throat until his eyes started out of their sockets; and then sent him sprawling to the floor.

With the relief and reaction, everything seemed to recede from Nina and grow black. Dimly she felt that Giovanni had put his arm around her to support her. "Come quickly, Mademoiselle, before there is a scene"—she heard his voice as though it were far off. But she was perfectly conscious. She knew that Scarpa still lay on the floor as Giovanni hurried her through another set of rooms and led her down a staircase that brought them to a second entrance door—one by which, as it happened, Giovanni had come in. The footman on duty looked as though he were going to bar their egress, but Giovanni ordered him to open the door quickly. "The lady is fainting," he said, and a glance at Nina's face too well confirmed it. Besides, the man would hardly have dared disobey a Sansevero. Once in the open air, they lost no time in going around to the main entrance.

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The Sansevero carriage was waiting, and Giovanni put Nina in. "Wait here a moment—I will go up and tell Eleanor."

Nina was shaking from head to foot. "No—no—don't leave me; take me away!"

"It is not seemly to drive with you, Mademoiselle; I will return in a moment."

But by this time Nina was hysterical. "No—no—please take me home," she begged. "The carriage can come back." And she began to sob.

Giovanni hesitated, then jumped in quickly, telling the coachman to drive home as fast as possible.

"It must have been a frightful experience," he said, as they started. "Thank God I came even when I did."

A shudder ran through Nina. Instinctively she drew away from Giovanni, merely because he was a foreigner, and of the same race as Scarpa. She could still see those thick, loathsome lips approaching her own, and the recollection gave her a nauseating sense of pollution. Holding her hands over her face she sobbed and sobbed.

Giovanni let her cry it out. It was not a moment to play on her feelings—they were too strained to stand any other emotion. Yet had he considered nothing but his own advantage, he could not better have used his opportunity than by doing exactly what he did.

"Listen, Mademoiselle"—his voice was soothing—as kind and unimpassioned as though he were talking to a troubled little child. "Promise me that you will try not to think about this afternoon. It will do no good. Try to forget it, if you can. That man shall never again in any way enter your life. At least I can promise you that! Here we are! Now," he added in English, as the footman opened the door, "go upstairs and lie down. I will go back immediately and tell Eleanor that you felt suddenly ill and that the carriage took you home. It is not likely that Scarpa has given any version of the affair."

But a new fear assailed Nina. "You cannot go back! The duke will kill you! He would do anything, that man!"

There was pride in Giovanni's easy answer. "He is not very agile," he laughed; "to stab he would have first to reach me!" Then seriously and very gently he added, "You are overstrung and nervous, Mademoiselle. On my honor I promise you need never fear him again."

"What do you mean by that?" Startled, she put the question.

"Nothing," he rejoined lightly, "only that a man never repeats a performance like that of the duke. The Italian custom prevents!" he added, with a curious expression of whimsicality over which Nina puzzled as she mounted the stairs to her room. Even in her shaken state, she marveled at the contrast between Giovanni's finely chiseled features and the elastic strength that must have been necessary to overpower the bull force of the duke. She thought gratefully of the sympathy in his gentle voice, as well as in his whole manner during the ten minutes which were all that had elapsed since the duchess left her. She realized with what perfect tact and perception he had treated her on the way home. And suddenly her heart went out to him. Instead of drawing away from him, she felt now, as she went through the long stone corridors and galleries toward her room, that, were he at that moment beside her, she might easily sob her emotions all peacefully out in his arms.

In the meantime, Giovanni returned to the Palazzo Scarpa and, ascending the main stairway, entered the antechamber of the reception room. The old duchess was hovering anxiously at the entrance of the rooms leading to the picture gallery, the closed *portières* screening her from the guests to whom she had not dared to return without Nina. The rugs laid upon the marble floors dulled all sound of Giovanni's footfalls, so that he appeared without warning, and with his own hand hastily lifted the *portière*, disclosing her to her waiting guests. She had no choice but to precede him, doubtless framing an excuse for Nina's absence. If so, she need not have troubled, for Giovanni spoke in her stead, and with such distinct enunciation that the whole roomful heard:

"Miss Randolph felt suddenly ill and asked to go home. I came just as the carriage was disappearing, and found the duchess much disturbed over it, though I assured her it was quite usual for young girls to go about alone in America."

His look at the duchess demanded that she corroborate what he had said.

"It was too bad," she said, glibly enough. "I should have accompanied her as I was, without hat or mantle even, but Miss Randolph was gone before I really had time to think. It is, after all, but a step to the Palazzo Sansevero."

Eleanor Sansevero arose. Through a per-

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fect control and sweetness of manner the most careless observer might have read displeasure. "Of course," she said, enunciating each word with smoothly modulated distinctness, "in America there could be no impropriety in a young girl's driving alone, but I am sorry you did not send for me. Your son left the room at the same time—he has not returned."

By a head and shoulders the American princess towered in slim height above the stolid dumpiness of the duchess. From appearance one would never have guessed rightly which of the two women could trace her lineage for over a thousand years.

The mouth of the duchess went down hard in the corners, and her dull, turtle eyes contracted, then her lips snapped open to answer, but Giovanni again saved her the trouble. "I met Scarpa on the street about ten minutes ago. He was going toward the Circolo d'Acacia."

"Ah yes, Todo was filled with regret, as he wanted to show Miss Randolph the portraits," haltingly echoed the duchess, but she glanced uneasily at the door. "I was glad he did not see her indisposition—he has a heart as tender as a woman's, and it would have distressed him greatly! I do hope, princess, that you will find her quite recovered on your return. I think it must be the effect of the sirocco."

The other guests supported her in chorus. "The sirocco is very treacherous," ventured one. "She was perhaps not acclimatized to Rome," said a second. "I thought she looked pale," chimed a third.

The princess made her adieus at once and, followed by Giovanni, left the palace. For a few minutes the various groups, disposed about the Scarpa drawing room, conversed in low whispers, but by the time the Sansevero's were well out of earshot the duchess had turned to the whispering groups with a hauteur of expression conveying quite plainly that it was not to be endured that a Sansevero, born American, should imply a criticism of a Duchess Scarpa, born Orsonna.

"A headstrong young barbarian from the United States is quite beyond my control," she shrugged. "How can I help it if she chooses to run from the palace, like Cinderella when the clock strikes twelve!"

One or two of those present who were friends of the Princess Sansevero may have resented the implied slight to her democratic birth. But though there was a vague appreciation of something beneath the surface in this American girl's sudden departure, there was nothing to which any one could take exception.

The Contessa Potensi, however, had long waited for just such an opportunity, and seized it. "I felt sorry for Eleanor Sansevero," she said sweetly. "It puts her in an unendurable position to have to defend such a person. Naturally she has to defend her niece. I am sure Eleanor did not want her for the winter—but Miss Randolph's parents would not keep her. It is no wonder they would be willing to give her a big dot!"

There was general excitement. "What do you know?" the company cried in chorus. "Tell us about it!"

But the Potensi at once became very discreet. For nothing would she take away a young girl's character. Besides, Eleanor Sansevero was one of her best friends—it would not be loyal to say anything further. More definite information she would not disclose, but her manner left little to the imagination.

"Surely you can tell us something of what is said," insinuated the old Princess Malio, adjusting her false teeth securely in the roof of her mouth as if the better to enjoy the delectable morsel of scandal that she felt was about to be served. But the contessa, with a "could-if-she-would" expression, refused to say anything more, and the old princess turned instead to the duchess with, "Tell us the *truth* about Miss Randolph's sudden illness!"

The truth, of course, was out of the question. Public sympathy must have gone against her and her son, and she hedged to gain time, "It is not all worth the thought needed to frame words."

The old Princess Malio made a swallowing motion, still waiting. "Yes?" she encouraged eagerly.

"Any one could see what happened," said the duchess reluctantly, as though she were loath to speak scandal. "The American girl, through lack of training—it is, after all, not her fault, poor thing—knows no better than to try to arrange matters for herself! She wanted, of course, to have an opportunity of talking to my Todo alone. Her plan to go into the picture gallery here, however, necessitated my chaperoning her, and then—contrary to her expectations—Todo, who did not fall in with her scheme, said he had an engagement and at once left. She

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could not, of course, declare the picture gallery of no interest, so I took her, but in her disappointment she quite lost her temper, so much so that it made her ill. And then she took the matter in her own hands and went home—I was never so astonished in my life! She ran off with Giovanni Sansevero so fast I could not catch up with them. I *suppose* he put her in the carriage, but for all I know he took her somewhere else. I followed to the front door and waited, not knowing what to do. Just as I returned to inform Princess Sansevero, for whom I have always had the highest regard, Giovanni appeared with his own account. What could I do except agree to his statement?"

She looked inquiringly from one to the other. "That is the whole story! But I have made up my mind to one thing"—she spread her fat fingers out—"not even her millions would induce me to countenance Todo's marriage with such a self-willed girl as that!"

The old Princess Malio looked like a bird of prey whose prize morsel had been stolen from it. "There is more in this than appears," she whispered to a timid little countess sitting next to her.

The latter's half-hearted, "Do you think so, really?" voiced the attitude of nearly all present. The Scarpas were, to use the old Roman proverb, "sleeping dogs best let alone," and the Sanseveros, though not as rich, were none the less too great a family to side against.

While the voice of the duchess was still echoing in the drawing room of the Palazzo Scarpa, Nina had thrown herself into the corner of the sofa in her own room. She had a perfectly normal constitution, but she had been not only infuriated and horrified, but really frightened, and her nerves were unstrung.

As she grew calmer, she thought more clearly; and she found that the afternoon's experience, horrible as it was, held some leaven—Giovanni's behavior stirred her deeply. She had realized the power of his muscles under his slight build before—when he had held the Great Dane's throat in his grip—and she had seen his flexibility, in turning instantaneously from fury to suavity. Yet his masterful attack upon her assailant, followed by his sympathy and comprehension on the way home, thrilled her as with a revelation of unguessed capacities. John Derby could not have come to her rescue better, nor could she have felt more protected and calmed with her childhood's friend at her side in the carriage, than with this alien of a foreign race.

She went into her dressing room and bathed her eyes and cheeks in cold water. Then, thinking the princess must surely have returned by this time, she decided to go into the drawing room. On her way she met Eleanor coming toward her, followed closely by Giovanni. He put his finger on his lips, just as the princess exclaimed, "Nina, my child, what happened to you? You did very wrong to run off home alone. I can't understand your having done such a thing. It was not only ill-mannered, but it put you in a very questionable light."

Over the princess's shoulder Giovanni was making an unmistakable demand for silence. "I'm very sorry," Nina faltered,—Giovanni was looking at her intensely, pleadingly, his finger on his lips—"but I—never felt like that before. I got terribly—nervous, and I felt that if I did not get away from that house I should go mad." Even the recollection made Nina look so distraught that her aunt's indignation turned to anxiety, and she put her arm around the girl and led her into the drawing room.

"It is not like you, dear, to lose control of yourself," she said tenderly, and then, as she scrutinized Nina's face in the better light, she added: "You do look white, darling. You had better lie down here on the sofa. I think I will prepare you some tea of camomile," and then, with a final touch of gentle admonition, she added, "We must not have any more such scenes!" Nina hoped for a chance to ask Giovanni why she might not tell the princess what had happened, but Eleanor did not leave the room. Having sent for the camomile flowers, she made Nina a cup of tea, and the subject of the afternoon's occurrence was dropped.

CHAPTER XXIV

ALL that evening Nina was tense and nervous, not only because of her experience at the Palazzo Scarpa, but because of something portentous in Giovanni's unexplained demand for silence. He was not at the same dinner party with her, but she went on to a dance at the Marchese Valdeste's, feeling sure that she would have a chance to speak with him there. He always danced with her

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several times during a ball, and, as he was not very much taller than she, she could easily talk to him without danger of any one's overhearing.

Her partners undoubtedly found her *distraite;* her attention vacillated from one side of the ball room to the other, as she searched for a well-known, graceful figure and a small, sleek black head. All the time, too, she was fearful of seeing a square-jawed face that kept recurring to her memory as she had last seen it that afternoon—distorted, with mouth open, and eyes protruding from their sockets. Vivid pictures of the terrible incident flashed before her as she tried to listen to her partners; now she was swept with horror and revulsion, and again she felt a strange thrill at thought of the steely strength of Giovanni's arms, as he had half carried her down the stairway. But she looked in vain for her protector—neither he nor the duke appeared.

"What is it, Signorina?" Prince Allegro's voice broke jarringly upon her recollections. "I am afraid I dance too fast!"

Nina recovered herself with a start. "Oh, no! But I feel—a little tired; I wish we might sit down."

"Let me conduct you into the next room—or shall I take you to the princess? Perhaps it would be better for you to go home."

Nina smiled. "No," she said, "I am all right. The room is very warm, I think."

The Contessa Potensi, walking for once with her own husband, passed through the adjoining room just as Nina had finally succeeded in focusing her attention upon Allegro's sprightly chatter. As they passed, the contessa stopped a moment to say to Nina, "I am so glad to see that you have recovered from your sudden indisposition of this afternoon." But her tone was neither solicitous nor sincere, and she hid her hands in such a way that she might have been making with her fingers the little horns that are supposed to be a protection against the evil eye.

"I am much better, thank you," Nina answered simply.

"Don't let me keep you standing," said the contessa; "I merely wanted to be assured that you are recovered. I would not interrupt a *tête-à-tête!*"

The contessa's manner suggested to Nina that it was perhaps questionable taste for a young girl to sit out part of a dance. Instead, therefore, of resuming her place on the sofa, she asked Allegro to take her to the princess.

During the rest of the evening she had an uncomfortable conviction that the Contessa Potensi was talking about her. She always had this impression in some degree whenever the contessa was present, but to-night it was strong and unmistakable. And after a while she became aware that other people's eyes were upon her with a new expression that was not idle conjecture nor unmeaning curiosity. The old ladies against the wall whispered together and glanced openly in her direction, as their gray heads bobbed above their fans.

At the end of the evening, as she was descending the staircase with her aunt and uncle, she was joined by Zoya Olisco, who, putting her arm about Nina, whispered excitedly, "Tell me, *cara mia*—what happened this afternoon?"

Nina started. "What have you heard?" She tried to look unconcerned, but her face was troubled, and she drew Zoya out of her aunt's hearing.

"It is rumored that you lost your temper—oh, but entirely! and walked yourself out of the Palazzo Scarpa without so much as saying good-by or waiting for your chaperon."

Nina hesitated, then whispered, "Yes, I am afraid it is true. Was it a dreadful thing to do?"

The contessa laughed softly. "I told you that you were a girl after my own heart. In your place I should have walked myself out of that house as quickly as I had entered, but all the same—that would not be my advice. However, this is not the serious part of the story." Even Zoya's buoyancy became restrained as she concluded: "All Rome is asking what you have done with the duke. He followed you out of the room and has not been seen since. Giovanni is said to have spoken of seeing him at the club—and that is known to be untrue. Carlo was at the Circolo d'Acacia all the afternoon; so was that Ugo Potensi, as well as a dozen others—and neither Scarpa nor Giovanni was there! So where is the duke? Come, tell me!"

A look of terror came into Nina's eyes, and the young contessa darted her a swift returning glance of comprehension. "Listen, *carissima*," she said, "I am your friend, therefore don't look so frightened—you are a regular baby! The situation is not difficult to read. Obviously there was a scene

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between you, the thick duke, and the agile Giovanni. Just what it was all about, of course, I can only surmise; but I *do* know that Giovanni is deep in it, and, what is more important, I know also that the result is likely to be troublesome for you. For men to quarrel between themselves is one thing; but when a *woman* comes into it, one can never see the end."

"Woman? I know nothing of any woman." Nina shook her head.

"I told you that you were a baby! But we can't talk here. I shall come to see you to-morrow, but not until late in the afternoon. I shall then perhaps be useful, for in the meantime I am going about like the wolf in the sheep's pelt, to see what news I can pick up. Till then—have courage!"

Just then the Sansevero carriage was announced, and Nina was obliged to hasten after her aunt. At the door she glanced back at Zoya with a half-questioning look, which the contessa answered by blowing her a kiss.

That night the little sleep Nina was able to get was fitful and broken by dreams. The duke and his mother appeared to her as cuttlefish in a cave under perpendicular cliffs that ran into the sea. Nina was out in a little boat alone, and the waves dashed the tiny craft nearer and nearer to the cave where the cuttlefish were waiting; finally she came so close that one tentacle seized her. Terrified, she awoke. After hours of half-waking, half-sleeping, formless confusion, she dreamed again. In this dream she and Giovanni were on horseback. She was sitting in a most precarious position on the horse's shoulder, but was held securely by Giovanni's arm around her waist. Behind them she heard the pounding of many horses in pursuit. The whole dream had the underlying terror of a nightmare, and just as the distance diminished, and they were nearly caught, the ground gave way and they pitched over a precipice. As they were falling and about to be dashed on the rocks at the bottom of the ravine, she heard a woman's laugh, and recognized it as that of the Contessa Maria Potensi.

She awoke, trembling, and lit her lamp. It was nearly four o'clock, and she had slept but half an hour. Near her bed was an American magazine; she read the advertisements to fill her mind with thoughts commonplace and practical enough to banish dreams. The sun was rising when at last she fell asleep, and she did not wake until nearly noon.

The morning's mail brought her a letter from John Derby—a good letter, simple and frank, like himself, full of enthusiasm and of plans for making the "Little Devil" a model settlement. He would arrive in Rome, he told her, within a week. But even John's letter gave her only a few moments' relief from her distressing memories.

Knowing that she had to pay visits with her aunt again that afternoon, she put on her hat before lunch, in the hope of securing an opportunity to speak with Giovanni while waiting for Eleanor, who always dressed after luncheon. When she was nearly ready to go down, Celeste answered a knock at the door, but, instead of delivering a package or message, disappeared. After at least five minutes, she returned, and, with a noticeable air of mystery, locked the door, and then gave Nina a letter. "I was told to give this into Mademoiselle's hands, without letting any one know," she said.

Nina felt an undefined misgiving as she tore open the envelope. Though she had never seen Giovanni's handwriting, she had no doubt that it was his. It looked as though it might not be very legible at best; but on the sheet before her the shaking, uneven letters trailed off into such filiform indistinctness that she had to go through it several times before she could decipher the following, written in French:

"Mademoiselle, I understand you well enough to be sure that you will ask for the truth at all costs, but in giving it to you, I also depend upon your honor to divulge to no one, not even Eleanor, what I tell you: I fought Scarpa this morning and have sustained a bullet wound in the arm. Unfortunately, it was impossible to hide, as the bone is broken and it had to be put in plaster. Scarpa's condition is, I am told, serious. If it goes badly, I shall have to leave the country, though I doubt if he allows the real cause to be known. I rely upon your discretion as completely as you may rely upon my having avenged an insult offered to the purest and noblest of women.

"I beg you to believe, Mademoiselle, in the respectful devotion of the humblest of your servants,

"Di Valdo."

Nina folded the letter and locked it away in her jewel case, moving as if in a daze. She felt faint and suffocated. Giovanni had risked his life—for her sake! He was hurt—what if the wound should prove serious, what if he should lose his arm! Oh, if only she might go to her aunt and pour out the

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whole story! But she was in honor bound to say nothing without Giovanni's permission, and she must master herself at once in order to appear as usual at luncheon.

A little later, as she entered the dining room, she heard the prince saying—"Pretty serious accident." He turned at once to her:

"You have heard?" he said, and as she merely inclined her head, he hastened to explain: "Giovanni, it seems, slipped this morning and broke his arm. But, though the fracture is a very serious one, he is in no danger."

Nina tried to speak, but her tongue seemed glued to the roof of her mouth. Naturally enough, both Eleanor and Sansevero interpreted her pallor and agitation as a sign of interest in Giovanni. "He broke the elbow," the prince continued; "a 'T' break, it is called, which may leave the joint stiff. There was a piece of bone splintered." Nina gripped the under edge of the table—she knew what had splintered the bone! She almost screamed aloud in her temptation to tell the whole story, but she set her lips, held tight to the table, and tried to appear calm; while Sansevero, in spite of his anxiety for his brother's condition, could not help feeling great satisfaction in what looked so encouraging to Giovanni's suit.

"Giovanni went to the surgeon's," he continued. "Imagine—he walked there! He should never have attempted such a thing. He had quite an operation, for the splintered portions of the bone had to be cut away. The arm is now in plaster, and they won't be able to tell for weeks whether he ever can move his elbow again. They brought him home a couple of hours ago. He is now a little feverish, but a sister has come to nurse him, and we have left him to rest." Then Sansevero turned to his wife: "It all sounds very queer to me, Leonora. What was the matter with the boy, anyway? Why did he not send for me? And why did he not go to bed like a sensible human being and stay there!"

Nina was on tenterhooks. She so wanted to ask her aunt and uncle what they really thought! She wondered if they truly had no suspicions. Or were they perhaps dissimulating as she herself was trying with poor success to do? She could not understand how the princess, who was usually quick of perception, could possibly be blind to the real facts of the case. She felt choked—as if she herself had fired the shot that might bring far more horrible consequences than her aunt and uncle knew.

The princess, seeing Nina's face grow whiter and whiter, asked anxiously if she felt ill.

"No—not a bit!" Nina answered, looking as though she were about to faint. After several unsuccessful attempts to turn the conversation into happier channels, the princess met with some success in the topic of John Derby and the miracles with which rumor credited him. Nina listened with half apathetic interest, but her hands trembled, and the few mouthfuls she took almost refused to go down her throat. In her heart, at that moment, everything gave way to Giovanni. She reproached herself deeply for her lack of belief in him. Always she had acknowledged that he was charming, but the doubt of his sincerity had weighed against her really caring for him. She had accepted John Derby's casual words, "The Europeans do a lot of beautiful talking and picturesque posing, but when it comes to real devotion you will find that one of your Uncle Samuel's nephews will come out ahead."

All that was ended; there was no more question about what the Europeans would do when it came to a test. Giovanni had done far more than say beautiful, graceful things—he had proved to her that her honor was dearer to him than his life, and she was stirred to the very depths of her soul. In the midst of Eleanor's talk of John Derby, she tried to imagine what John would have done in Giovanni's place. He would have thrashed the man within an inch of his life—that she knew. But, manly as that would have been, it could not compare with Giovanni's course in silently waiting fourteen or fifteen hours and then deliberately going out in the dull gray dawn and standing up at forty paces as a target for Scarpa's bullet. She thought how, while she had been merely tossing in her bed, unable to sleep, intent on herself, dwelling on her injured dignity and the horror of that brute's touch, Giovanni had been sitting up through the same long night, putting his affairs in order, and looking death in the face! And she found herself forced to realize that Giovanni—whose instability had been the strongest argument against allowing herself to love him—had paid a price so high that his right to her faith must henceforward be unquestioned.

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She had only a vague idea when luncheon ended, or what visits she and her uncle and aunt paid that afternoon. She went through the rest of the day as though dazed. Fortunately, her agitation seemed natural to the prince and princess, and her apparent interest in Giovanni was so near to the truth that she did not mind. Late that afternoon she and Zoya Olisco sat together behind the tea table, for most of the time alone. Zoya had the story pretty straight, but Nina simply looked at her dumbly—answering nothing. She was relieved, however, to hear that, so far, people had evidently not ferreted out the facts.

They were not to find out through the papers. On the morning after the duel, the *Tribunale* had this paragraph:

"The society of Rome will be sorry to learn that His Excellency Duke Scarpa is seriously ill at his Palazzo. The doctors' bulletins announce that their illustrious patient is suffering from a malignant case of fever which at the best will mean an illness of many weeks."

But it was not until the nevt day that there was a paragraph to the effect that the Marchese di Valdo had met with an accident. A passerby had seen him slip in front of his club, the Circolo d'Acacia. It seems the wind carried his hat off suddenly, and, as he put his hand out to catch it, he fell and broke his arm. Following this came several other social items, and then the second day's bulletin about the Duke Scarpa, saying that the gravity of his condition remained unchanged.

Nina quite refused to be moved to pity by the news of Scarpa's critical state. Her only anxiety in connection with him was, what would they do to Giovanni, in case Scarpa should die? For *how* was Giovanni to be got out of the country, when he was said to be delirious in bed! By day she thought, and by night she dreamed, that they were going to cut off his arm.

As the excitement was dying down, John Derby returned from Sicily. He noticed that Nina looked nervous and ill, but she tried to convince him that it was the result of late hours and dancing. Besides, he had no opportunity of talking to her alone, for in consequence of his success, all who were interested in Sicily or mines flocked to the Palazzo Sansevero as soon as it became known that Derby was there. The fuss made over him pleased him, of course; for, after all, he was quite human and quite young, and there was great exhilaration in being the bearer of good news. He would not promise any definite amount to the holders of the "Little Devil." There would be some money, but that was all he could say. He did not yet know how much. To Nina's delight, John actually got Carpazzi to accept the position of Tiggs, who had to return to America. The plant, once started, no longer needed both engineers. And Carpazzi had a tumble-down castle not far from Vencata, so he could go without hurt to his European ideas of dignity to "look after his own property."

In spite of her explanations, John was very much worried about Nina. She certainly was not herself. Several times he caught a half-appealing look in her eyes, as though she had something weighing on her mind. Yet she gave him no chance to ask her confidence. Finally he had the good luck to be left with her for a moment alone, but there was a lack of frankness in her face that he had never seen there before, and she had an apprehensive, frightened manner that alarmed him.

The question he was almost ready to put, in spite of his resolution, remained unasked, and he said instead: "Look here, Nina, little girl, I don't think you are well! You're awfully jumpy. I never saw you like this at home. Has anything happened?"

Nina shook her head.

"Honest and straight?"

She looked at him with a distracted expression that reminded him of a child afraid of losing its way.

"Jack"—she hesitated; her voice sounded constrained—"please don't look so—so serious. It is nothing—that I can tell you! Don't notice that I am any different. Really, I am not. You are my best friend, and the first I would go to if I needed help."

Yet, as she said the words, she felt with a sudden, poignant pain that they were no longer true. Her mind was in a turmoil, and at that very moment, had she followed her inclination, she would have sobbed aloud. She did not understand why she was so wretched; but one thing was certain—it was Giovanni who filled her thoughts!

Perhaps Derby interpreted the change in her. He put a question suddenly, "Nina, you couldn't really care for an Italian, could you?"

Nina flushed. "I don't know whether I could or not," she said.

The Title Market will be concluded in the September number.

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In London Town

By Thos. Jones, Jr.

The road leads straight,
the road leads far,
To London town;
And there the knights
and ladies are
And brave renown.

But here with you
I watch each pair
Pass up and down,
And wonder what
they find so fair
In London town.

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HANDMADE FORESTS

By JOHN L. MATHEWS

Author of "The Remaking of the Mississippi," etc.

Illustrated by photographs

WHEN President Roosevelt's first Conference on the Conservation of Natural Resources met in the White House in the spring of 1908, the whole nation was startled by the figures presented there, showing the rapidity with which we were approaching famine in mineral fuel, in timber, and in several other essentials to prosperity. We were more than startled: we were aroused to action. Many states immediately took steps to increase their forest reserves, and to lessen the influences which were destroying timber. National forests were extended, public fuel lands were placed under new restrictions, and a determined effort was made to discover a way out of the impending difficulties.

Most striking in the discussions of this subject has been the continual contrasting of our own methods with those of Europe; the exhibition of waste by fire and by axe in our own forests, as against the most careful conservation abroad; the demonstration of the unceasing loss of our soil by erosion, while in Europe such loss is prevented by scientific means. It has appeared that we are the most reckless and improvident nation on the earth, to be compared only to China with its barren hills, and needing a complete metamorphosis of national character.

It is all true, if we judge only by to-day. But the wonderful forests of Prussia, of France, of Austria hold encouragement. For they have not been preserved from antiquity as they stand. Most of them are less than a century old, and to-day their extension is in places a matter of almost feverish anxiety. We are not the most extravagant of nations, nor the most reckless. We are but the latest to find ourselves in a serious situation. It is one which the rich countries of Europe have already confronted, and from which they are extricating themselves by means that we envy.

In France, in Germany, in Switzerland, in Italy, in Austria, in England, one may read the same story. And it is because the solution of the problems has been so well worked out, and the recovery has been from so desperate a set of circumstances, that I am to describe here the methods by which some of the greatest Continental forests have come into existence, and are to-day conducted. The methods of Europe may not be ours; but the fact that they have brought older nations up from the depths of despondency is a clear sign of hope for us.

In my boyhood days there were two parts of the world which I most dreamed of visiting when good fortune should come to me. One of these was the land of frozen canals and lagoons where Hans Brinker won the silver skates; the other was the mysterious region where every one walked on stilts. Just where this latter country was I did not know; but every juvenile magazine brought me tales of it. There was a boy from that land who went adventuring in a ship and spent his days sitting on the taffrail, with the awkward stilts dragging in the water; and at night he lay on his back on deck with the same slender props leaning against a mast. There was a shepherdess who stood placidly knitting, six feet in air, upon two wooden sticks, leaning against a balancing pole; while her flocks grazed beneath her. And there were stilt races, leaping contests, and heroic fights all upon these extension legs. In the hope of going there some day, I practiced upon my own until I could run on them, if I could not leap.

I did not know where this country was until last summer, when, all unaware, I wandered into it. All unaware I should have strayed out of it again, had not an American consul told me where I was; for the stilts are gone, the shepherdess no longer knits in

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midair; the very flocks have disappeared; the races and tournaments are ended. The need for the stilts has vanished, wiped out by the conversion of shifting dunes, clogged drainage channels, and marshy wastes into profitable forests, stable canals, and a well-drained and extremely beautiful garden land.

This home of the stilt-dwellers lay in southwestern France, along the Atlantic coast south of Bordeaux. In the old days it was known as the Landes of Gascony. The whole sea face of it is made up of sand dunes. For many centuries these dunes, drifting with the wind, blocked the natural drainage channels and kept the *Hinterland* a swampy region of disease. Under this land lies a bed of water-tight clay, so that no under-drainage was possible; and there was no more unhealthful region in all France than this.

Not many villages had been built, but on the scattered and isolated dry spots were huts and cabins, and in them lived the few inhabitants. Their only livelihood lay in tending sheep, and in order to penetrate the marshes and guide their flocks the stilts were a necessity; so that in the course of generations they became a traditional part of every one's equipment.

A century ago, when the Revolution let loose the fury of the long-repressed peasants upon the forests, the slopes of the Pyrenees and the dunes of Gascony were both stripped bare. Sand from the mountainsides, eroded by the torrents and carried to sea by the swift Garonne, was turned back upon this Gascony coast by the sea waves, and piled high along the shore. There where the old dunes had been stripped, the new sand and the old took up the march inland, burying—as they are now doing on some parts of our own coast—houses, forests, villages, and fields. Where there had been illness and poverty before, these troubles were multiplied; and there was no more pitiful, no more desolate region in France than these marshes and dunes of old Roman Aquitania.

The menace of the sands at last attracted national attention; and first one hundred years ago, and then in more energetic form fifty years ago, determined efforts were made to conquer the invading dunes. Until they could be bound down, no drainage system for the Landes could be maintained. Only two things would grow in the clear white sand of the sea front—bunch grass and the maritime pine. Grass for the sea face, pine for the hillsides and valleys, were the only plants which could bind the surface and find nourishment in it; so first the government, and then the private owners, planted extensive areas. In fifty years 3,000,000 acres of the maritime pine have been set out and now are grown into flourishing forests over these once profitless sandy hills. And while these increasing forests held the dunes in place, and while their roots, penetrating deep beneath the surface, broke up and rendered permeable the underlying clay, the engineers were carrying out a big drainage system for the rearward marshes.

To-day one sees the result in the most beautiful garden and vineyard country in France. The swamps have entirely disappeared. In place of the isolated cabins are neat, pretty, and prosperous villages of foresters, gardeners, and viticulturists. The rich soil of the former swamps returns enormous yields; and the people, no longer dwelling on stilts, are down close to the earth, tilling it with a new love.

What this drainage means to the farmers on the land is shown by two tables prepared by the insurance companies of France. The first shows that fifty years ago, when the swamp fevers prevailed, the average length of life in the Landes was thirty-four years and nine months. To-day it is thirty-nine years—an increase of four years and three months in the life of every individual in the district from this reclamation of the land through the planting of the forest. The other table shows that where fifty years ago a doctor in this region sold 1,000 grams of quinine, to-day he sells one gram.

So much for the transformation of the land behind the dunes. As for the pine forests upon the sand hills, I wish that those who have ruined the seaboard flats of Florida, Georgia, and the Carolinas could be transported to Gascony and made to understand what wonders can be wrought by the proper conducting of a turpentine forest. On the sea face of the sand ridges, which extend in unbroken whiteness for seventy-five to one hundred miles, bunchgrass is planted in regular rows, to hold the sand from drifting. On the top of the first ridge is a low wattle fence and a fire-break, and back of this a narrow belt of dwarfed and stunted trees, cut off four or five feet from the ground to make their branches spread over wide areas. After one hundred yards of this, one comes to a more open forest of crooked and

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NEW GROWTH IN A SPRUCE FOREST IN BADEN, WHERE NO TREE WILL BE WASTED

IN THE BLACK FOREST: HUGE OLD SPRUCES IN THE FOREGROUND, LEFT BY LAW TO SEED THE GROUND; AND NEW, ARTIFICIAL PLANTING BEYOND.

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A SCIENTIFICALLY BLED PINE. NOTE THE LONG, HEALED CUTS.

stunted maritime pine, and beyond this again to the great, free forest full of big trees ripe for cutting, and of smaller stuff ready either for bleeding or for reproducing the big timber.

All of this forest is worked carefully on a scientific system; and during the very years when our reckless and ignorant methods have been destroying what should have been one of the most reliable sources of income on our southeast coast, these foresters of France have been developing a profitable and useful forest of this same maritime pine out of nothing.

The crooked and stunted trees, which are of no value for lumber, do not on that account furnish the less turpentine. By some alchemy of nature they transform the warm sunshine, the rain, and what scant nourishment is in the sand, into the clear yellow resin so necessary in maritime work. Instead of "boxing" them for this with deep, broad cuts which cost the life of the tree, the French worker makes a shallow, narrow slit—usually less than two inches wide—on one side of the tree, which produces the same amount of turpentine as the broad cut. This is slowly extended up the trunk, and then repeated at a third of the circumference.

The trees stand this bleeding very well, and continue year after year to yield, while new cuts are made, and the old ones heal. Sometimes one finds six separate cuts, each eight or ten feet long, scarred in the bark of a tree. When the slits have used the whole circumference, the tree is cut down, and the best part of it, after preservative treatment, is sent to England for use as a mine prop. Its place is taken by a young tree beside it, either naturally seeded or planted by hand. The forest is never reduced.

Farther back from the face of the dunes are grown the best trees for timber value, the straight ones being selected for this purpose; and the inferior trees are bled to death and thinned away. The timber trees, too, furnish their share of turpentine when they have attained cutting size. All the trimmings of the forest go to some use—for charcoal, wood alcohol, or fire wood; and every few miles one comes upon a station which is the center of local activity, a busy place surrounded by piles of mine props and cord wood and by a prosperous village.

All along the sea front, once so uninhabitable, southward to Biarritz, health resorts are springing up, and the red-tiled roofs of

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these seaside residences make a pleasant variant in the dull green of the dune forests. Upon the trade in naval stores, mine props, and similar materials, Bordeaux is growing rich; and the owners of the three million acres of forest are receiving every year net profits averaging three dollars an acre from once worthless land.

But it is not on the Gascony coast alone that France has had to plant trees with all the speed and energy she can command. "France will be destroyed for lack of forests," cried one of her greatest statesmen, and the prophecy was very nearly fulfilled. Just fifty years have passed since unprecedented floods in the valley of the Loire called the attention of the government to the fact that the Central Plateau had been almost entirely denuded, that the fertile soil was being destroyed, the reservoiring effect of the forest lost, and a beginning made toward the creation of a desert in the heart of the nation.

Not only the Loire was affected; on the Pyrenees the protection of the Garonne was gone, and in Savoy that of the Rhone. The stripping away of the trees on the mountain-sides of Savoy had released the mountain brooks and turned them into torrents. The binding roots rotted away, and tiny streams became gashes, continually widening to chasms. Literally the whole slope of the mountain began to slide down into the valley, impelled by an unrestrained deluge of water. The Rhone, always a swift stream, filled its bed with moving gravel and sand, and with unprecedented rapidity extended its delta out four miles into the deep water of the Mediterranean, building it of detritus from the Alps of Savoy and from the valley of the Durance. Navigation was impeded or rendered impossible; villages which for centuries had grown wealthy on an orderly waterpower, awoke after a storm in the mountains to find their brook beyond control and their streets piled many feet deep in gravel and bowlders.

The prospect of the continuation of such calamities aroused the whole people. The engineers, after experimentation, discovered that in many places masonry dams must be erected at short intervals, not in order to hold up the water, but to check the descent of the stream's bed itself. The reclamation is still going on; and in many parts of France public and private energy is being concentrated to-day on this work.

PLANTED WHEN GEORGE WASHINGTON WAS PRESIDENT.

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Three million acres of public forest and fifteen millions of private woods are now standing, but there still remain sixteen million acres absolutely barren, much of which must be conquered by bunchgrass before it can be planted in trees. France has learned her lesson. Her object now is twofold: to preserve her rivers and mountains by forestry, and to provide a domestic supply of timber. She is achieving both ends rapidly, and is finding that her utmost efforts are repaid promptly in actual cash returns.

IN KALTON BRONN THEY CUT TIMBER WITHOUT INJURING THE FOREST.

Spain has had the same experience of disaster, but has not as fully recovered. Italy is to-day struggling on the Apennines and Alps, though she has never gone quite so far in forest destruction as did France. Austria, a couple of decades ago, found her mountain streams, especially in the Tyrol, following the way of Savoy's, and is spending millions to reforest and to control the torrents. The emperor has established in Vienna a college for training engineers especially for this work, and "*Wildbachverbauung*," or wild-brook-engineering, is now a well-paying profession.

Nearest, however, to the experiences of France have been those of Prussia. In the early centuries Prussia was a forest land; but, as civilization increased, as wars swept over the continent, as cities and their commerce required more room, these forests were cut away. More than two hundred years ago the effects began to be felt; but a century ago all Prussia was alarmed and aroused to just such action as we are now about to take, by the discovery that her northern dunes were afoot and were marching slowly, relentlessly over the land. Not so slowly, either, for every sea gale swept tons of sand across the area that had been the most fertile farmland, and it was only the hill masses that traveled slowly. These hills overwhelmed isolated farm buildings and even whole villages, and blocked the rivers. Hanover itself, far inland, was threatened with destruction by the sterilization of its surrounding fields.

They had in Prussia then—as they have now—an inherited advantage over us in their facility for grasping such a situation nationally. The land formerly all belonged to the overlord or to the people in common, as most of ours did to the nation; but, in alienating it, they have always maintained that acquisition devolves upon an owner the duty of conducting it according to the common good. Therefore the state was able not only to encourage tree planting by lessening taxes on planted land, or by paying bounties; it was able to declare that forests were in certain regions absolutely essential, and to order that the big landowners should plant and maintain in trees a certain percentage of their acres. The state itself also took quick steps to buy and plant land. The *Pinus Sylvestris*, a tree suited to the soil and climate, was adopted as the national tree for this work, and by rapid propagation the country was so well covered that in 1870 the work of again deepening and controlling the rivers could be done on a permanent basis.

There are still large areas of treeless dunes in Germany, covered in large part with heather, whose purple masses attract to the Jutland peninsula in September hundreds of ambitious painters. But at a rapid rate the land is being bought by government and planted in pine, the forests neatly arranged and lined with fire-breaks and ditches. One rides through mile after mile of it to-day, go where he will; the crooked yellow trunks, barren of foliage except at their flat tops, ex-

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tending in every direction in perfect rows. One realizes that these are, in fact, pine gardens, as orderly as cabbage fields, and as well tilled and cared for as a market garden.

There are twenty million acres of this pine-garden forest standing in Prussia to-day. Half of it belongs to the people in common, either to the state or to the villages. It paid forty years ago an average profit of eighty cents an acre per year. To-day it pays $1.65 an acre. In twenty years, when it is more mature, it will pay three dollars an acre, net profit, and, in addition to its protective value, will return, from the common forest alone, an income of $30,000,000 a year to the people. It furnishes all the firewood and small lumber of Prussia, paper stock, and other invaluable materials, besides protecting the streams, and holding down and improving the land.

So one might enumerate many instances, all good illustrations for us, of the manner in which, by active effort, nations have extricated themselves from the plight in which we now find ourselves. They would all lead to the same result.

But there are also in Europe forests which have stood for centuries. And we, too, despite vast destruction, still have in the Cascades, and even in some parts of the Appalachians, extensive and very beautiful forests which have remained uncut from antiquity. Let us turn to such a forest in the old world and contrast with ours the methods by which it is maintained. A forest to our purpose, one that has stood since the time of Tacitus, at least, is the beautiful Schwarzwald, stretching northward from the Bodensee to Heidelberg, and from the Rhine eastward over the mountains to Bohemia and Bavaria. It is a magnificent woodland, on high hills, filled with happy and contented villages, whose healthful and prosperous inhabitants enjoy to a greater extent than any other people in the world the benefits of a well-preserved and well-conducted forest.

I came into it by way of Rastatt in Baden, turning up the valley of the Murg, a little river which led me by Gernsbach and Reichenthal to Kalton Bronn, a favorite hunting resort of the Grand Duke of Baden.

I tramped for many miles over well-made roads shaded by magnificent firs and spruces, up valleys and over mountain tops. As far as the eye could see from the best points of lookout, the forest swept on across the uplands; and in the valleys were green fields and villages. Here had been cultivation of the ancient forest under proper forest laws for more than five hundred years; and those giant spruces, showing eighty feet of clear, arrow-like trunk beneath the lowest branches, were the fifth generation which had grown to such magnitude since the first forest ordinance of Baden prescribed the manner in which they should be tended. Here was an acre of forest for every inhabitant of the state—a little privately owned, but the greater part divided between the state itself and the several communes.

Whether ownership is private or public, however, the manner in which this forest shall be conducted is prescribed in detail by law, and no class of men is more respected in this region than the officers and employees of the forest service. The method of cutting varies in the several states. In Württemberg each strip of forest is cut in turn, cleared absolutely bare, then replanted either with seed or with young trees, and left to grow while the next and successive strips are being cut. In Baden, on the other hand, it is forbidden to clear away any

BURNING THE BRUSH ON THE HIGH MOUNTAINS.

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part of the forest. Instead, the surplus young trees, chiefly fir, are cut and sent to the paper mills to make room for the greater growth of those which remain; and the big trees are cut for timber when they have attained an age of a hundred or a hundred and twenty-five years. Everywhere one sees new growth and old; but so much do the big trees overshadow the young that the effect is of a forest entirely composed of these century-old giants.

Through this wood I followed a little group of men engaged in getting out timber—four out of some two million who earn part of their living every year in the German forests. They were cutting trees which had been planted when the great Appalachian forest stretched, an unbroken barrier, against America's advance; and these wood-cutters were the descendants of men who had cut this forest in the same way when Columbus was searching for a southwest passage.

They fell upon a wood giant at its base, and sawed it flat off at the ground. They stripped off its bark and sawed the top and larger branches into meter sticks for fire wood. The bare trunk, white, straight as an arrow, ninety feet long, thirty inches in diameter, was scaled and measured and the records were entered in a book. Upon the trunk a number was stenciled, for these Black Forest trees are sold, not as chance logs in a million feet of timber, but by name, specifically, guaranteed to be of given dimensions, and valued by tables carefully worked out.

No slightest part of that trunk was wasted or allowed to injure a neighbor. Its century of growth was counted as a century of achievement, of purposeful labor; and the fruit was handled with reverent care. It had been planted when Washington was president, when Boone was pioneering in Kentucky, when the great pine forests of the Lake region were known only to some adventurous *Coureur du Bois*. It was planted not by chance, but skillfully, according to the art of woodcraft. In its lifetime almost all the forests of America had been swept away. The land on which they stood is now in many places desert and worthless; deep ravines worn by the rain; sand dunes piled by the wind; barrens covered with stumps and with the tumbled-down cabins of a careless and nomadic people who stayed only long enough to work destruction. In America a few have destroyed the forests for private profit; but Baden has preserved its own for the common good.

In America the fall of such a tree would have saddened me, for I should have known it would not be replaced. But here it was only the fulfillment of a lifetime; and it is certain

A DRAINAGE CANAL IN GASCONY WHOSE BANKS ARE BOUND BY PINE TREES.

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A FIRE BREAK ALONG THE RECLAIMED GASCONY DUNES.

that in a hundred years from now, when the young tree beside it shall have grown into its place, the great grandson of the forester of to-day will place his hand upon its tall and slender trunk, and will mark it for the inevitable transformation. Instead of a destructive death, it will emerge into a higher usefulness—as a butterfly comes forth from the chrysalis. And so orderly, well-planned, and efficient is the system that it is certain as anything in the world can be that no fire will sweep the woods, no reckless slaughter will destroy them, and that this mountain top will remain dedicated, as it has always been, to its best use, the regular and orderly production of timber.

This forest at Gernsbach is a protective forest. The six dollars an acre per year which it returns to the people of Baden is but a small part of its value to them. Out from the woods and through the villages by which I had come to Kalton Bronn on the mountain top, flows a little river called the Murg. It is made up of countless brooks which flow from the high hills. One of them, a trout-filled little stream, ran frequently beside my road, as, on a moonlit night, I came down the mountainside. It drops 2,500 feet from the highlands to join the Murg, and scores of other little streams join it, tinkling musically into it along the way. It flows in a grassy, fern-bordered bed, through banks so covered with verdure that there is scarcely a place where the earth is visible.

Where it runs through gentler valleys farmers have put low dams across, and have diverted its water to the far edges of meadows, so that, seeping back through the ground, it keeps them green and the meadow-grass growing bountifully into late autumn.

In Reichenthal it turns a big overshot mill wheel which saws the logs from the community forest. A little lower down, merged in the Murg, it turns the wheel of a paper mill, running night and day to make white paper of the surplus wood from the forest; and lower still, in Gernsbach, moves the wheel of a furniture shop where the men of the village make furniture from fine wood of the mountain; and then of a printing press, and then of a flour mill, and then, below the town, of a big sawmill where they cut timber from the lower forests.

From its sources to the Rhine it is dotted with the homes of those who make the manifold products—dolls, toys, woodenware, and the wood alcohol and pyroligneous acid which are well known as Black Forest products. This brook is the livelihood of the valley, this and the forest which preserves and protects it; and though the forest is an ancient one, it can be duplicated in time, and shows the way in which our ragged hilltops may yet be transformed by proper care.

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Any wood in these old countries may be declared by law a "protective" forest, like this at Gernsbach, if it protects the people against earth-, ice-, or stone-slides; the rolling of bowlders or the precipitation of over-

A ROAD THROUGH THE BLACK FOREST, WHERE THE TREES HAVE BEEN PROTECTED BY LAW FOR MORE THAN FIVE HUNDRED YEARS.

hanging cliffs; against loose sand and the invasion of dunes; against floods and extreme low water; against unfortunate climatic influence; against erosion. If it fulfills these ends, it must be maintained and conducted so that it furnishes revenue but is never cut away. Long experience has proved that this is as important for the owner as for his neighbors, and ordinarily his cash returns are not diminished; but if he actually yields something from his private means for the public good, either he is reimbursed from the taxes or his land is bought by the commune.

In Switzerland they have gone even a step farther and require all owners of small woodlots to join fellowships and to conduct their lots under a general plan by which, in any locality, no large proportion of them will be cut in a single year.

These, then, are some of the examples we find in Europe to give us confidence, hope, and ambition in our forest work. From Hatteras to Miami stretches our Gascony coast; on the shores of the Great Lakes are our Prussian dunes; the destruction of Savoy and the Pyrenees has already been repeated in the White Mountains, in the Appalachians, and to some extent in the Adirondacks. But we have still some of the primeval growth, and the land and the opportunity to regenerate in time many such a forest as this Schwarzwald of Baden.

The great seaboard plain of the Atlantic two decades ago was an unbroken forest of resin-yielding pine trees. Into it ignorant

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and unrestrained "backwoodsmen," guided by no system, trained in no school, instructed by no forester, have broken like an army of destruction. They have slashed with deep, broad "boxes" into the strong and beautiful trunks, extracted perhaps a tenth of the resin that a scientific cutting would have produced, and have left the timber to fall and rot where it had grown, absolutely useless to humanity. They have run fire through the forest every year to clear the underbrush, and have thus absolutely prevented renewal; and for our invaluable heritage they have left us, instead, miasmatic swamps, barren sandy wastes, and a scarcity of timber.

But even yet it is not too late to reclaim this land; Charleston, Brunswick, Savannah, if their business men and their legislatures exercise ordinary intelligence, will soon be restoring the pine woods, revising their methods of culture, and growing rich, as Bordeaux has done, on the trade in naval stores and mine timbers, of which there is a growing scarcity.

New Hampshire, if its legislature had the will, might have solved the White Mountain problem long ago by declaring protective rules for the cutting of its timber; and its lumbermen would to-day bless it as heartily for their better estate as would those gradually diminishing hosts who once found in its forested mountains summer rest and pleasure.

There is not a state in the union which cannot find in European forests some lesson in this work. We cannot always use their methods as we find them. We must adapt them to our conditions. Hand labor, cheap and efficient there, is costly and inefficient here. We must develop tramways and cable lines for handling our logs, and fit our system of forestry to make portable machine installations possible and economical.

And when we have done this, we shall have accomplished a revolution in America. For forestry is an education and an agent of civilization. In the southern mountains, instead of the neglected and ignorant mountaineers who now loosen and destroy the soil, and live, loaf, and die in ignorance, we shall have an active and alert population dealing with a great forest as with a business proposition. Innumerable beautiful peaks now inaccessible because of the terrible mountain trails, and unsafe because of the shiftless and reckless population, will become desirable resorts and the sites for beautiful homes, without detriment to the forests. Valleys and ravines now being eroded more deeply and piled with gravel and rock, will be restored to culture, and will become grassy and profitable.

We are not at the end of our career because our forests are going so fast. We are brought to book suddenly for our extravagance; but we have only to look about us to see the way out. And when we shall have taken that way, every industry which depends upon the forests will be advanced and firmly established, as are those which provide prosperity for the innumerable villages of the German woods.

MIDSUMMER EVE

By THOMAS WOOD STEVENS

THE ragged clouds that sweep across the moon
  Show starry spaces through their tattered gray,
  And winds that high aloft like eagles play
Make here a moaning like the hum of noon,
So far, so faint; and in the eyes of June
  Is silence wide and wistful; now, they say,
  Queen Mab, discrowned, regains her ancient sway
And long-forgotten pomp. Crave now a boon.

This night the gates of Time are left ajar,
  And through his garden in the scented gloom
    We steal to find the rose of yesterday;
We come where shadowy bards and heroes are,
  And burn with loves that sing beyond the tomb
    Through this blue night of dreaming disarray.

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SHE MUST HAVE BEEN BEAUTIFUL, WHEN I TELL YOU IT SOUNDED LIKE MUSIC TO US.

A POOR RULE

By O. HENRY

Author of "The Trimmed Lamp," "Roads of Destiny," etc.

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

I HAVE always maintained, and asserted from time to time, that woman is no mystery; that man can foretell, construe, subdue, comprehend, and interpret her. That she is a mystery, has been foisted by herself upon credulous mankind. Whether I am right or wrong we shall see. As "Harper's Drawer" used to say in bygone years: "The following good story is told of Miss ——, Mr. ——, Mr. ——, and Mr. ——."

We shall have to omit "Bishop X" and "the Rev. ——," for they do not belong.

In those days Paloma was a new town on the line of the Southern Pacific. A reporter would have called it a "mushroom" town; but it was not. Paloma was, first and last, of the toadstool variety.

The train stopped there at noon for the engine to drink and for the passengers both to drink and to dine. There was a new yellow pine hotel, also a wool warehouse, and perhaps three dozen box residences. The rest was composed of tents, cow ponies, "black-waxy" mud, and mesquite trees, all bound round by a horizon. Paloma was an about-to-be city. The houses represented faith; the tents hope; the twice-a-day train by which you might leave, creditably sustained the *rôle* of charity.

The Parisian Restaurant occupied the muddiest spot in the town while it rained, and the warmest when it shone. It was operated, owned, and perpetrated by a citizen known as Old Man Hinkle, who had come out of

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Indiana to make his fortune in this land of condensed milk and sorghum.

There was a four-room, unpainted, weatherboarded box house in which the family lived. From the kitchen extended a "shelter" made of poles covered with chaparral brush. Under this was a table and two benches, each twenty feet long, the product of Paloma home carpentry. Here was set forth the roast mutton, the stewed apples, boiled beans, soda biscuits, puddinorpie, and hot coffee of the "Parisian" menu.

Ma Hinkle and a subordinate known to the ears as "Betty," but denied to the eyesight, presided at the range. Pa Hinkle himself, with salamandrous thumbs, served the scalding viands. During rush hours a Mexican youth, who rolled and smoked cigarettes between courses, aided him in waiting on the guests. As is customary at Parisian banquets, I place the sweets at the end of my wordy menu.

Ileen Hinkle!

The spelling is correct, for I have seen her write it. No doubt she had been named by ear; but she so splendidly bore the orthography that Tom Moore himself (had he seen her) would have indorsed the phonography.

Ileen was the daughter of the house, and the first Lady Cashier to invade the territory south of an east-and-west line drawn through Galveston and Del Rio. She sat on a high stool in a rough pine grand stand—or was it a temple?—under the shelter at the door of the kitchen. There was a barbed-wire protection in front of her, with a little arch under which you passed your money. Heaven knows why the barbed wire; for every man who dined Parisianly there would have died in her service. Her duties were light; each meal was a dollar; you put it under the arch, and she took it.

I set out with the intent to describe Ileen Hinkle to you. Instead, I must refer you to the volume by Edmund Burke entitled: "A Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of Our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful." It is an exhaustive treatise, dealing first with the primitive conceptions of beauty—roundness and smoothness, I think they are, according to Burke. It is well said. Rotundity is a patent charm; as for smoothness—the more new wrinkles a woman acquires, the smoother she becomes.

Ileen was a strictly vegetable compound, guaranteed under the Pure Ambrosia and Balm-of-Gilead Act of the year of the fall of Adam. She was a fruit-stand blonde—strawberries, peaches, cherries, etc. Her eyes were wide apart, and she possessed the calm that precedes a storm that never comes. But it seems to me that words (at any rate per) are wasted in an effort to describe the beautiful. Like fancy, "It is engendered in the eyes." There are three kinds of beauties—I was foreordained to be homiletic; I can never stick to a story.

The first is the freckle-faced, snub-nosed girl whom you like. The second is Maud Adams. The third is, or are, the ladies in Bouguereau's paintings. Ileen Hinkle was the fourth. She was the mayoress of Spotless Town. There were a thousand golden apples coming to her as Helen of the Troy laundries.

The Parisian Restaurant was within a radius. Even from beyond its circumference men rode in to Paloma to win her smiles. They got them. One meal—one smile—one dollar. But, with all her impartiality, Ileen seemed to favor three of her admirers above the rest. According to the rules of politeness, I will mention myself last.

The first was an artificial product known as Bryan Jacks—a name that had obviously met with reverses. Jacks was the outcome of paved cities. He was a small man made of some material resembling flexible sandstone. His hair was the color of a brick Quaker meetinghouse; his eyes were twin cranberries; his mouth was like the aperture under a drop-letters-here sign.

He knew every city from Bangor to San Francisco, thence north to Portland, thence S. 45 E. to a given point in Florida. He had mastered every art, trade, game, business, profession, and sport in the world, had been present at, or hurrying on his way to, every headline event that had ever occurred between oceans since he was five years old. You might open the atlas, place your finger at random upon the name of a town, and Jacks would tell you the front names of three prominent citizens before you could close it again. He spoke patronizingly and even disrespectfully of Broadway, Beacon Hill, Michigan, Euclid, and Fifth Avenues, and the St. Louis Four Courts. Compared with him as a cosmopolite, the Wandering Jew would have seemed a mere hermit. He had learned everything the world could teach him, and he would tell you about it.

I hate to be reminded of Pollock's "Course

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of Time", and so do you; but every time I saw Jacks I would think of the poet's description of another poet by the name of G. G. Byron who "Drank early; deeply drank—drank draughts that common millions might have quenched; then died of thirst because there was no more to drink."

That fitted Jacks, except that, instead of dying, he came to Paloma, which was about the same thing. He was telegrapher and station- and express-agent at seventy-five dollars a month. Why a young man who knew everything and could do everything was content to serve in such an obscure capacity I never could understand, although he let out a hint once that it was as a personal favor to the president and stockholders of the S. P. Ry. Co.

One more line of description, and I turn Jacks over to you. He wore bright blue clothes, yellow shoes, and a bow tie made of the same cloth as his shirt.

My rival No. 2 was Bud Cunningham, whose services had been engaged by a ranch near Paloma to assist in compelling refractory cattle to keep within the bounds of decorum and order. Bud was the only cowboy off the stage that I ever saw who looked like one on it. He wore the sombrero, the chaps, and the handkerchief tied at the back of his neck.

Twice a week Bud rode in from the Val Verde Ranch to sup at the Parisian Restaurant. He rode a many-high-handed Kentucky horse at a tremendously fast lope, which animal he would rein up so suddenly under the big mesquite at the corner of the brush shelter that his hoofs would plough canals yards long in the loam.

Jacks and I were regular boarders at the restaurant, of course.

The front room of the Hinkle house was as neat a little parlor as there was in the black-waxy country. It was all willow rocking-chairs, and home-knit tidies, and albums, and conch shells in a row. And a little upright piano in one corner.

Here Jacks and Bud and I—or sometimes one or two of us, according to our good luck—used to sit of evenings when the tide of trade was over, and "visit" Miss Hinkle.

Ileen was a girl of ideas. She was destined for higher things (if there can be anything higher) than taking in dollars all day through a barbed-wire wicket. She had read and listened and thought. Her looks would have formed a career for a less ambitious girl; but, rising superior to mere beauty, she must establish something in the nature of a *salon*—the only one in Paloma.

"Don't you think that Shakespeare was a great writer?" she would ask, with such a pretty little knit of her arched brows that the late Ignatius Donnelly, himself, had he seen it, could scarcely have saved his Bacon.

Ileen was of the opinion, also, that Boston is more cultured than Chicago; that Rosa Bonheur was one of the greatest of women painters; that Westerners are more spontaneous and open-hearted than Easterners; that London must be a very foggy city, and that California must be quite lovely in the springtime. And of many other opinions indicating a keeping up with the world's best thought.

These, however, were but gleaned from hearsay and evidence: Ileen had theories of her own. One, in particular, she disseminated to us untiringly. Flattery she detested. Frankness and honesty of speech and action, she declared, were the chief mental ornaments of man and woman. If ever she could like any one, it would be for those qualities.

"I'm awfully weary," she said one evening when we three musketeers of the mesquite were in the little parlor, "of having compliments on my looks paid to me. I know I'm not beautiful."

(Bud Cunningham told me afterward that it was all he could do to keep from calling her a liar when she said that.)

"I'm only a little Middle-Western girl," went on Ileen, "who just wants to be simple and neat, and tries to help her father make a humble living."

(Old Man Hinkle was shipping a thousand silver dollars a month, clear profit, to a bank in San Antonio.)

Bud twisted around in his chair and bent the rim of his hat, from which he could never be persuaded to separate. He did not know whether she wanted what she said she wanted or what she knew she deserved. Many a wiser man has hesitated at deciding. Bud decided.

"Why—ah, Miss Ileen, beauty, as you might say, ain't everything. Not sayin' that you haven't your share of good looks, I always admired more than anything else about you the nice, kind way you treat your ma and pa. Any one what's good to their parents and is a kind home-body don't specially need to be too pretty."

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"DON'T YOU THINK THAT SHAKESPEARE WAS A GREAT WRITER?"

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Ileen gave him one of her sweetest smiles. "Thank you, Mr. Cunningham," she said. "I consider that one of the finest compliments I've had in a long time. I'd so much rather hear you say that than to hear you talk about my eyes and hair. I'm glad you believe me when I say I don't like flattery."

Our cue was there for us. Bud had made a good guess. You couldn't lose Jacks. He chimed in next.

"Sure thing, Miss Ileen," he said; "the good-lookers don't always win out. Now, you ain't bad looking, of course—but that's nix-cum-rous. I knew a girl once in Dubuque with a face like a cocoanut, who could skin the cat twice on a horizontal bar without changing hands. Now, a girl might have the California peach crop mashed to a marmalade and not be able to do that. I've seen—er—worse lookers than *you*, Miss Ileen; but what I like about you is the business way you've got of doing things. Cool and wise—that's the winning way for a girl. Mr. Hinkle told me the other day you'd never taken in a lead silver dollar or a plugged one since you've been on the job. Now, that's the stuff for a girl—that's what catches me."

Jacks got his smile, too.

"Thank you, Mr. Jacks," said Ileen. "If you only knew how I appreciate any one's being candid and not a flatterer! I get so tired of people telling me I'm pretty. I think it is the loveliest thing to have friends who tell you the truth!"

Then I thought I saw an expectant look on Ileen's face as she glanced toward me. I had a wild, sudden impulse to dare fate, and tell her that of all the beautiful handiwork of the Great Artificer she was the most exquisite—that she was a flawless pearl gleaming pure and serene in a setting of black mud and emerald prairies—that she was—a—a corker; and as for mine, I cared not if she were as cruel as a serpent's tooth to her fond parents, or if she couldn't tell a plugged dollar from a bridle buckle, if I might sing, chant, praise, glorify, and worship her peerless and wonderful beauty.

But I refrained. I feared the fate of a flatterer. I had witnessed her delight at the crafty and discreet words of Bud and Jacks. No! Miss Hinkle was not one to be beguiled by the plated-silver tongue of a flatterer. So I joined the ranks of the candid and honest. At once I became mendacious and didactic.

"In all ages, Miss Hinkle," said I, "in spite of the poetry and romance of each, intellect in woman has been admired more than beauty. Even in Cleopatra, herself, men found more charm in her queenly mind than in her looks."

"Well, I should think so!" said Ileen. "I've seen pictures of her that weren't so much. She had an awfully long nose."

"If I may say so," I went on, "you remind me of Cleopatra, Miss Ileen."

"Why, my nose isn't so long!" said she, opening her eyes wide and touching that comely feature with a dimpled forefinger.

"Why—er—I mean," said I—"I mean as to mental endowments."

"Oh!" said she; and then I got my smile just as Bud and Jacks had got theirs.

"Thank every one of you," she said, very, very sweetly, "for being so frank and honest with me. That's the way I want you to be always. Just tell me plainly and truthfully what you think, and we'll all be the best friends in the world. And now, because you've been so good to me, and understand so well how I dislike people who do nothing but pay me exaggerated compliments, I'll sing and play a little for you."

Of course, we expressed our thanks and joy; but we would have been better pleased if Ileen had remained in her low rocking-chair face to face with us and let us gaze upon her. For she was no Adelina Patti—not even on the farewellest of the diva's farewell tours. She had a cooing little voice like that of a turtledove that could almost fill the parlor when the windows and doors were closed, and Betty was not rattling the lids of the stove in the kitchen. She had a gamut that I estimate at about eight inches on the piano; and her runs and trills sounded like the clothes bubbling in your grandmother's iron wash-pot. Believe that she must have been beautiful, when I tell you that it sounded like music to us.

Ileen's musical taste was catholic. She would sing through a pile of sheet music on the left-hand top of the piano; laying each slaughtered composition on the right-hand top. The next evening she would sing from right to left. Her favorites were Mendelssohn and Moody and Sankey. By request she always wound up with "Sweet Violets" and "When the Leaves Begin to Turn."

When we left at ten o'clock the three of us would go down to Jacks's little wooden station and sit on the platform, swinging our feet and

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trying to pump one another for clues as to which way Miss Ileen's inclinations seemed to lean. That is the way of rivals—they do not avoid and glower at one another; they convene and converse and construe—striving by the art politic to estimate the strength of the enemy.

One day there came a dark horse to Paloma, a young lawyer who at once flaunted his shingle and himself spectacularly upon the town. His name was C. Vincent Vesey. You could see at a glance that he was a recent graduate of a southwestern law school. His Prince Albert coat, light striped trousers, broad-brimmed soft black hat, and narrow white muslin bow tie proclaimed that more loudly than any diploma could. Vesey was a compound of Daniel Webster, Lord Chesterfield, Beau Brummel, and Little Jack Horner. His coming boomed Paloma. The next day after he arrived, an addition to the town was surveyed and laid off in lots.

Of course, Vesey, to further his professional fortunes, must mingle with the citizenry and outliers of Paloma. And, as well as with the solider men, he was bound to seek popularity with the gay dogs of the place. So Jacks and Bud Cunningham and I came to be honored by his acquaintance.

The doctrine of predestination would have been discredited had not Vesey seen Ileen Hinkle and become fourth in the tourney. Magnificently, be boarded at the yellow pine hotel instead of at the Parisian Restaurant; but he came to be a formidable visitor in the Hinkle parlor. His competition reduced Bud to an inspired increase of profanity, drove Jacks to an outburst of slang so weird that it sounded more horrible than the most trenchant of Bud's imprecations, and made me dumb with gloom.

For Vesey had the rhetoric. Words flowed from him like oil from a gusher. Hyperbole, compliment, praise, appreciation, honied gallantry, golden opinions, eulogy, and unveiled panegyric vied with one another for preëminence in his speech. We had small hopes that Ileen could resist his oratory and Prince Albert.

But a day came that gave us courage.

About dusk one evening I was sitting on the little gallery in front of the Hinkle parlor,

"MULDOON WAS A SOLID MAN!"

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waiting for Ileen to come, when I heard voices inside. She had come into the room with her father; and Old Man Hinkle began to talk to her. I had observed before that he was a shrewd man, and not unphilosophic.

"Ily," said he, "I notice there's three or four young fellers that have been callin' to see you regular for quite a while. Is there anyone of 'em you like better than another?"

"Why, Pa," she answered, "I like all of 'em very well. I think Mr. Cunningham and Mr. Jacks and Mr. Harris are very nice young men. They are so frank and honest in everything they say to me. I haven't known Mr. Vesey very long, but I think he's a very nice young man, he's so frank and honest in everything he says to me."

"Now, that's what I'm gittin' at," says old Hinkle. "You've always been sayin' you like people what tell the truth and don't go humbuggin' you with compliments and bogus talk. Now, suppose you make a test of these fellers, and see which one of 'em will talk the straightest to you."

"But how'll I do it, Pa?"

"I'll tell you how. You know you sing a little bit, Ily; you took music lessons nearly two years in Logansport. It wasn't long; but it was all we could afford then. And your teacher said you didn't have any voice, and it was a waste of money to keep on. Now, suppose you ask the fellers what they think of your singin'; and see what each one of 'em tells you. The man that'll tell you the truth about it'll have a mighty lot of nerve, and 'll do to tie to. What do you think of the plan?"

"All right, Pa," said Ileen. "I think it's a good idea. I'll try it."

Ileen and Mr. Hinkle went out of the room through the inside doors. Unobserved, I hurried down to the station. Jacks was at his telegraph table waiting for eight o'clock to come. It was Bud's night in town; and when he rode in I repeated the conversation to them both. I was loyal to my rivals, as all true admirers of all Ileens should be.

Simultaneously the three of us were smitten by an uplifting thought. Surely this test would eliminate Vesey from the contest. He, with his unctuous flattery, would be driven from the lists. Well we remembered Ileen's love of frankness and honesty—how she treasured truth and candor above vain compliment and blandishment.

Linking arms, we did a grotesque dance of joy up and down the platform, singing "Muldoon Was a Solid Man" at the top of our voices.

That evening four of the willow rocking-chairs were filled besides the lucky one that sustained the trim figure of Miss Hinkle. Three of us awaited with suppressed excitement the application of the test. It was tried on Bud first.

"Mr. Cunningham," said Ileen, with her dazzling smile, after she had sung "When the Leaves Begin to Turn," "what do you really think of my voice? Frankly and honestly, now, as you know I want you to always be toward me."

Bud squirmed in his chair at his chance to show the sincerity that he knew was required of him.

"Tell you the truth, Miss Ileen," he said, earnestly, "you ain't got much more voice than a weasel—just a little squeak, you know. Of course, we all like to hear you sing, for it's kind of sweet and soothin' after all, and you look most as mighty well sittin' on the piano stool as you do faced around. But as for real singin'—I reckon you couldn't call it that."

I looked closely at Ileen to see if Bud had overdone his frankness; but her pleased smile and sweetly spoken thanks assured me that we were on the right track.

"And what do you think, Mr. Jacks?" she asked next.

"Take it from me," said Jacks, "you ain't in the prima donna class. I've heard 'em warble in every city in the United States; and I tell you your vocal output don't go. Otherwise, you've got the grand opera bunch sent to the soap factory—in looks, I mean; for the high screechers generally look like Mary Ann on her Thursday out. But nix for the gargle work. Your epiglottis ain't a real side-stepper—it's footwork ain't good."

With a merry laugh at Jacks's criticism, Ileen looked inquiringly at me.

I admit that I faltered a little. Was there not such a thing as being too frank? Perhaps I even hedged a little in my verdict; but I stayed with the critics.

"I am not skilled in scientific music, Miss Ileen," I said, "but, frankly, I cannot praise very highly the singing voice that Nature has given you. It has long been a favorite comparison that a great singer sings like a bird. Well, there are birds and birds. I would say that your voice reminds me of the

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thrush's—throaty and not strong, nor of much compass or variety—but still—er—sweet—in—er—its way, and—er——"

"Thank you, Mr. Harris," interrupted Miss Hinkle. "I knew I could depend upon your frankness and honesty."

And then C. Vincent Vesey drew back one sleeve from his snowy cuff; and the water came down at Lodore.

My memory cannot do justice to his masterly tribute to that priceless, God-given treasure—Miss Hinkle's voice. He raved over it in terms that, if they had been addressed to the morning stars when they sang together, would have made that stellar choir explode in a meteoric shower of flaming self-satisfaction.

He marshaled on his white finger tips the grand opera stars of all the continents, from Jenny Lind to Emma Abbott, only to depreciate their endowments. He spoke of larynxes, of chest notes, of phrasing, arpeggios, and other strange paraphernalia of the throaty art. He admitted, as though driven to a corner, that Jenny Lind had a note or two in the high register that Miss Hinkle had not yet acquired—but—"!!!"—that was a mere matter of practice and training.

And, as a peroration, he predicted—solemnly predicted—a career in vocal art for the "coming star of the Southwest—and one of which grand old Texas may well be proud," hitherto unsurpassed in the annals of musical history.

When we left at ten, Ileen gave each of us her usual warm, cordial handshake, entrancing smile, and invitation to call again. I could not see that one was favored above or below another—but three of us knew—we knew.

We knew that frankness and honesty had won, and that the rivals now numbered three instead of four.

Down at the station, Jacks brought out a pint bottle of the proper stuff, and we celebrated the downfall of a blatant interloper.

Four days went by without anything happening worthy of recount.

On the fifth, Jacks and I, entering the brush arbor for our supper, saw the Mexican youth, instead of a divinity in a spotless waist and a navy-blue skirt, taking in the dollars through the barbed-wire wicket.

We rushed into the kitchen, meeting Pa Hinkle coming out with two cups of hot coffee in his hands.

"Where's Ileen?" we asked, in recitative.

Pa Hinkle was a kindly man. "Well, gents," said he, "it was a sudden notion she took; but I've got the money, and I let her have her way. She's gone to a corn—a conservatory in Boston for four years for to have her voice cultivated. Now, excuse me to pass, gents, for this coffee's hot, and my thumbs is tender."

That night there were four instead of three of us sitting on the station platform and swinging our feet. C. Vincent Vesey was one of us. We discussed things while dogs barked at the moon that rose, as big as a five-cent piece or a flour barrel, over the chaparral.

And what we discussed was whether it is better to lie to a woman or to tell her the truth.

And as all of us were young then, we did not come to a decision.

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INDISPENSABLE BACTERIA

By WILLIAM HANNA THOMSON, M.D., LL.D.

Author of "Brain and Personality" "What is Physical Life?" etc.

Physician to the Roosevelt Hospital; Consulting Physician to the New York State Manhattan Hospital for the Insane; formerly Professor of the Practise of Medicine and Diseases of the Nervous System, New York University Medical College; Ex-President of the New York Academy of Medicine, etc.

TO many the name bacteria has an ominous sound, suggestive of little but disease and death. This is not surprising, because it is only recently, that is in our own generation, that most people have heard anything about them, and what they have heard is by no means to the credit of the bacteria. As our knowledge of them grows apace, so does our fear, until we begin to envy the happy ignorance of our grandparents, who were never uneasy about those secret foes that swarm in all eatables and drinkables, and endanger our lives whenever a floor is swept or when we lie in a sleeping-car berth.

But as knowledge is nevertheless always a gain, and the more of it we have the better, I would begin by adverting to some leading facts about the world of life to which microörganisms belong. In the first place, if the kingdom of life be regarded as a whole it may surprise some to know that the living forms which we never see with the naked eye, because they are so small, are, notwithstanding, actually in bulk more than all visible forms put together. In other words, microörganisms constitute the *largest* division of the living kingdom. This is because all visible forms, whether a big tree or a large animal, are always local. Even the tiny grass blade is not to be found everywhere. But not so with microörganisms. They abound in the air, earth, and water. They are in everything and on everything, and they are not there in vain. It may well be surmised that so preponderating a portion of the living kingdom cannot exist without having much to do with the rest of it. And so it will prove. We will show that though it is conceivable that microörganisms might live by themselves, though this is not probable, yet visible organisms, including our own great selves, could not long exist without the activity of the microörganisms. Interdependence and not independence is the law of life, whether physical or moral.

Microörganisms are of two widely different kinds, one the protozoa, which are of animal nature, and therefore virtually animalcules, and the other and larger division, the bacteria, which belong to the vegetable kingdom. So far as they have been identified, the protozoa or animalcules seem to be a bad lot, because they have been chiefly discovered in the act of killing people with malaria, or with yellow fever, or with that terrible African sleeping sickness, or with the no less mortal Kala-azar of eastern India. We have no way of finding them except as parasites, living in the bodies of certain flies, certain mosquitoes, and in all kinds of bedbugs. Others kill animals, as in the Texas cattle fever, by first infesting certain ticks, which bite the cattle and thus allow these minute parasites to enter the blood and then multiply in it to an enormous extent; just as the protozoa of malaria eat up our blood corpuscles after we get a hypodermic injection of them by that species of mosquito scientifically named *Anopheles claviger*. It is not improbable that many species of the earth's largest animals, now extinct, were killed off by similar pestiferous animalcules.

To the other or second class of microörganisms, as I said, belong the bacteria, which are included in the vegetable kingdom, and which, therefore, like other vegetables, we can raise by cultivation. A new industry, as we shall see, though now in its infancy, may yet have a great future before it, namely, that of raising

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valuable crops of bacteria. Some of these are even now advertised for sale.

Microörganisms in their way are of all sizes. Thus, that bacterium which is the dread of every surgeon, the *Staphylococcus pyogenes aureus*, as we have said in a previous article, can hold a mass meeting of 8,000,000,000 on the tip of a lancet. By a device called a cytometer they can be counted, no matter how numerous, with greater accuracy than that with which census officials can report the population of New York or of Chicago. But this *Staphylococcus* is a large bacterium compared with that dread of physicians, Pheiffer's influenza bacillus, which is as much smaller than a *Staphylococcus* as a garden pea is smaller than a pumpkin. In fact, we come at last to microörganisms which are too small to be seen at all by the highest powers of our wonderful microscopes, though we know that they exist because of doings of theirs which only living things are capable of. One remarkable and formidable instance of the kind we will soon mention. It is doubtful whether it belongs to the bacteria or to the protozoa. As it comes into us by the proboscis of one of the 125 different kinds of mosquitoes, a kind called the *Stegomyia*, which it infests as a parasite, it probably belongs to the protozoa, but its small size seems to make good the old lines—

> "We have fleas to bite us
> And they have fleas to bite 'em,
> And these
> Still other fleas, *ad infinitum!*"

Now comes into view another great fact, the full significance of which it would take pages to demonstrate; and this fact is that every visible form of life, no matter how large, whether it be an oak or a whale, nevertheless has to begin its individual existence as a microbe. Therefore, instead of microörganisms being a subsidiary or secondary division, they are the *original* department of the living kingdom. The vast majority of living forms stop where they begin, as one-celled things, but those which go on multiplying into bodies made up of billions of cells, when they begin again in another generation must revert to a truly microbic form of existence. The completest and most perfect of whales is a whale so small that 1,500,000 such whales could find room in a space not larger than an ordinary pin's head. But in that vanishing speck of matter there is already determined just how all the innumerable cells of the future whale's body are to grow, how many of them there are to be, and where the bone cells, the muscle cells, the nerve cells, and all its other bodily cells are to find their proper places in his body, to the end of that whale's life.

AN INVISIBLE WHALE

But much more than that. In that one primordial cell, scarcely imaginable for its minuteness, are stored the physical memories, so to speak, of that whale's ancestors, back to the first whale. Therefore, as he grows he will show that whales used to walk; for legs, complete to the last leg bone, will be found in the adult whale in the proper place for legs, but now tucked under his skin, because they are no longer usable—much as an English nobleman hangs in his hall his ancestors' coats of mail as mementoes of days now gone by, since the coming of rifle bullets. Moreover, such a minute whale is nothing but a whale, because he cannot possibly grow into a fish any more than he can grow into a bird, for whales are mammals and therefore separated by an impassable biological gulf from all fishes. Lastly, in that primal cell not only does there reside the whole ancestral heritage of former whales, but there is ample provision for an indefinite number of future whales.

This primordial cell in fact brings us to a situation where matter seems about to slip away from us altogether. It looks as if we were coming down to a minimum indeed of this thing called matter, the *sine qua non* of all materialists, when in the present instance its shape is barely visible with a microscope which magnifies 500 diameters. But we are still by no means through with the lessening quantity of this substance, matter. Further research with higher powers of the microscope shows that the living thing we are after resides chiefly, if not altogether, in that small part of the cell called its nucleus, and not chiefly in the nucleus either, but in those minute rods in the nucleus called, on account of their taking a dye, chromosomes. These curious things—chromosomes—never count an odd, but always an even number, owing to facts in connection with their derivation which we have no space to detail, but which indicate that it is in the chromosomes that the hereditary qualities exist. But the most striking feature about chromosomes is that the cells making up the body of each species of plant

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and animal have their own number of chromosomes, which are always the same as in their first cell. Thus, in the body cells of an ox, of a guinea pig, in man, and in an onion the number is sixteen chromosomes; while in the cells of a mouse, of a trout, and of a lily, the number is twenty-four, in the shark thirty-six, in the grasshopper twelve, and so on. It is from the consideration of such facts, and others like them, that the eminent naturalist, von Naegeli, was led to say that all *life*, whether in plant or in animal, is *one*. In other words, in its essence there is only one kind of physical life, however varied its changes of form.

A SALAMANDER'S SELF-MADE EYE

The reader should now note that though in the primordial cell the matter associated with life is as nearly as possible next to nothing, life itself, as far as its specific properties and potentialities are concerned, exists to an unexampled degree. Thus, the microbic whale starts with more vital elements in his microscopic body than ever he will possess afterward, for by the time that he has grown into an adult whale and bulks as large as a brigade of men, he has spent much the greater part of his original stock of vital capacities. There remains in him no potential reserve of that living power to form an eye or an ear, or any new tissue or organ, which he had when he counted only one cell to his physical being. All he does when he is full grown is to keep what he has until it begins to decay with age. It is true that there are still traces in him of his original capacity for making new tissues—in his power of repairing bodily injuries. In animals much lower in the scale of life than whales this power of repair is startlingly illustrated. Thus, biologists have stood dumbfounded at the fact that, after removing the lens of the eye in the larval salamander they find it ere long restored in perfect and typical form by regeneration from the posterior layers of the iris.

This actual fact seems as unlikely as that the sides of a man's pocket should spontaneously replace a stolen pocketbook, including the dollar bills which were in it when it was lost. But after all, there is no more mystery in a salamander's making a new lens than there is in his making his first lens. He only shows that, as he did it once, he can do it again by the same power which was in his primordial cell. Not till that first doing is explained can the second performance be accounted for. Moreover, though animals higher in the scale lose, as they grow, most of that original cell-creating capacity to make new parts, until nothing is left of it except a limited capacity for repairs, yet the power to repair and that entirely to regenerate are only different degrees of that inherent vital endowment residing in the first microscopic cell.

We have dwelt at this length on the great basic phenomena of all physical vitality in order to correct some hazy misconceptions which prevail in certain quarters on this subject. Some experimenters have thought that by bringing together the supposed physical components of living matter and then by acting upon them with various non-living elementary forces, such as electricity, chemical affinity, radium emanations, etc., life might be generated much as under certain conditions spontaneous combustion may occur among inflammable materials. But unfortunately for them, living matter never occurs as a simple thing—like a speck of half living jelly. No particle of living matter has yet been found without its being already a complex living organism. Not a single simple low form of life in the sense imagined has ever yet been discovered; certainly no simple bacteria, which the experimenters rate as low forms of life, have been found. Even when so small that we cannot catch sight of him, a bacterium has as many specific and individual characteristics as a horse or an ox has. Thus, the microbe of yellow fever in its make-up and capacities no more resembles the microbe of smallpox than a horse resembles an ox, and it continues just the same yellow fever thing for no one knows how many centuries, just as a camel has stayed a camel from Abraham's day.

SMALLPOX AND FROST

A short list of the contrasts between the yellow fever and the smallpox organisms will show that as forms of life they differ as widely in their specific characters as any two living things can differ. The yellow fever thing is so small that it has been seen by no microscope; and that its invisibility is really due to its minuteness is shown by its readily slipping through the almost inconceivably narrow pores of a Berkely porcelain filter, which stop the larger-bodied organisms of smallpox. The yellow fever thing cannot move about except where its mosquito nurse carries it. The smallpox thing has nothing to do

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with mosquitoes and is most inconvenient in its many different ways of being carried about. The yellow fever thing does not like mountain ascents, and a touch of frost finishes it. But as to smallpox, take this instance: I was once officially obliged to enter a smallpox hospital along with a *confrère*. There was only one smallpox patient in the building, and neither of us came near enough to touch him. We then went directly to the steamboat awaiting us on the East River, which was at that time filled with great floes of ice, and till we landed two miles farther down, we paced the deck in a bitter cold wind, hoping thereby to prevent our clothes from carrying smallpox. On landing, my friend drove in his carriage to visit a mother whom he had attended shortly before when she gave birth to twins. Twelve days afterward both the twins broke out with smallpox, to the consternation of the mother and to the feigned astonishment of my colleague.

Moreover, these two agents—smallpox and yellow fever organisms—kill people in totally different ways.

TUBERCULOSIS—400 B. C.

Every kind of bacterium is just as abiding in its own specific characteristics, if we are to judge from those forms of which we have historical knowledge. Living things, when they are microscopic, may look exactly like one another, though really they are infinitely different from one another in kind. It would be impossible to tell at one time whether a primordial cell is to grow into a guinea pig, or into an onion, or into a man. So we have to depend on the *behavior* of bacteria, not on their *appearance*, to determine whether they are of this sort or that; but at any rate we know that whatever their kind may be, they stay just so for centuries. They have their peculiar vital properties surely enough, but they refuse to vary in those properties to anything like the degree in which large plants and animals vary. Empires have risen and fallen, great races of men have come and gone, but the tuberculosis bacillus grows and kills us in just the same way that Hippocrates described tuberculosis as doing 2,300 years ago. Had Hippocrates only possessed a properly equipped laboratory he might have identified the tubercle bacillus and distinguished it from other bacilli, because it takes a characteristic stain with methylene blue made faintly alkaline with caustic potash, and it contains more fat than any other bacillus.

The story of that first cousin of tubercle, the leprosy bacillus, comes down to us unchanged from the earliest days of Egypt, and in the book of Leviticus it is wisely ordered to burn the plastering of the leper's house. From the description given in First Samuel, chapter six, of a fearful epidemic among the Philistines, it is almost certain that it was the bubonic plague, believed then to come from rats, (for the Philistines made golden images representing buboes, and with them golden images representing rats: the Hebrew word translated mice in the English version including both mice and rats). But long centuries elapsed before the great Japanese bacteriologist, Kitasato, discovered that the forgotten views of the old Philistines were correct and that the bacteria of the plague are communicated to human beings by fleas that have bitten sick rats.

About a thousand years ago a Chinese physician described smallpox, and smallpox at present shows just the same doings as it did of yore in China, without a single variation in its nefarious ways. From these facts it would seem that nothing short of a whole geological period will suffice to alter bacteria. This unchangeable stability is all the more remarkable when we consider how short the life of a bacterium is. Instead of threescore years and ten, his average term is from twenty minutes to half an hour. Meantime he is busy enough, for it is calculated that one bacterium can give origin to 17,000,000 more in twenty-four hours (Muir and Ritchie, Manual of Bacteriology, p. 5). But though in the course of centuries his generations become countless, yet through them all he stays one and the same in all his vital peculiarities.

THE INSOLUBLE PROBLEM

This only illustrates afresh what a complex and absolutely unique thing life is. Thus, when a new star suddenly flashed in the heavens and after a time faded away, astronomers surmised that the origin of this latest "Nova" was the collision of streams of meteorites, which, judging by the rate at which light travels, took place while Solomon's Temple was in building. But the problem of the origin of a star is simple enough compared with that of the origin of one bacterium.

Huxley, in his later years, always winced at the mention of *bathybius*, a term which he

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gave in the beginning of his career to an imaginary ooze plastering the ocean bottom, which he alleged was the first physical basis of life; but the microscope completely abolished *bathybius* and all similar conceptions of how life came to be in this world. But just as there is no living ooze or jelly, neither is there any malaria, nor bad air, nor any deadly miasm rising from swamps, everything of the kind being due to ancient microörganisms, which are never either vaporous nor gaseous. It is only old mistakes about them that die, not these evil things themselves.

But instead of bacteria being solely causes of deadly diseases, Science now demonstrates that but for bacteria this earth would soon become uninhabitable, for this reason: No animal nor plant spontaneously decomposes after it dies, any more than do stones or rocks. Every tree which falls in a forest and the body of every beast dead in the field, would stay there but for bacteria. So soon as any living thing gives up its life, bacteria immediately set to work upon its remains and forthwith resolve them into their original chemical elements. We can prevent all this by means which keep bacteria quiet, as when we preserve meats and vegetables with certain varieties of carbolic acid called spices, for all spices can be made artificially out of coal tar. Or we may use nature's efficient germicide, ice. Thus, nature has a great cold-storage plant in the tundras of Siberia, where the carcasses of big mammoths have lain for unnumbered centuries with their bodies so well preserved that dogs at once help themselves to them when they are dug out, and what the dogs leave the bacteria at once dispose of.

MICROBES MAKE THE WORLD GO

Geologists tell us that, as it is, entire strata of rocks on the earth's surface are largely made up of the skeletons of once living forms. Hence if it were not for bacteria, corpses would soon pile higher than the Andes, and the earth would be choked with its own dead. In other words, bacteria keep life going by removing the bodies of each generation to make room for the next. Thus life here begins with microbes and ends with them. Therefore, all this shows how in one way, at least, bacteria are indispensable, and we ought to be disinterested enough to admire their activity in thus working for the good of posterity, since without them there would soon be no posterity. This reminds one, however, of the Hibernian who, when told that if he died for old Ireland he would gain the applause of posterity, demurred with the words, "Faith, what has posterity done for me that I should die for it?"

But do bacteria produce only what this gentleman would term *post-mortem* benefits for us, or cannot they furnish us with some *ante-mortem* ones? I am glad to say that some varieties of bacteria promise to increase our food stuffs to an extent difficult for us now to foretell. But this statement needs some explanation. In the first place, the chemical element, nitrogen, is a necessary ingredient in our food, whether that be vegetable or animal. Now three fifths of the atmosphere is composed of nitrogen, and hence it may be imagined that we need not fear this source of supply giving out.

THE HUNT FOR NITROGEN

Unfortunately, however, in this we are like the Ancient Mariner when, in mid-ocean, he exclaimed, "Water, water everywhere and not a drop to drink." Nitrogen in the atmosphere prefers to be free, and refuses to be locked up as a component of vegetable or animal tissues, except by the most roundabout ways, and always in relatively infinitesimal quantities. When living things die, or their secretions decompose, some of their nitrogen, largely in the form of ammonia, is at the disposal of growing plants. This is why manure brings such a price per load. The cereals, like wheat, take the nitrogen with avidity for building up their seed grains and thus give bread to the eater.

But the eaters are multiplying at such a rate that, according to Sir William Crookes, much too soon for comfort there will not be manure enough, nor any other supply of available nitrogen to provide food for the nations; and then what shall we do? Thus the store of one fertilizer, nitrate of soda, called Chili saltpetre, which seems to have been derived from vast ancient deposits of guano, is now being so rapidly drawn upon that 1,740,000 tons of it were dug out and exported in 1907. Neither is all of it for the good purpose of helping plants to make food stuffs, because there is a world demand at present for saltpetre to make that wholly non-nutritious thing—gunpowder.

The steadily advancing price, therefore, of such nitrogen fertilizers, with the prospect ere long of famine figures for them, has stimu-

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lated research for other means of "fixing" nitrogen, as it is termed. One way is to pass strong currents of static electricity like small bolts of lightning through a column of air, whereby some of the air nitrogen is turned into nitric acid. Accordingly at Notodden, in Norway, a thundering waterfall has been used to generate nitric acid electrically and then the acid is made to combine with lime, with such success that this nitrate of lime is already beginning to compete with the Chili fertilizer in the market. Still other means of fixing nitrogen by chemical processes conjoined with heat are promising in their results.

WHY DO FARMERS PLOUGH?

But after all, no way has yet been found to make artificially "fixed" nitrogen cheap. It is therefore welcome news to hear now that certain benevolent kinds of bacteria have been discovered in the very act of "fixing" nitrogen, and moreover just where it is most wanted, viz., on the rootlets of plants.

This discovery came about by some botanists, inquiring into the meaning of little nodules found on the roots of different leguminous plants, such as beans, peas, lentils, and clover—for clover is a legume. At first these nodules were mistaken for diseased excrescences, like pimples or warts, but ere long they proved to be formed by colonies of a special kind of bacteria to which the name of *pseudomonas radicicola* has been given, and which turns out to be an active agent for "fixing" nitrogen derived from the air. This fact furnishes at least a scientific explanation why the practical farmer has found that turning down a crop of clover by the plough fertilizes the soil as much as manuring would fertilize it. This settled, forthwith experiments were made in different European countries, notably Holland, to find out whether these enriching bacteria could not be artificially raised apart from legumes and then sold as efficient fertilizers.

GOOD BACTERIA BY MAIL

After a number of difficulties were gradually surmounted—difficulties caused by hosts of undesirable bacteria, like so many weeds, wishing to be cultivated too, along with the profitable *pseudomonas*—the United States Department of Agriculture, under the efficient leadership of Dr. G. T. Moore, began sending out to farmers packages in which these good bacteria were spread on cotton. Some of these packages of bacteria succeeded as fertilizers, but others failed, chiefly owing, it was found, to the bacteria's losing their power on such a dry medium and dying. This objection seems to be overcome by a process adopted by Dr. Earl Thomas, formerly of New Zealand but now of Bloomfield, New Jersey, who sends from his laboratory there to farmers pure cultures of active nitrifying bacteria in sealed tubes, the bacteria in them living in a medium which is partly jelly-like and partly liquid. These cultures will keep in good condition for months, and are ready for immediate use by adding a few drops of the medium to a gallon of water in which the seeds are simply immersed; after being thus inoculated they can be forthwith planted. The results reported by numerous trustworthy practical farmers and gardeners show from fifty to a hundred per cent. increase in the yield of the bacteria-inoculated seeds over that from seeds grown without such preparation.

MICROBES ADD $30 AN ACRE

Professor Hilgard, of the University of California, in his treatise on Soils, p. 155, referring to the tests made at the Alabama Experimental Station, says that "where uninoculated clover has added, when turned under, barely one dollar's worth of nitrogen value to the acre, inoculated clover has added thirty dollars' worth: that is, inoculation costing two dollars an acre can add thirty to forty dollars' worth of nitrogen more and better than the nitrogen in two tons of chemical fertilizer such as the Chili saltpetre." He adds that the fertility of any soil increases in proportion to its increase in bacteria.

Professor Whitney, of the United States Department of Agriculture, goes so far as to say that it makes but little difference what the soil is; in fact, that though it be nothing but sand, bacteria of the proper sort, properly treated, will make it fertile, and that the future of agriculture will be bound up in the application of the science of soil bacteriology.

But man is not to live by bread alone nor by food-stuffs only. To him is committed the care of the trees of the earth, and what has he heretofore done for trees but to cause the most senseless havoc among them? America is the continent for trees, its northern half containing more than ten times the number of native species to be found in Europe. This

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is owing to the fact that while all Europe during the last glacial period was under ice, this killing sheet in America barely reached through the southern boundary of Pennsylvania, leaving the great flora to survive in all its richness. On the mountains of North Carolina are now to be found the most splendid trees in the world for beauty and variety, many of which ought to be transplanted to the parks of our Northern cities. But with characteristic wholesale waste of our natural resources, we are doing our best, or rather our worst, to make our mountains and our plains as treeless as those of Greece and of Syria.

Science is now raising her voice to protest that trees are living things which grow according to what they feed upon, and that they must have their nutriment specially prepared for them. It will not do to present them with collected chemical stuffs as such, any more than we can be fed with raw potatoes. Their food must be nicely prepared for them or they will starve, and it is so prepared in that invaluable upper layer of the soil called *humus*, in which Nature has been collecting for centuries organic matter swarming with bacteria, whole species of which actually make ready this and that ingredient, both mineral and organic, for the trees to assimilate. Cut off the trees to make wood pulp by the ton for our daily yellow journals, and the *humus* with its bacteria will be washed away, while the roots will no longer hold the water, and the soil will then be baked into a sterile hardpan on which nothing will grow, but which instead will shed the water in destructive floods when the rain falls.

HUNGRY TREES IN CENTRAL PARK

New York Central Park at present is a woeful illustration of these truths. By the munificent donation of Mrs. Russell Sage, the Park Commissioner was enabled to make a test with *humus* for 25,000 rhododendrons along the East Drive. At once these rhododendrons all grew and flowered abundantly the first season. At the same time he planted 5,000 rhododendrons in the best old soil he could find on the West Side, but these show the most marked contrast to the favored plants on the East Side and many of them have died. I feel a personal interest in Central Park, for it was in the process of being laid out when I first came to the city and I have watched its development year by year ever since. Originally it was only a jumble of rocks among which every kind of pure rubbish was dumped, and on which the planting was done. But now according to the examination of its "soil" by Professor Whitney, with a full staff of assistants spending ten days at the investigation, the verdict is that Central Park is about the worst place to be found anywhere for trees to make a healthy growth or to live long—so poverty-stricken is the diet furnished to them. Unfed trees will have sickly constitutions, and every year witnesses how many of the ornaments of the park have failed to survive any unfavorable season.

A MILLION DOLLARS FOR RENEWED SOIL

An impression has long prevailed that anybody can be a farmer, but that not everybody can keep a hotel or make a store pay. For these businesses one must have his wits about him, or, in other words, he must have and use brains. But both newspaper critics and official personages have maintained that, as all that is needed to make a tree grow is to dig a hole for it, the application for an appropriation of a million dollars to renew the soil of Central Park is preposterous. A million dollar skyscraper is not much of an affair as such things go in New York. How much does the city gain by such an edifice? Yet a million spent on this great breathing-place of our metropolis would add more to the health and happiness of men, women, and children here than any such sum otherwise expended.

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GERTRUDE DES ROCHE WITH CHARLES WAYNE & CO. IN "THE MORNING AFTER."

TABLOID DRAMA

By HARTLEY DAVIS

ONE of the greatest difficulties experienced by the dramatist is making his play conform to the time limit of a performance—a limit which is thoroughly established by custom. The maximum length of a play, from the rise of the curtain on the first act until its final descent, is three hours; the minimum is two and a half hours. Intervals between the acts average about ten minutes, so this means at least one hundred and twenty minutes of acting for the four-act form, and one hundred and thirty minutes for the three-act form.

The master craftsmen among the playwrights find their chief trouble, not in keeping within the time limit, but in making the play long enough. The more nearly they approach complete mastery, the greater is their capacity for condensation, for obtaining the desired effects simply, directly. But the time limits are in America inexorable. The theatre-goer who buys a two-dollar seat wants his money's worth at the established rate of about a dollar an hour. And hence, almost invariably, the plays of superior dramatists are built out by matter that is inessential.

Sometimes elaborate effects in scenery serve the purpose, by lengthening the *entr'actes*. Sometimes the plays are deliberately "padded"; and the skill of the playwright is shown in his ability to make unnecessary material seem at least genuine, if not even necessary to the development of the drama.

In comedy, padding consists in the introduction of new, but not essential, motives or characters, or both; and that is why so few comedies have sustained interest. The last act generally frazzles out completely, when it is not turned into farce. "Love Watches," in which Billie Burke starred so

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successfully for a long run in New York, ended in farce that was almost riotous.

In serious drama, comedy is the familiar device to make a play last the required length of time, and Clyde Fitch is probably the greatest living master of its use. Even with a good theme, his stories are usually so slight, so tenuous, that they are not strong enough to be stretched over three acts, let alone four. But he weaves into his plays such brilliantly clever dialogue, such cheerful satire, such keen characterization — at least of women—that the "padding" is a delight. It is doubtful if any one writing in English, with the exception of James M. Barrie, can equal Mr. Fitch in light comedy scenes.

Of course, such scenes are sometimes an integral part of the play, and its progress would halt without them. But when they are not essential, when their purpose is really to kill time, the better these extraneous comedy scenes are, the more forcefully they emphasize the weakness of the play as a whole.

A play is rarely produced that would not be improved, from a dramatic and artistic standpoint, if it were shortened from a third to a half. Many dramas that have succeeded would be far better condensed to one act. For instance, "The Wolf," by Eugene Walter, would be much stronger in this tabloid form. "The Fighting Chance," by W. J. Hurlburt, in which Blanche Bates is starring, bears all the earmarks of having been a one-act play stretched into three. It has material for about three quarters of an hour at the most of exciting drama. Not even the wonderful skill of David Belasco, nor the acting of Blanche Bates and John Cope, can relieve the tedium of the whole first act and most of the second.

LAWRENCE IRVING IN "THE KING AND THE VAGABOND."

On the other hand, many one-act plays, like "The Squaw Man," by Edwin Milton Royle, and "The Easiest Way," by Eugene Walter, have been made over into successful four-act dramas. But these instances do not alter the general proposition that nearly all plays might be shortened, to their technical and artistic advantage.

It was the recognition of this fact, and the desire of playwrights to attempt the highest artistic form of drama, that led to the establishment of the "Little Theatres" in Paris, like the Antoine and the Capucines, where one-act plays might be produced. The aim was to give drama stripped

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to the essentials, without considering the time limit.

The experiment proved successful. Tabloid drama flourishes in Europe, partly because of a differently, if not more highly educated, public taste, and partly because the time limit has never become a fetich there. The one-act play also has something of a vogue in London as a curtain raiser—but rather through its utility as a time-killer than by reason of any special appeal to taste. Fashionable folk in London dine late, rarely reaching the theatre until after nine o'clock, while the others, who are in their seats early, must be amused. So managers present curtain raisers to entertain the pit and hold back the principal play for the benefit of the stalls and the boxes.

In America, with the single exception of the work of a star long since dead—the wonderful Rosina Vokes—all efforts to establish tabloid drama in high-priced theatres have proved failures. Once in a while a one-act play given as a curtain raiser or an afterpiece —to make the entertainment last three hours— has made some impression, especially if a popular star played the principal part.

Excellent work of this sort has occasionally been done. Ethel Barrymore was at her best in "Carrots"; and "'Op o' Me Thumb" not only was a gem in itself, but gave Maud Adams a *rôle* worthy of her best efforts. James M. Barrie's "Pantaloon" ranks among his finest work in its characterization humor, and sentiment; but, even with the acting of Lionel and John Barrymore, it never received the consideration due its worth. This was true also of "A Bit of Old Chelsea," in which Mrs. Fiske played, and of three plays which she wrote—"The Light from St. Agnes"—one of the greatest modern one-act tragic dramas—"The Eyes of the Heart," and "The Rose."

Photograph by Byron

EDWOODS DAVIS AND ADELE BLOOD IN "ALL RIVERS MEET AT SEA."

Moreover, when Frank Keenan, one of the best American actors, tried to establish one-act plays at high prices in a little theatre, the effort failed. Later, Arnold Daly, having succeeded in the same theatre with Shaw comedies, including the satirist's two brilliant one-act pieces, "The Man of Destiny" and "How He Lied to Her Husband," also failed when he tried to present tabloid drama by other authors.

"At the Telephone," a triumph of dra-

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matic illusion, translated from the French without any effort at adaptation, in which a man narrates, from what he hears over the telephone and can supply by reasoning, the murder of his wife, was one of the rare successes among tabloid dramas.

Photograph by Byron.

MAY WARD AND HER DRESDEN DOLLS.

The fact is that one-act plays have been so unsuccessful in the first-class theatres that comparatively few have been produced. Those mentioned above cover a period of many years. Often whole seasons go by in New York without the presentation of a single tabloid drama as a regular attraction in a high-priced theatre.

Most of the one-act plays are given in benefit performances, and, especially, in the "Lambs' Gambols"—the annual public or semi-public performances by the foremost club of actors in New York. Many one-act plays of great distinction have been presented at these performances, where the almost perfect casts add enormously to their value.

It is significant that the best one-act plays have found their way into vaudeville, and that only in vaudeville have they proved financially profitable. "At the Telephone" was very successful with the late Charles Warner. The one-act plays produced by Frank Keenan—"On the Threshold," "Dr. Parr," and others; the Arnold Daly productions of one-act plays, and ever so many others had real success in vaudeville, after failing in other theatres.

This is a very important fact in the American dramatic situation. It shows where lie the opportunities for the one-act play in this country—opportunities that are practically unlimited.

Martin Beck, general manager of the Orpheum Circuit, which owns or controls thirty-seven theatres between Chicago and the Pacific Coast, foresaw this development long ago, and for a decade, at least, has been steadily working to the end of making vaudeville theatres the home of tabloid drama. Mr. Beck is probably the closest and wisest student of vaudeville in America. No one, perhaps, has done so much in the past ten years to advance its standards. A distinguished actor in Germany and in this country before he became a manager, he has a fine appreciation of good plays, and he recognizes the artistic importance of the one-act form. Also, as a manager, he believes that the future of the best class of vaudeville theatres depends upon the perma-

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nent establishment of tabloid drama and its fullest development. He believes that, within a few years, vaudeville theatres in this country will be divided into two classes—one which will cling to the present familiar variety form of entertainment, and another in which the performance will consist of six or seven one-act plays, possibly varied with tabloid opera. Mr. Beck is convinced that the standard of these tabloid plays will be as high as that of the productions in the best regular theatres.

It was Mr. Beck who, as we shall see, first introduced the purely dramatic play as such in vaudeville—some years after vaudeville had acquired that name.

For, as everybody familiar with the subject knows, "vaudeville" is the modern term for "variety show" which was originally an offshoot of the circus, made up of acrobatic acts with burlesques, song and dance acts, and other features, most of which were of a character that eliminated women from the audiences. Then came B. F. Keith, an old circus man, who conceived the idea of making the variety show clean and decent, placing it in attractive and wholesome surroundings, and appealing chiefly to women and children. He succeeded in his project, and, incidentally, made a great fortune.

Photograph by Byron.

FLORENCE GALE IN "THE GIRL WHO DARED."

In order to escape the stigma which had attached to the old variety show, Mr. Keith named the purified version "vaudeville"; but in essence it was still the variety show, made up of acrobatic acts, the serio-comic singer and dancer, the juggler, the monologist, the knock-about team.

Early in the development of variety appeared the "sketch," an elemental form of the one-act play. There was some effort at continuity in telling a story, but the story was vague, and the sketch based upon the personality or the accomplishments of those taking part, so adapted as to permit two or three people to work together. Wherefore one suspects that its origin was largely social or domestic, a result of the wish of friends, or husband and wife, to keep together while working on the stage.

The variety sketch still flourishes, and probably will flourish until the end of time. It is seldom, if ever, written, but built up as a result of constant experiments and elimination. It depends largely upon horseplay. Usually it is a series of unrelated in-

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Photograph by Byron

FERNAND ELISCU IN "THE LIGHT OF ST. AGNES."

cidents connected with a very slender thread. One of the best examples of the pure variety sketch is "Flinder's Furnished Flat," which Willard Simms makes the most shriekingly funny horseplay that I can remember to have seen. But it can't stand frequent repetition.

Occasionally, however, vaudeville performers have themselves worked out a real tabloid drama. Long ago, Jac Tucker and Eva Williams grafted a genuine play on to a variety sketch, and called it "Skinny's Finish." It had pathos, and a moving story of a young tough who makes a sacrifice to save a girl.

Another vaudeville performer—Fannie Usher, the clever wife of a property man in a theatre in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, evolved a play called "Fagin's Decision," which is a genuine work of art. The story is that of a lonely, retired prizefighter who finds that the waif he purposes adopting is the daughter of the man who put an end to his own career as a pugilist. There is not a one-act play on the stage that holds more genuine humor and fun, yet there is also an undercurrent of pathos and sentiment that affects audiences profoundly.

But variety sketches that were really plays were accidents in the old days. "Fagin's Decision," indeed, was created after Mr. Beck had established tabloid drama in vaudeville. That important development had its beginnings in this fashion:

Something like eight years ago the Orpheum general manager suggested to Charles Dickson that he make a one-act comedy of "Incog," a farce by Mrs. Pechecco in which Dickson had starred—that same farce which is now prominently before the public as the musical play called "The Three Twins." Mr. Dickson made the condensation, and it

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was billed for Kansas City. The local manager protested that the gallery audience would hoot it off the stage. He wired for permission to cancel it. Mr. Beck answered with an inquiry as to the number of persons there would be in the galleries. The manager estimated them at about a hundred. Mr. Beck wired back:

"*Engage a special officer in plain clothes for every person in the gallery and give orders to make the audience keep quiet and listen.*"

After the second performance there was not the slightest disposition to "guy" the one-act sketch. At different times, especially in newly opened theatres, it has been found necessary to employ the same repressive means, but never for more than two or three performances.

The astute manager had worked out the problem in advance. He did not even regard the introduction of the dramatic play in vaudeville as an experiment, but as a logical and inevitable development. He knew his public and had abounding faith in it, but he realized that—to sum up the situation in his own epigram:

"The vaudeville public had been educated to laugh; it was our business to teach it to listen."

And the quickest, easiest way was to *force* it to listen.

As soon as audiences found out that listening was worth while, progress was rapid. At first, unable to break away from the variety idea, managers presented one-act plays of a farcical sort, but real comedies gradually crept in, and succeeded.

Then came the introduction of legitimate stars who had appeared only in first-class theatres, and who were tempted by salaries ranging from $750 to $3,500 a week. They served their real purpose by lending dignity

Photograph by White.

JAMES K. HACKETT AS JEAN VALJEAN AND E. M. HOLLAND AS THE BISHOP IN "THE BISHOP'S CANDLESTICKS."

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to vaudeville theatres, by attracting people who had hitherto ignored them; but neither in an artistic nor in a financial sense were many of the "two-dollar stars" successful. In fact, about nine tenths of them proved utter failures. The chief reason is that they held vaudeville too cheaply, taking small pains to secure a really good one-act play or to study the best methods of securing effects.

JULIA HERNE IN "A MOUNTAIN CINDERELLA."

Even in their failure, however, they were useful in proving that a good play is absolutely necessary. To quote Mr. Beck again: "The time has gone by when a star can take his name to vaudeville as to a pawnshop, to get what he can on it. He must have a play as well."

Some of the high-priced stars, however, have "made good"—to use the most familiar colloquialism in vaudeville—and their work has contributed to the advancement of the purely dramatic sketch.

Scores of excellent one-act dramas have been written by vaudeville players in the days since tabloid drama has become a recognized feature. Years ago, before he became a high-priced star, George M. Cohan set the pace for the musical tabloid play. Will M. Cressey has written no fewer than 108 one-act plays that have been produced in vaudeville, and all but two have succeeded. The best, perhaps, is the one in which he has appeared for five years with his wife, and which is called "Town Hall To-Night." They are rural sketches, for the most part, and really admirable. Winfred Clarke, Edwin Booth's nephew, is the author of the exceedingly funny farce, "What Will Happen Next!" in which he himself appears; and many other vaudeville actors have made their own plays.

However, the tendency, long ago manifest in the regular theatre, to divorce the actor from the playwright, making the work of each a distinct profession, is increasing in vaudeville. The ingenious player who can build up sketches is giving place to the dramatist who can write plays for some one else to act.

It must be admitted that the taste of the vaudeville audience isn't always discriminating. After giving a dramatic version of Richard Harding Davis's charming bit of sentiment, "The Littlest Girl," for three years, Robert Hilliard played "Convict 999," which is chiefly cheap sentimentality —and vaudeville audiences liked it. Julius Steger, long famous as a barytone in romantic opera, was enormously successful

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with "The Fifth Commandment," which was gooey with false sentiment, and was plainly written down to the plane of sure appeal. Now he has another play, "The Way to the Heart," which is a little better and equally successful.

Of course, the taste of the audience that pays maximum prices is also fallible; but, on the whole, I am sure that when sentimental claptrap is given them, vaudeville audiences are more likely to accept it than are those of the first-class theatres.

The taste and discrimination of the vaudeville public are, moreover, advancing rapidly. When Valerie Bergere, who is one of the most popular actresses in vaudeville, and who has few equals in the high-priced theatres, made a success of "Madame Butterfly," it marked a tremendous step in advance, showing that vaudeville audiences not only will accept, but approve, good tragedy. One of the most successful plays in vaudeville to-day is "Never Never Land," written by Israel Zangwill a dozen years ago, and first played in New York by Otis Skinner and Mrs. LeMoyne, intellectual stars of the first magnitude. It is grewsome but tremendously powerful drama, rising to the dignity of tragedy. Helen Grantley, a fine actress little known outside of vaudeville, has made in "Never Never Land" a success greater than that won by the American stars who first appeared in it here, simply because the vaudeville audience is more appreciative.

As further indication of the advance in vaudeville standards: there has been no finer character portrayal on the "legitimate" stage than E. J. Connolly's presentation of George Ade's "Marse Covington." Julia Herne shows much of her father's wonderful gift as playwright and player in "A Mountain Cinderella," a drama of primitive life among the "moonshiners," which is well received. James K. Hackett, after being a star in legitimate theatres for nearly ten years, recently entered vaudeville with E. M. Holland, who has also been a star, in a drama taken from "Les Miserables" and called "The Bishop's Candlesticks." He was tempted by an offer of $3,000 a week, and was overwhelmed to find that he had gained more in artistic reputation, in vaudeville, in a few weeks, than in the same number of years as a legitimate star.

Sidney Drew, a member of the famous acting family, and, indeed, one of the cleverest of them all, never had a real success until he went into vaudeville. He secured a comedy called "Billy's Tombstones," which is funnier in a truly legitimate way than any farce the high-priced theatres have known in a long time, and quite as well acted. Martin Beck recently paid $1,000 for the control of "The Van Dyke," in addition to giving the author, Cosmo Gordon Lennox, a weekly royalty of fifty dollars. Arnold Daly, be it noted, had used this same comedy in his fruitless effort to make one-act plays succeed at high prices. Another play—and a real drama—which Mr. Daly presented as "The Flag Station," is very successful in vaudeville as "The Operator"; and so the list goes. Merely to enumerate the good tabloid plays in vaudeville would fill at least a page. I have mentioned only a few, at haphazard, which chance to be illustrative.

Yes, the standard for tabloid drama in vaudeville is advancing—much more rapidly, indeed, than the standard for plays in high-priced theatres. The Orpheum Circuit has established a producing bureau, which is a clearing house for authors as well as players. The demand for dramas is so great that weekly royalties mount, in some instances, to $100 for a twenty-minute play.

But the play must be real, not artificial. And it requires great skill to produce a fine tabloid drama. While it is difficult to stretch out a play that has an hour of thoroughly good acting into an entertainment lasting three hours, it is infinitely more difficult to compress this hour into twenty minutes. For years that was the fixed time limit of a vaudeville sketch, but it is no longer arbitrary. If the true values of a play make it worth thirty minutes of extremely precious time, it may run that long.

One of the interesting things about tabloid drama in vaudeville is that realism is not successful. Audiences want something apart from the routine of their own lives. But the vaudeville public, whatever else it may be, is honest. And when dramatic values are concerned, its judgment is remarkably sure. If it advances as much in taste and knowledge in the next five years as it has done in the past five, the vaudeville theatre will realize the hope of Mr. Beck: it will be the home of the highest form of drama—the real tabloid play.

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IN MEMORY OF HIM

By EMERY POTTLE

HE came as gently and as wondrous kind
As comes the Spring into this winter-world,
Which, waking sadly, one day smiles to find
The frail green banners of the fields unfurled.

So silently he dwelt I scarce did know
The simple beauty of his soul, nor guess—
Save as I saw my own heart closer grow
To his—the sum of his heart's tenderness.

But, knowing him, a grave and finer grace
I found in work, a dignity in life,
Unmarred by sorry accidents of place,
Nor sullied by the commonness of strife.

There was not much of needless speech in him,
Nor, giving, did he give too oft his heart;
A touch of hand, a smile, and eyes' swift dim
At sorrow—these might sure his love impart.

But Spring—a year of days all Spring—has gone,
Sudden and sad and strange, for that he died.
He who was here to laugh with me at dawn,
To-night cries not such grief as I have cried.

He with the Spring he loved so well, and I
To-night with winter—God forgive my pain
That blind, with outstretched hands, must question Why,
And call him from his Springtime back again.

Gentle he came, and brave, and wondrous kind—
So has he gone, grieving, I think, to know
How great the sorrow he has left behind,
Sad for the pity that he cannot show.

Let it be winter then a while with me—
He and the Spring shall keep the days I bless,
Till haply on some morning I shall see
With him far fields new-green in peacefulness.

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THE RED BLOCK

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

Author of "Corrie Who?"

Illustrations by Thornton Oakley

AS you come up out of the long gully beside the Cockran steel mills, the four-track line sweeps southward around the shoulder of a hill. There are the Dunshee Quarry cross-over switches, spread in a cat's-cradle of shining steel, and the short piece of road that leads down to the storage siding in the river flat below. This is the first halt for the road crews after clearing Thompson yard; and as Extra 1898 had her orders there—the end to eighteen hours out of Conway—Fishplate Haggerty looked over from the fireman's side and began to chuckle comfortably.

"Me for home an' mother," he yelled across the boiler head, his voice pitched shrilly above the sliding rattle of the big class H "hog," pounding southward with a train of swaying hoppers at her heels; "home, an' mother, an' the pie!"

But Pod Fergus, hunched up on the cab seat, one hand resting on the throttle bar, answered with a grunt of disdain.

"Pie—ahr pie nawthin'!" he growled sourly; and gave her another notch. "Pie!" he scoffed, scowling at the track ahead. "Hunh! Eighteen hours out of Conway an' twelve gettin' there. Don't you talk of no pie to me! Heck! *I'm* tired! *Me* for the hay!"

But man proposes, and the road disposes, making light of sleep and hunger. As Pod Fergus, still scowling, leaned forward to give her yet another notch, a figure arose from the tie ends of the track ahead, and waved a listless signal. "Stop!" it said, in a grouchy, careless way, as if the hind-ender waving it cared little whether they stopped or not.

"Oh, Heck!" grumbled Fergus, after he had shut down and given her the air. "Here's where we get it and get it good, I guess."

Fishplate took a look. There ahead, beyond the waiting flagman, and blocking the way to the cross-over switches, was the red bulk of another road-crew's cabin, its long string of empties stalled, and, up ahead, its big road engine skewed sideways off the track. "Stung!" said Fishplate, solemnly. "Stung! She's gone an' died, Pod, an' it's yours for the hay, maybe, sometime about next summer's mowin'!"

Fergus leaned back into the cab again, and, with another vicious jab at the valve, sent the air screaming through the train line. "Here, you!" he yelled to the flagman, as the road hog, with a last thick grunt, slid to a standstill. "Can't you fellers get laid out somewheres else than on a cross-over? Git a move on!"

"Ahr, go chase yerself," the hind-ender retorted bitterly. "If you're so all-fired ownin' this yere road, git out an' jerk her back to the track yerself. She's gone bust a rail under her bogie, an' when she's on again Finnegan, I dunno an' I don't give a ——. Got any eatin' tobacco, feller?"

"Go to h——," answered Pod, courteously. "D'ye think I'm handin' out plugs to every broken-down hobo shackin' on the pike? We've got a stogie, mebbe, an' ye c'n take a chaw on that. It's that or nothin' an' no back talk, neither."

"I call you," answered the other, promptly; "fork it over."

Just then the tube-mill furnace across the river let go with a pop. A belch of ruddy flue dust burst from the stackhead and the valves of the flanking stoves, with a noise which, even at that distance, roared humming on the ears. For an instant, all hands turned to look at it, and the voice of the flagman followed.

"My name's Cassidy," said he; "an' speakin' o' mother-in-lors——"

"You lie, Mr. Cassidy," observed Fishplate, breaking in; "we wasn't."

"Ahr, go take a runnin' jump," retorted the man whose name was Cassidy. "Every time I see a furnace bus' up like that, I'm minded o' Batty Hamstack an' his job o' wages down to the Maria furnace."

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"CAN'T YOU FELLERS GET LAID OUT SOMEWHERES ELSE THAN ON A CROSS-OVER?"

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"Batty Hamstack, you say?" inquired Fishplate with seeming intelligence. "Usen't he uset to work on the B. & O.?"

"He did that—an' maybe ye knew him, now?"

Fishplate shook his head. "I did not," he answered complacently; "only I kinder liked the feel to them words. Usen't he uset t' work on th' B. & O.?—excuse me, I thought he uset."

"Quit it—quit it," warned the other; and resumed his halted narrative. "Well, as I was a-tellin', there was this yere Batty Hamstack, with a good job o' wages doin' night yard over to the P. Y. & A. division; an' what does the cuss do but up an' get hitched to ol' Marm Holtzheimer's gal, Mamie, an'——"

"Hey—hold on there, feller," exclaimed Pod. "d'ye mean ole Marm Holtzheimer who kept the hash livery at Youngstown, Ohoho? Not her, hey?"

"Say, young friend," said Mr. Cassidy of the freight ahead, "who's tellin' this here piece of story—me or you? It was ole Marm Holtzheimer, right enough, an' she was a pore lone female—*what?*"

"She was *not*," replied Pod. "I can tell you all about her, if you want, an' she wasn't no more lonesome than Mamie an' six other lizzies in the fam'ly would let her be. Say, when she walked out with them girls, she didn't look no more lonesome than if a ladies' jail had broke out an' was comin' down the street alongside. Seven, wasn't they?"

"They was seven," answered Mr. Cassidy, after deliberation; "if you don't count her boys, Heinie an' Alf, what had a job workin' for wages in the sheet mill. And about the time Batty comes along, Mamie begun to look like a short-order meal after the rush hour's over in the mill trade. Why, Mamie was about as high as a tree, an' she wasn't any bigger round, neither, an' when she sat down or got up, it was like a set o' Westinghouse brake gear hunchin' up when ye throw the air into 'em.

"But Mamie's mar she more'n made up for all of that. Bat he went up there as tender an' soft as if he was marked 'this side up an' use no hooks,' an' says he, 'Mamie, I've come to take you out buggy-ridin'—Mamie, dear!' —oh, slush!—an' ol' Marm Holtzheimer a-listenin' outside. She weighed about two hunderd an' twenty; an' they do say that after Mamie 'd gone upstairs to sprig up in her duds ol' Marm she moseyed out to the buggy an' loosened up the hub nuts to the wheels. Well, anyhow, about four g. m. in the tasty dawn, when Mamie an' Bat walked in five miles from the surroundin' vicinity, ol' Marm Holtzheimer was a-waitin' in the parlor, an' they do say, too, she'd borried a goose-neck coupler from off a switch engine down by the railroad. No, they wasn't nawthin' doin' after that but for Bat to go an' git jined, an' seein' he drawed a good envelope every two weeks off the pay car, why, ol' Marm she just turned over the hash-riot to the gals, an' come home to live with her Mamie—an' Bat.

"Married—goramighty! One night I come sailin' through the P. Y. & A. yards up there, an' I see Batty holdin' a piece of night-lunch fryin' steak under the flanges of a road engine, tryin' to tender it up. 'Hey, Batty!' I yells, givin' him the high-sign; 'how's tootsy-ootsy Mamie an' th' marriagin's?' An' dummed if Batty didn't let go with a chunk o' slag ballast, bustin' it through the cabin windy my head was handy to. Betcher life Batty was more'n married up! Them two had got him kicked back into a sidin' with the signals turned, an' nawthin' doin' for Batty.

"An' Batty he just lost heart. Pretty soon he got ter gettin' careless-like around his work. Expense didn't seem to be nawthin' to Batty, an' the way freights got to pilin' up in that there yard, an' layin' out engines, an' chawin' up cars, an' tearin' the heart outer th' road bed, was a thing to make the old man look kinder uneasy toward the poorhouse. Bimeby, too, Batty he got to layin' off,—an' layin' off so no one knew when he was comin' round o' nights, or when he was workin' an' when he wasn't. An' what along o' th' wrecks an' the nights off an' sech, Batty was called up to the train-master's office in New Castle till he'd wored holes in the carpet.

"That went for a while, 'cause Batty was a good un, after all, till along one night Batty give a signal to a road crew—a high-ball to go ahead. They had come out of Ashtabula harbor, and there was a triflin' weight o' twenty-four hunderd tons shovin' on the grade. An' Batty didn't see a yard shift backin' out inter the clear. Say, it was a proper mess, friends. The engine crew unloaded, an' wasn't hurt none; but the road hog she piled inter the hind end o' that yard freight like it was a landslide. There was ore, an' engine, an' car bodies, an' trucks, an' side-stakes, and wooden frames lyin' about like you'd throwed 'em out of a third-story windy at the cats.

"'Well,' says Batty; 'here's where I un-

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load,' says he, an' puts on his coat an' hikes up to Youngstown, an' past the Diamond, an' turns eastward, an' keeps on goin' till he ain't seen no more for many's the day. He just natcherly sloped, did Batty, an' never even drored his time, leavin' them two grievin' women-folks wonderin' why he'd strayed from his happy fireside.

"Ol' Marm Holtzheimer, she an' Mamie kinder hung around a while, lookin' fer Batty to turn up, an' then they give up an' went back to the gals, what was still holdin' down the victuals museum back o' the B. & O. tracks. An' after that you'd useter see ol' Marm hangin' out the windy an' spyin' on the freights goin' by.

"One day, she come out an' stopped me as I was passin', an' says she: 'You ain't hear tell what's come o' Batty, the poor lad?' says she, tryin' to pump me along. 'Honest now?'

"'No, ma'm,' says I, polite-like. 'No, ma'm, I ain't so much's got a hunch, what's happent to Batty, unless mebbe he's lost hisself.'

"'Oh, dear, dear, the pore boy,' says she, an' give me a look like a gimlet to a bottle of rum goods. 'Are ye *sure* ye ain't hear nawthin' o' pore Batty?' she says. 'Because if I git my hands on to that scrub of a greasy railroader, I'll learn him to go runnin' off from my pore little heartsick Mamie,' says she, 'an' her pore ol' widowed mar whose heart's broke over thinkin' on her child. The pup!' says she, an' stuck out her jaw like it was the square end to a yard shifter with the step a-hangin' down.

"Well, one day a B. & O. freight hung up a-hollerin' for the block down by the crossin' an' when the flag unloads an' comes back his distance an' squats on the rail, a-restin', I see him, an' says I: 'Bless yer pore, old tired eyes, if that ain't Batty Hamstack—hey, you Batty!' But Batty he sees me comin' an' tries to duck, leavin' the freight to stand there regardless o' the regulations, which was that you was to go out yer distance an' stand ready to flag what's comin' up behind. But a heap he cared about what happent to that freight, s'long's he did a get-away without Youngstown tumblin' to him. Jobs wasn't nawthin' to him them days.

"So Batty he makes a clean break for the trolley bridge, an' was nigh on the way to Hubbard when I gives him a hoot an' a wagon-wheel signal, like when you fetch back the head-end to make a couplin'. 'Batty,' I yells, 'come back: it's only me.' Batty he sees, an' he comes walkin' back, his eyes a-rollin' an' a-dodgin' about. 'What ye want?' says Batty, all feverish-like an' snappy. 'Gosh! Cassidy, you look enough like ol' Marm Holtzheimer's boy Heiney to be arrested for it. How's my Mamie—have ye heard tell?'

"I took Batty by the elbow; an' says I: 'Batty,' says I, 'why did ye go to flag pore, lonesome little Mamie girl?' I says—'what wouldn't have harmed a bone in yer body—no, she wouldn't,' I tells him—an' nearly bust a rib a-laughin'—'not unless she got her hooks inter ye good an' proper an' old Marm was handy to lam ye with a draw bar. Oh, why did ye flag pore Mamie?'

"'Ye're on,' says Batty, an' couldn't help but grin; 'ye're on, Cassidy, an' them is the very reasons. I married fair, all right, an' it was up to me to take the package; an' if me an' Mamie had been let alone, Cassidy, we might have come to rights an' been happy. But Mamie she didn't play square,' says Batty, lookin' ready to cry again; 'an' when she says she's goin' to bring down her mar, an' we clinched proper, she hollers on me, an' old Marm comes up rip-snortin' an' runnin' blind right through the red block I'd set again' her.'

"Batty he gives another gulp; an' says he: 'Cassidy, I didn't git no show. Mamie she was all right, all right, mebbe so; only when old Marm hitched onto me like she was a snapper engine pushin' you up a hill, Mamie she kinder got a flat wheel an' took to poundin' an' shakin' her stay bolts loose, an' a-droppin' her ash pan, an' tearin' up the track. It was just as if you was bein' runned over by a class E-2 trailer engine draggin' a 5,000-gallon tank, an' a solid train o' vestibules a-bringin' up the rear,' says he; 'an' I didn't git no chanct at all!'

"'But, Batty,' says I, 'anyhow you'd best go back, an' let bygones be has-beens. Mamie she's a waitin' for ye, Batty,' I says; 'an'——'

"'My lors!' says Batty—an' took to lookin' round him wild—'so's old Marm Holtzheimer, too; an' if she gits her hooks inter me, Cassidy, they won't be nawthin' for mine but the baggage car ahead an' "don't he look natcheral?"'

"Well, gents, there is more'n Providence that looks out to see we git it, an' git it good; an' in this here case it was old Marm Holtzheimer. Fate had played it extra low down

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on Batty, this day, in givin' him that freight run. Some duck must have seen me an' him talkin' together down at the crossing by the trolley bridge; an' afore the freight had more'n blowed her four toots to bring him in from his distance, this guy was puttin' the old dame wise to Batty's bein' there in Youngstown. I dunno what happent to Batty, thereabouts, an' I guess Batty don't neither. Only, he told me afterwards, afore he knowed it she'd come bustin' aboard the cabin, which was stalled ag'in a ways along, an' he says he seen shootin' stars an' pinwheels an' R o m a n candles and rockets-like, an' when Batty come to, he had a mouthful o' sag ballast to bite on, an' there was old Marm a-settin' on his back.

"'Run away, will yer?' says the old lady; 'run away, will ye, off'n a pore distracted wife that's a-eatin' her heart out, ye pup, an' her pore, ol' heartbroke mar, will ye?' she says, an' fetches him a clout on the head. 'I'll learn ye! Come along o' here!' says she, an' snakes him up by the jumper neck.

"Batty he kinder lags back, an' makes a turrible beef. 'You leggo,' he yells; 'I'll stand for the jail; an' ye c'n git the lor on me, an' send me to the gang,' says he; 'but I ain't a-goin' along o' you 'less ye drag me every inch o' the way.'

"'Ye ain't—ain't ye,' says she; 'well, I'm lor enough, an' you come along o' here, ye pup!' and Batty he went, you bet!

"Well, gents, Batty he had to quit on the B. & O. an' go to work in a furnace yard. Some days passed afore we heard of him agin; an' then one morning when the whistle was blowin' at the Maria furnace, I saw Batty a-hikin' it to the yard gate, a dinner bucket in his hand. Gosh! but he looked low-down, a-sneakin' in there as if he feart some respectable railroader'd see him an' what he'd fell to. 'Batty,' says I, hittin' to the ballast alongside him, 'it looks to yer friend Cassidy like you had a job o' work to the Maria. Ain't you ever goin' to railroad any?' I says.

"YOU AIN'T HEAR TELL WHAT'S COME O' BATTY?"

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"Well, Batty he turned on me with the dinner pail, ready to clout me in the eye, an' says he; 'Cassidy,' he says; 'don't ye give me none o' yer sassy lip, or I'll take an' drive a spike with that ugly face o' yourn. D'ye hear me?' he says, an' raised the bucket higher.

"But just as I was a-goin' to hand him one he drops the bucket. 'Oh, Cassidy, it's true—it's too—too true,' says he, his voice a-breaking like he's the lady in the play-act, her hair down her back, an' it's snowin', an' the dude with a cigarette tells her she ain't no good. 'Oh, it's too—too true,' says pore old Bat; 'they've druv me to it, Cassidy—Mamie an' her mar!'

"'Druv yer, Batty?' I inquires kindly; 'what ye mean?'

"Batty he sets down the bucket o' hash-ravelings, an' grabs me by the elbow. 'Listen, Cassidy,' he says; an' we sits down on the rail together. 'They got me backed up atween them, end for end, the pins jammed in my Janneys, an' never a chanct to make a break-away, says pore ol' Batty.

"Well, gents, it's a turrible story pore ol' Batty told me, a-settin' there on the iron. It seems like these two had got goin' into him after ol' Marm snatched him off the B. & O. freight, till they wasn't no rest for Batty. Mamie she says Batty ain't goin' back to no immoral triflin's like the railroad, an' ol' Marm she backed her up. Batty he could go git a job o' work somewheres at the mills—he wasn't goin' back to the railroad an' a-sneakin' off when they wasn't lookin'. You betcher they didn't take no stock in his pride when they told him that, an' when Batty starts in to holler, the two o' them together throwed a jolt into him like he'd been hit by a consolidation engine runnin' wild. When they got to goin' hard, Batty he told me he'd git his feet up again' the cab-front, both hands on the lever, an' try to throw her over on the reverse: but never a budge would she back at all. Nussir; Batty he didn't stand no show—an' they'd druv him up to the Maria an' made him git a job o' work.

"Gents, it was turrible what they did to him They was a doggone slouch in there for yard master that didn't know no more about railroadin' than if he was the head to a passenger department. And this moke had set Batty to takin' car numbers an' throwin' signals to the yard dinkeys an' to seein' whether a gang o' low-down Hunky ore sweaters wasn't sleepin' on their jobs. Think o' that, will ye now! Batty was the best in the business; an' here he was a-havin' to take orders off'n a stiff that couldn't 'a' told a switch frog from a coal hopper. You betcher pore old Batty was sore, and it seems, too, like this duck had got it in for Batty, an' was throwin' him all the low-down work in the yard, an' holdin' up Batty, likewise, for everything that was a-goin' wrong.

"'Cassidy,' says Batty—an' he ground his teeth like a slag crusher, 'Cassidy, he set me to trippin' hopper bottoms on a limestone shift, yesterday, which is a dollar-twenty job that's only for a Ginnie or a Hunk. I'm doin' my darnedest to git fired, though,' he says, fierce-like, 'so's I c'n go back to the railroad an' git to work agin,' says he, 'an' when that's come an' I'm livin' decent once more, what I'll boot into that slouch up there won't be fit for puttin' into words of one syllable for little readers. No, it won't,' says he, an' begun to breathe hard.

"Gents, that was his idee. He'd set out to be bounced; and money wasn't no objeck. 'Money,' says pore Batty—an' he begun to sniff—'say, what do I care about money, seein's I don't never see any no more! They got me skinned on that, too, Cassidy,' he says; 'they're first in the line to the pay window Saturdays—Mamie an' her mar—an' I ain't seen so much as the price to a can o' beer, for three weeks gone by!'

"Well, Batty he keeps on at the furnace yard a-meanin' to bust things wide open. He allowed that when this yere moke of a yard master give him a signal, he'd pass it along to the shifter somethin' different, thinkin' this would put the place out of business proper. 'Here goes,' says he one day, lookin' up the trestle where a shift o' coke racks is standin', ready to be dropped down to the stock pile. Well, gents, this yard master duck he gives 'em a high-ball to go ahead, an' the shift it comes slickin' down the trestle like it was the limited No. 5, forty minutes late into Fort Wayne an' everything a-layin' on the passin' sidin's. Batty he waits till it gits goin' good an' proper, an' then 'Whoop!' he yells, an' throws 'em a wagon-wheel signal. Well, gents, they gits it, an' bang! up she comes with a jerk an' like to tore the heart outer the couplin's.

"Goramighty! an' it was jus' in time, too. They was a switch open onter the furnace-bin tracks, which neither this yere galoot nor Batty had seen; an' if they'd gone on fannin' away, the whole outfit would have bust inter

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the stack an' killed an entire day shift o' about five hundred Hunkies an' Micks an' Ginnies which was workin' down underneath. I ain't sayin' nawthin', neither, o' the mill boss, standin' there, too, with nawthin' to perteckt his hat but a little hair underneath, an' any one o' them coke racks weighin', car an' contents, about fortyfive ton.

"But this yere yard hinkie, he comes a-runnin' up mad. 'What yer doin' that fer?' he yells. 'Ye pizen-faced dock-walloper, I didn't give ye no signal to smash her back!'

"'Ye didn't?' says Batty, speakin' him meek, an' askin' him didn't he now.

"'Ye go ahead!' yells the moke, lookin' cross, an' gives them another high-ball; an' this yere shift would have gone on yet an' smashed up the stack an' the Ginnies an' the Micks an' the Hunkies an' the mill boss, only the boss he comes climbin' up the trestle just then to see what's a-goin' on.

"'Hold fast!' he yells, an' points to the open switch; 'are ye wantin' to put this pig-factory on the hog?' he asks, an' begins to talk all het up.

"Well, sir, that there yard cuss he kinder turned white an' looked tame enough so's he'd eat out of yer hand sure. He didn't even have heart to lay it on Batty. Nussir! An' what happens in this yere yard for the next seven days a week wasn't makin' it no fit place for a man to take out his gal a-buggy-ridin' of a Sunday. Folks that saw it all says that half the time there was shiftin' engines, an' ore, an' coke, an' limestone standin' around on one ear, an' a-droppin' off trestle ends, an' runnin' inter the ditch, an' head over breakfast inter one another all over the place. Batty an' the yard moke got to answerin' back every time they'd bust up things, too, an' their language was like it was the furnace stack a-blowin' off in a slip, an' drippin' red hot coke onter the heads o' them below. Oh, it was turrible, they says, an' the way they had that yard all tangled up an' put outer biz was a sight to do yer heart good. An' Batty just stood by laughin' an' happy.

"'Ye git the h—— outer here!' yells the yard hinkie one day; 'ye're goin' to git fired tonight, or I'll know why, an' don't ye dast throw another signal in this yer yard!'

"'Hooray!' yells Batty, an' cuts a buck-an'-wing on a tie end; 'he's goin' to gimme the bounct. Hooray!'

"Well, this yard hinkie looks at him, an' shies off kinder pale, thinkin' Batty's gone lost his mind an' they'd oughter inquire inter his sanitary condition; an' so he starts up to find the furnace boss an' put him wise. Batty he keeps on pattin'-Juba on the tie end, an' cuttin' the comicalest steps ye ever saw till the galoot is gone, an' then he kinder takes a look around the yard. As I was a-sayin', it was mussed up proper, what with the way them two had got it tied up in a knot.

"'Whoop!' yells Batty, an' begins to throw signals to all the switch dinkies in the yard, runnin' them this way an' that, an' layin' on an' lettin' go, snakin' out the cars from one switch an' droppin' them back on another. Well, gents, in no more time than you'd take to change ends an' kick a freight back into the passin' sidin', Batty'd shook up all that yard together, an' smoothed it out fine an' nice like it was yer old woman ironin' yer biled shirt for a Sunday. And it was all fer only to rile this yard galoot.

"Pretty soon they was ore on the ore tracks, an' coke on the coke tracks, an' strings o' empties where they was meant to be, an' there was Batty, too, all over the yard an' everywhere, ridin' them hakes like he's a circus lady. Gosh, but them there furnace crews sat up an' took notice!

"Bimeby the yard galoot he comes back along of the mill boss, an' Gosh! ye'd oughter see his face when him an' the boss saw what'd been done to that there yard. 'Who done this?' he asks, an' when they tells him Batty'd done it, the mill boss he stands there an' he sorter looks at this yard duck, an' then at the yard, an' then back to the yard galoot, an', says he: 'Say,' he says; 'was it *you* a-tellin' me this yere Batty has rats in his garret? Why, cuss yer ugly tintype, if you was half the lunatic he is I'd pay yer expenses down to Dixmont Asylum myself, only to have ye learn the job like him. Here, you,' he yells to Batty, 'come here, ye pore, unfortunate, droolin' idjut,' says he, 'an' tell me where it was ye learned to railroad.'

"Batty he looks at him, an' then at this yere yard galoot; an' he says: 'On the railroad, of course,' says he; 'an' where d'ye suppose? Did ye think I learnt it a-writin' home to mother?'

"'None o' yer lip now,' says the boss; 'an' don't ye stand there makin' no faces at me like a Hunky at the pay window,' says he; ''cause I won't stand fer it. You go about yer business, young feller, an' there'll be a raise for you in yer envelope, Saturday night.'

"'Hey, what?' says the yard galoot, so

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amazed he kept a-steppin' on his own feet. 'Ain't he goin' to be fired now?'

"'Fired, eh?' says the boss, an' looks him up an' down real hard; 'fired nawthin'! If they's any firin' to be done, I know where to touch the match,' says he, an' looks at that guy sideways; 'an' I don't have to reach out no further,' he says, 'than if I was a-goin' to light a pipe o' smokin'.'

"But Batty he hears him in a kind o' horror. 'Ain't I fired, then?' he says, beginnin' to gulp; 'ain't I fired?' The boss he shakes his head kindly, an' with that Batty he goes pikin' off to the east yard, an' when he finds a good, warm spot, he sits right down an' drops his head in his hands. Here he'd done his darnedest to git the hooks shot inter him, an' all he'd got was a raise o' wages!

"Gents, pore Batty's heart stayed broke for near two months. They wasn't no more life in him than if he was a road hog that'd blowed out a tube an' died at the foot of the hill. They was nights when he'd come out to the P. Y. & A. yard, an' sit there on the hill alongside, watchin' the night shift drillin' out the east- an' west-bound cars. Some one says why don't he come down to the yard-hutch an' visit by the stove; but he shakes his head, an' says he ain't fit to associate with no decent railroaders. It was turrible.

"Well, gents, in a while along comes the coal strike, the time o' 1903 when them antharkite miners said they'd be d—— if they would, an' the operators said they wouldn't neither, an' be d—— to ye, too. You mind, them days, they wasn't no coal but soft coal, an' they wasn't much o' that, neither, seein' as the soft coal fellers was sellin' it for half a dozen prices. An' as for coke—well, say! Why, they wasn't one o' them furnace supers that wouldn't have swapped ye their ol' woman for a rack o' coke, an' throwed in her cook stove. *Coke?* Why, a piece o' coke looked to one o' them fellers like a red necktie an' a rubber collar to a Hunky. Yes, sir, coke'd got kinder scurce.

"The Maria, gents, she was one o' the very fust to catch it. They didn't have no great shucks of a stock pile to keep 'em runnin', an' afore long they was so much trouble in the yard that Batty he begins to kinder sit up an' take a little notice. He got to lookin' fer trouble agin, an' in them days ye didn't have to look far. The general superintendent up by the office he throwed it inter the furnace boss for not getting in any coke, an' the furnace boss he throwed it inter the yard master galoot; an' the yard galoot he tried to throw it inter Batty. But Batty he riz right up on his trucks, an' what he give that galoot straight to his face was disrespeckful. He told that moke where he come from—the moke, I mean; an' where his folks come from; an' he tole where the yard galoot c'd git to, an' purty quick at that, or he'd take a slice bar outer the switch engine an' chase him there. An' then he wound up by darin' him to bounce him.

"Well, this yere yard cuss he went up the track, kinder dazed. Up there by the trestle end, the mill boss he saw him comin' an' got ready; an' the way that there boss went through an' around the galoot was like a board o' directors ridin' special, all the switches spiked, an' never another wheel a-turnin' on the division. But the yard duck he lets out a holler. 'Coke?' says he; 'Coke?' he says. 'Nussir, they ain't a rack o' coke in the hull measly yard, an' ye know they ain't,' says he; 'an' the railroad they ain't reeported none comin' for forty-eight hours or wuss,' he says. 'An' what kin I do about it now?'

"The boss he sizes him up, an' hunches his shoulders. 'I dunno,' says the boss; 'I dunno,' says he; 'an' the more I look at the like o' ye, the more I dunno. I'd like to be tolt, though,' he says, 'what in hell's bells we pay ye wages fer, if ye can't go an' git one pore rack o' coke even to keep my furnace stack alive!'

"This yard duck he gulps agin, an' tries hard to be brave. 'A railroad boss, ye was sayin'?' he says, all choked up like scale in yer tubes. 'Oh, my Godfrey's cordial!' he busts out, tearful. '*Me* a *boss* o' this yere yard when ye won't even let me fire a man,' says he, 'that spoke me shameful to my very face,' he says; 'an' dared me I dassen't run him outer the gate! Boss? Oh, shucks!'

"But the furnace boss he don't pay any particular attention. 'Goramighty, man!' says he; 'ye c'd fire every hobo in the hull dummed outfit, head over teakettle,' he says, 'was ye only to git me coke enough to keep runnin'! Gosh!' says he; 'if they ain't coke in this yere yard in twelve hour by the clock, that there stack o' mine'll be froze up harder an' tighter'n old gran'par's pocketbook. Ye c'n fire the hull kit' an' keboodle,' says he; 'only, for the love o' Mike, man, git me coke—coke—coke, d'ye hear me!'

"Well, friends, this yere galoot skips out up the line, a-huntin' coke for the Maria. Only afore he goes, he nips out along the trestle, an' sings out to Batty Hamstack,

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who's drillin' ore below. 'Hi, there, ye Mick of a South Side Dutchman!' he yells, sorter to dror Batty's attention; an' Batty he looks up to the trestle.

"'Was ye speakin' to me, mister?' says Batty, a-spittin' on his hands; ''cause if ye was, I'll come up there an' bump yer head on the trestle.'

"'I was, I was!' sings out the galoot; an' tells Batty real sociable he's fired, an' kin hump it right up to the orfice fer his time. 'Git, ye smooch!' he yells; an' Batty he yells back at him, 'Goramighty! Hurray!' an' begun to danct on the tie ends. But all of a suddent he stops an' looks up to the trestle. 'Fired?' says he, kinder ugly. 'What'm I fired fer?' It wasn't goin' to be without no respectable reason, ye see.

"This yere yard mutt he kinder stops a moment, an' hitches up his pants, an' sucks in his lips, an' looks around him, an' then he busts. Gents, they didn't know he had it in him. It was real chice, say, only afore he'd got to 'lastly' an' 'as I was a-sayin',' Batty was swarmin' up that there ladder to the trestle, sorter foamin', a brake-club in his hands an' his wrongs weighin' heavy on him. I tell ye, if he'd onct laid hands on that there cuss, the peace'd been broke right there. Well, sir, Batty he comes back real disappointed the yard galoot wouldn't stay, an' he borrows a bite o' chawin' off'n the shifter crew an' sits down to wait.

"Along comes the furnace boss, an' he sees Batty. The boss he's got a good grouch along o' there bein' no coke, an' he gives Batty a hoot. 'Ain't ye got nawthin' like a job o' work!' he hollers—'a-sittin' on yer hunkers like ye was drorin' overtime! Git a move on!'

"Batty he shakes his head. 'I'm fired,' says he; 'the yard duck he give me the *ausgerspiel.*'

"'Slush!' says the boss; 'ye git out there an' shake up that yard now. I ain't got time to bother with yer foolishness.'

"Then he goes along to the engine house to tell 'em to slow down the blast an' run her light, so's the stack wouldn't eat up too quick what little coke they has left. An' Batty he sits there that dumbfounded an' upset ye could 'a' smooched the last hunk o' pie outer his bucket an' he wouldn't have said a word.

"'They ain't a-goin' to fire me?' says he to hisself, like his heart had bust agin. 'Ooh—ooh, *ooh!*' says he; 'an' OOH! Can't I never git fired at all?'

"But all at onct he jumps up an' let a yell outer him. 'I'll show 'em,' he says; 'I'll show 'em whether they've got me pinched fer life. Whoop!' he yells; an' throws a signal that sets every yard dinkey in that there yard a-bouncing about the tracks like ye'd gin 'em a boot down a pair o' stairs.

"'I'll show 'em!' says Batty; 'Whoop! I'll just *make* 'em bounct me!' With that he kicks a string o' limestone cars off'n the hump, an' sets 'em sailin' down the yard. 'Whoop!' he yells; an' ye couldn't see fer the dust when them there limestone cars lams onter the bumpers at the track end, an' snatches 'em out by the roots.

"'Whoop!' he yells; an' with that he draws out a string o' empties, an' sails 'em kitin' down to the yard gate.

"'Whoop!' he yells agin, an' them there empties skips right along out to the main-line delivery, takin' gate an' all.

"'Whoop!' he screeches; an' a dinkey-driver he leans outer his cab, an' asks Batty ain't he gittin' sorter careless-like.

"'Careless yer gran'mar!' hoots Batty, an' he gives another shifter a upsey-days that stands a empty coke rack on its ear in the ditch.

"'Whoop!' he hollers agin; an' jus' then the furnace boss he comes around the corner, an' asks isn't them cars makin' quite a ruction.

"'Noise!' yells Batty, kinder scornful; 'ye'll hear 'em to Helen Breakfust afore I'm through!' says he; the name bein' no station on the main line I ever hear tell on. But the furnace boss he don't pay much attention, an' just says: 'Ain't ye got any coke come in yet?'

"'Coke?' yells Batty; an' 'Coke, is it?' he says. 'Coke—coke he's askin' fer! What d'ye think o' that!'

"Well, sir, jus' about then a road freight outside the yard—an' it was a big one, too—comes fussin' up the grade, a-lettin' grunts outer her like it tore up her innards. '*Hoonch!*' says the road hog; an' then ye'd wait almost a minute, an'—'*Hoonch!*' she'd say ag'in, her drivers hardly turnin' over, an' gittin' ready to lay down an' die, the way they'd got her loaded down. '*Hoonch!*' she coughs, an' then she give one more grunt an' stopped. Batty he jus' quit his hollerin', an' looked; an' that there hog she shacked back on her couplin's, takin' slack, an' '*Hooooonch!*' she tried it ag'in, an' then—"*Scatter! Scatter! Scatter!*" ye c'd hear her drivers whizzin' around on the iron, never takin' a grip at all.

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"*Hooonch!*' she says, once ag'in; an' then she died.

"Gents, they was forty-two cars o' forty-eight-hour Connellsville in that there freight, the purtiest furnace coke ye'd ever seed. Yessir, they was forty-two class K N racks of it stalled there on that main-line hump, an' all bound fer the Sarah furnace down below. They'd been in so much of a hurry to git that coke to the Sarah, they hadn't waited to hitch on no cabin behind; an' the crew was ridin' on the end-sills to the hind-end, the conductor a-sittin' on the brake wheel, his legs around the standard an' a-writin' his car-cards out there plain fer all the folks to see.

"'Hi-yi!' yells Batty; an' right there he goes bughouse. 'Coke!' he screams. 'Coke! Here's a hull trainload of it!'

"Gents, they see Batty a-streakin' it up to the yard gate; an' he'd jus' natcherally gone nutty, so they thinks. Only Batty he tells me afterward he'd got an idee. He says his wrongs riz up afore him, an' he thought if they wasn't a-goin' to fire him nohow, mebbe goin' to jail might help. He'd show 'em! 'Coke!' he yells, a-pointin' to the freight. 'Hi! Come erlong!'

"Ye know that there switch that runs outer the Maria yard? An' ye mind how it cuts inter the runnin'-track half-way up the grade? Well, that there freight she'd stalled with the hind-end just ahead o' the switch-point, an' when she lied down an' died, the flag he unloads an' goes back his distance, an' the rest o' the crew unloads an' goes up forward to give the engineer *what for.* So there was them forty-two K N racks lyin' peaceable an' unperteckted; an' Batty Hamstack a-lickin' it outer the yard gate with designs upon their persons.

"'Hi, there!' he yells, an' throws the switch open fer the yard, the train crew never gittin' wise; an'—'Hi!' he yells, an' gives the yard shifter a come-on signal. Then when Batty sees her stickin' her nose outer the gate, he streaks it up forward to the freight's front end, an' by this time the crew has clum aboard the road hog's cab an' is sittin' there a-watchin' the gauge, an' a-askin' fool questions about wasn't she never goin' to make no steam. 'Brrrgh!' snorts the road hog, blowing off her pop-valve; an' among all that there noise o' howlin' steam, Batty he sneaks in atween, two cars back from her tank, an' cuts the couplin' plumb in two!

"Well, sir, I wish ye c'd 'a' been there. Batty he's gone an' cut the train, an' he jumps out, wavin' a signal; an' this yere yard engine they sees what he's up to now, an' don't give a whoop. An' with that they slams into her hind end an' couples on with a jounct that purty nigh hunched the hull cussed shootin' match clear off'n the rails.

"'High-ball!' screams Batty; an', gents, with that, the yard shifter she lays right down to it like a little gentleman; an' the *in*tire kit' n' keboodle of 'em, they goes sailin' back into the yard—them forty K N coke racks an' all!

"Heck! Well, Batty, he makes a jump for the last rack as she goes sailin' by, gits both hands onter the grab-handle, an' a foot on her dope-box; an' then he sticks one leg out behind him, jus' like a circus lady; an' the whole string they goes sailin' up to the coke trestles, Batty screamin' like an Injun. 'Whoop!' he yells, fanning them erlong. 'Whoop!' he hollers; an' here they come, ki-yi-kitin' it down the yard an' up the trestle an' onter the coke bins, all afore that there road crew had got done wonderin' what in h—— had happent to 'em. 'Whoop!' screams Batty, an', jumpin' down, hustles up a gang o' Hunkies to the footboards alongside. 'Whoop! Hump it, ye snoozers!' he yells; an' with that, he an' them there Hunkies they trips every hopper in them there forty K N racks o' Connellsville; an' the coke comes out sluicin' with a roar.

"Then the furnace boss he comes runnin' up an' wavin' his arms like he's crazy. 'Coke —*coke!*' he yells. 'COKE!' he goes to screechin'; 'or do my pore ole eyes deceive me!' he says; 'an' where did ye git it all?' But Batty he'd gone an' taken a skip. It wasn't no time, says he, tellin' it to me afterward, to stop an' make no fancy explanations. He got, an' he got immedjut. He'd found 'em coke, which they was a-wantin'; but it wasn't no time to stay an' brag of it. An' seein' this was a Saturday night, he thought he'd go right up home an' wash hisself reg'lar, which was his custom Saturdays whether he needed it or not. Then he'd pack up a few duds an' sit down by the fire till the lor officers come to took him up to the Pen. Yessir, that was his idee. An' all they see o' Batty was a pair o' legs coonin' the yard fence like a nigger that'd mistook yer bulldog's kennel for the chicken hutch.

"Ol' Marm Holtzheimer an' her Mamie they found Batty in the kitchen a-drorin' off his boots. 'Hey you!' says the ol' lady;

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"BATTY HE KEEPS ON AT THE FURNACE YARD, MEANIN' TO BUST THINGS WIDE OPEN."

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'what you home for this time o' day,' says she, 'a-mussin' up my bakin? Scoot!'

"But Batty he jus' looks at her mournful, an' he shakes his head. 'Don't,' he says, 'don't ye say no words to me sech as ye'll be sorry fer later on. If ye do,' he says, 'ye'll be heartbroke for it when ye look down on my pore ree-mains,' says he, 'in the coffin, an' hear the sheriff tell ye yer pore ol' Batty ate a good, solid square,' says he—'bacon an' eggs, an' toast, an' fried pertaters,' says he, 'an' coffee, too, afore the march to the gallows begun. Don't!' Batty says, an' rips out a sob.

"Ol' Marm she kinder riz up. 'What's that?' says she.

"It's true—too—too true, Marm,' says he, an' waves his arms tragic. 'I've took an' done a horrid crime!'"

"Well, gents, the way them two women folks went on would 'a' pleased ye. There they was, fallin' about an' claspin' each other in the arms, an' tumblin' over the cook stove, an' hollerin' like Ginnies at a wake. Batty he jus' sat there with his arms folded, an' drord a mournful pleasure outer it all. They was a-havin' high-strikes, ye bet, when there comes a knock to the door. 'The perlice!' says Batty, and stood up noble. 'I must to the Pen!'—an' the way them women folks went on wuss an' wuss, a-screchin' an' a-carryin' on, was like a tumble-bug had flew in their hair.

"'They sha'n't take ye!' yells ol' Marm; 'not excep' over my dead body, they won't,' she says, an', 'Oh gorry—gorry—gorry!' she hollers, an' sorter chokes up an' grabs him by the arm. 'No!' she says; 'they sha'n't take a pore ol' woman's only boy'; says she, 'an' Batty, Batty,' she says, speakin' quick, 'Batty, is they any overtime in yer envelope?' she says. 'Tell me afore ye're took!' Then she let another screech outer her, an' the door opened, an' it wasn't no orficers at all, sir. It was that there mill boss, gents—him in his own person!

"'I'm ready,' says Batty, an' riz up; 'an' is the orficers outside?'

"Well, gents, they ain't much more to say. 'Orficers—what?' says the mill boss, an' laughs; 'orficers nawthin'. What in gee-whacks, though,' he says, 'was you meanin'—to light out from the furnace yard the way ye did? You come erlong o' me,' says he; 'an' you come P. D. Q.'

"'I won't,' says Batty, an' begun to tremble; 'you an' the railroad c'n git the lor on me, an' I'll be took up to jail,' he says, 'but I ain't goin' back to no furnace yard, I ain't,' says he, ''cause I'm fired. He fired me, that there yard galoot, he did, an' I'm only a-waitin' fer the perlice'

"'Friends, the furnace boss he give Batty a look, an' starts to laugh ag'in. 'Fired, hey?' he says, 'fired nawthin'.' D'ye think I'd fire the only cuss in that there yard that was worth a pinch o' salt? You git them there boots on them there feet o' yourn,' he says, 'an' you come right erlong up to the yard. I've bounct the yard galoot,' he says; 'an', Batty Hamstack, you've got his job, an' yer wages is jus' been doubled. Come erlong,' he says, an' at that Batty he fell over backwards, an' sat down in ol' Marm's bakin'.

"'Oh, my goramighty—goramighty—goramighty!' hollers pore ol' Batty, an' buries his face in his hands. 'Ruint—ruint—ruint!' he sobs; an' with that he——"

The road hog stalled on the Dunshee cross-overs above had lifted her voice and begun to whistle to the flag. "One—two—three—four!" counted Mr. Cassidy; and skipped from the cab. "Ta-ta! friends!" he yelled over his shoulder as he gave a high-ball signal to the crew ahead. "Much obliged fer the chaw o' eatin' terbacker." He swung himself aboard the road cabin, now under way, and stood there waving pleasant adieus; and, with a snort of wrath, Fishplate threw up the cab window, and hurled a question across the rapidly widening distance. "Hey, you; you miserable wad o' busted rubber air-couplin'!" yelled Fishplate. "What was it that did happen to Batty Hamstack?"

"How?" came Mr. Cassidy's voice, a diminishing cry, like a distant shout. "What was it ye said?" he inquired, one hand to his ear. Fishplate, leaning far out, howled the question anew; and Mr. Cassidy's voice returned answer—an answer that petered away as the freight gathered speed and shacked on up the running track. "Nawthin'!" bawled Mr. Cassidy; "he got riz an' riz an' rizan' rizan'rizan' rizanrizanrzzzzzz——"

Pod Fergus leaned forward to the injector, and yanked down the rod with a savage jerk. "Now wouldn't that grab ye?" he asked. "Now wouldn't that jus' grab ye shameful? I wonder what did happen now to this yere Batty Hamstack cuss!"

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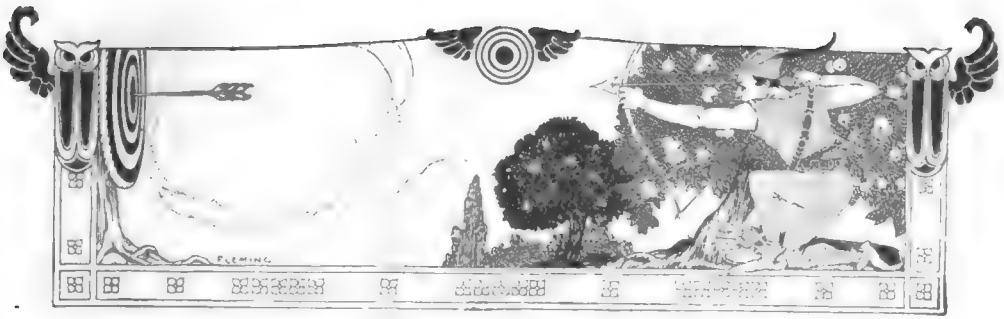

STRAIGHT TALK

A SKIN GAME

Page 732, EVERYBODY'S, May, reminds me of an old story about a town in Arkansas. Some passengers from a boat making an hour's landing strolled ashore to look at the horrible place. Entering a den, they found the proprietor to be a small, very old, dried-up specimen of humanity. One of the party asked him, "How in the world do people live in such a place as this?" The answer was squeaked out, "Skinning strangers, sir." Recovering, the questioner said, "But you meet so few strangers here, what do you do when there is none?" The answer promptly squeaked out by the old fellow was, "Then we skin each other, sir."

I do not think the story has ever been in print. I was reminded of it when you asked, "What are financial writers supposed to mean when they speak of a Harriman market?" etc. And, "What was the contest of 1904 over Northern Pacific?"

S. S. H.

Havana, Cuba.

A VICTIM

Allow me to thank you for the article in the June EVERYBODY'S in regard to the tricks of the produce commission men.

I am a small grower of both oranges and pineapples. The tricks of the men to whom I have consigned fruit are almost too crude and antiquated to continue in use; but the commission men know that it will not pay me to go into court and so run the risk.

It is not only the small commission house that does these things, but also—and especially the larger houses.

One of the new devices is to buy on a so-called f. o. b. or "in transit" basis. This leads the grower to think that he will be paid for his fruit as it is received on the cars at the shipping point.

As a matter of fact, the fruit is sold and the returns made up after the sale, and then the commission man who is buying f. o. b. deducts the freight from the net price and sends account accordingly.

There seem to me to be two ways to remedy this fraud against the growers of all produce and fruits. National legislation would perhaps be best, making it a prison offense to make false returns on interstate shipments.

Or, railway regulation could be made profitable both to the grower and to the railroad.

If the millions of dollars that are stolen each year by the dealers of the cities could be turned back to the growers, the railways along whose lines the produce originated would eventually receive at least one quarter of the money in the form of freights and passenger fares from the more prosperous farmers.

But so long as the railways are managed from "Wall Street" it is not likely that the officers of the companies will take any special interest in the welfare of the farmer along the line of road.

Again thanking you, and hoping for more on the same line, I am,

W. T. W.

Indian River, Fla.

A ROCHESTER FRIEND

In the May EVERYBODY'S you certainly deal the Wall Street gamblers a hard blow in a tender spot. You have got them on the run; now keep them going and do not let up for one minute.

The silly babblings of the *Ticker* are positively foolish to a person who knows *anything at all* about stockbrokers and their methods.

Lawson is right—"A burnt child dreads the

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fire." Even if Lawson eventually betrays every one of his followers, I believe it will accomplish more good than harm in the end.

Rochester, N. Y. F. W. T.

IN THE WILDS

I wonder if the heart of the editor would have thrilled as did mine to see that July, 1908, number of EVERYBODY'S in a little Ilongote shack of northern Luzon in the Philippines a few weeks ago, as, after tramping for two whole months without seeing the face of a white man, we stumbled upon the hut one afternoon about sunset in the wild, mountainous region of Nueva Vizcaya, and there, with bow and arrows and spear resting upon it, we found that old number of EVERYBODY'S. It had been a hard day hiking across those trails, and we felt quite lonely and tired, but somehow, as we picked up the magazine and looked at it, we realized that we were not so far from civilization after all, and that the hand of the white man had reached even into the fastnesses of the wild tribes of the Philippines. The covers of the magazine were gone, and it was in a rather dilapidated condition, but the grizzled, naked warrior in whose shack it was seemed to think the world of it. He tried to get me to explain some of the pictures, which, owing to my ignorance of the dialect, I was not able to do. Neither could he tell me where he had obtained it, though I suppose it came from the Benguet Igorrotes, who are the more civilized of our wild brethren.

AN AMERICAN IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Manila, P. I.

A CONSUMPTIVE'S PARADISE

Several days ago a friend loaned me some old magazines, among them one of EVERYBODY'S, June, 1904, in which was an article on consumption, and I take the liberty and give myself the pleasure (if not too late) of sending a few words of what I know, hoping to bring relief and life to those who will read and believe what I write you.

There is a city called Quito, capital of the Republic of Ecuador, South America, situated on a beautiful plateau ten thousand feet above the sea, in the Andes Mountains. The climate is eternal spring. Quito is not like any other place on earth, being directly under the equator. For years untold a tall shaft just at the city limits has marked this line.

Consumption cannot exist in Quito. The air of that high altitude destroys the germs, not only within the lungs, but in the saliva, immediately. Nothing spoils in Quito. Meat only shrivels and dries, like dust. From one year's end to another the air is always the same—like that of cold spring—and there are always flowers, always fruit. It rains for *one* hour (from three o'clock) every day. Then the sun shines, the sky is blue, a thousand song birds fill the air, and all is beautiful. Quito has all the modern improvements, and a railroad, only recently built, runs over the mountains from the coast. Few visitors went there before the road was built, as travel was difficult and had to be done on mule back. But the doctors there told me that if a consumptive could make the trip with "even half a lung," the disease would be immediately arrested, and after a year's stay he could live where he pleased.

I am writing this with truth and sincerity, as I have been in Quito, and can vouch for all I say. I went before there was any railroad, riding two hundred miles on mule back. I did not go for my health, but for pleasure. It would take too much time to tell *all* I know of Quito, but if you care to publish this, and wish any more information on the same subject, I shall be pleased to give it. All I can now say is that if *I* had consumption I would go to Quito, if I had to work my way, for I know I should be cured.

Beloxi, Miss. K. L. F.

MORE COMMISSION TRICKERY

I have just finished reading, in the June number of EVERYBODY'S, the article, "Robbing the Hand that Feeds," and I wish to say to you that this is a truthful account of a state of affairs that has been going on in this country for many a long year. For over twenty years I have been a large cotton grower, and a large grower of fine Louisiana pecans, and I have been along the whole road. Your man has not exaggerated things at all. Let me give you a little additional data. About twenty years ago I tried raising truck for the Chicago market. My first shipment was a fine lot of cauliflower, at a season when cauliflower were scarce. I received accounts of sale for red pepper which brought me out in debt.

Last year my pecan crop was ruined by hail, and a customer of mine in Springfield, Illinois, asked me to buy for him four barrels of good pecans. These I bought for eighteen cents a pound from a commission man in New Orleans. They were worth it and gave satisfaction. I soon sent samples of these nuts back to New Orleans and offered to sell them, and they offered me eight cents for them though in the meantime the prices of pecans had risen. Rather than put myself in the hands of these commission men I would cut my pecan groves down. By advertising in the Northern magazines I can sell my products direct to the consumer. This is possible only when the product is not perishable, as pecans.

A year or two ago a man in or near Dallas, Texas, wired a Chicago house that he had shipped a car of onions to them on a certain day, but, after the telegram left, something happened that prevented the car from going. After the usual time expired for the car to reach Chicago,

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the man was wired from that city: "Car of onions received in such bad condition will scarcely pay railroad charges." As a matter of fact, the car was still in Dallas. It is needless to say that it was never shipped to that firm.

But of more importance than all of these is the case of a prominent Louisiana planter against a New Orleans firm, a case which has become historical throughout the whole South, and which came near wrecking the whole cotton business of New Orleans. This planter made a large shipment of cotton to the firm in question in New Orleans several years ago, and was returned accounts of sale at nine cents a pound. The name of the buyer of the cotton was given on the bill of sale, as is required by the Louisiana law. A few weeks afterward the planter happened to be in New Orleans at one of the society clubs, and was in a game of cards with the buyer who had bought his cotton. He casually remarked: "Mr. ——, that was a very low price you paid me for that cotton of mine." Then the buyer, knowing he had paid a good price for the cotton, asked: "How much did you get for that cotton?" "Why," replied the planter, "I got nine cents a pound." "I paid twelve for it," said the buyer.

Then right then and there there was something doing. The planter made the commission agents pay him back every cent he had lost on this shipment, and so much more on every bale he had ever shipped them. Nor was this the end. Their other customers came down and demanded rebates, and I have been told on good authority that they handed out over one million dollars in cash. The agents were expelled from the Cotton Exchange and from nearly everything else. They were tried criminally, and escaped on this remarkable plea—that they had done nothing more than the other cotton houses in New Orleans had always been doing, and their crime had consisted in being caught. The jury said their plea was a good one, and let them go free. And yet there are honest cotton houses in New Orleans, just as there are honest commission houses in Chicago and New York. Yes, your man is right. "The hand that feeds the world is robbed, *and mercilessly robbed.*" S. H. J.

Mound, La.

TABLOID COMPLIMENTS

Contemplating the July number of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, I conclude that the cover is most appropriate.

Open the magazine, like the package of firecrackers, and one finds stored therein latent energy and some rather high explosives.

For patriotism and danger, the Giant Cracker in the bunch is "Unto the Least of These." I am expecting a detonation of considerable violence, if not some powder burns or lock-jaw.

"A Vision Sent" did not even require a spark, it went off when the light struck it.

"The McTavish," by Gouverneur Morris, was great, and I was sorry when the fuse burnt out and the explosion was over.

"The Wife" was no "Lady Finger" either, and in fact there was not a "Fizzle" in the whole package. P. D. G.

MANY MEN—MANY MINDS

I shall let my subscription to your magazine lapse, as it is not up to its old standard. The covers are vulgar, i.e., not refined or artistic, and often an eyesore when compared to those of other magazines lying alongside. Few of the articles would any of us care to read the first time. To tell the plain truth there has been very little to excite attention to your magazine since Thomas Lawson finished his "Frenzied Finance." T. R. S.

New York.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PRODUCE QUESTION

I have been reading the article by Forrest Crissey about the wrongs perpetrated on the farmer by the produce commission merchants. I am aware that much, perhaps all of it, is true. I know that in a suit brought before a court in the interior of New York state some years ago it came out that it was the custom of the commission men, when a commodity suddenly advanced, to count their consignments of it as sold a day or so before the rise. Thus the owner got the short end of the trade while the commission man gained the profit on the rise as well as his commission. The commission man who swore to this fact thought it was a perfectly legitimate kind of transaction.

But there is something to be said on the other side. I know of no class of business men who have to be as careful and watchful as the produce dealer. It is a constant fight against the dishonest farmer. What farmer in packing peaches does not put the best fruit on the top of the basket? How many hay buyers have found sticks and stones in the center of the bale? Many a consumer has bought a barrel of apples and found the center of the barrel filled with "nubbins" and inferior fruit.

Let me tell you of a case that I can vouch for. Two farmers were bragging of it and were overheard by a friend of mine. These farmers came to the city with a load of potatoes. One of them went to the house of a noted jurist and asked if some potatoes were desired. When asked what variety he had, he said—we will say, for lack of a name—"No. 1's." He was told that "No. 1's" were not liked, but if they could get "No. 2's" they would take twenty

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bushels. The man went back to the wagon, they drove around the block, and then the other man went to the door and told the people he had "No. 2" potatoes and effected a sale. These farmers told this as a thing to be proud of.

In youth I lived in the central part of the state and had as an acquaintance a butter buyer. One day a farmer came in; he had in his pocket some leeks (a sort of wild onion which will, when eaten by cows, cause the milk and butter to have an onion flavor) which from time to time he was nibbling. He offered my friend some, and he tasted them. In a little while the farmer said he had some butter for sale and asked the price for a prime article. On being told, he brought in the butter, which my friend examined; but as his mouth was full of leek flavor he could not discern the leeky taste in the butter.

During a trial in court in a case where a large butter- and cheese-making concern had accused a farmer of watering the milk sent to their factories, the proprietor swore that he considered that he was paying twenty-five dollars a day for water, and figured on that in making his prices of the finished product.

A former president of one of our great universities, when a young man, was the pastor of a small church in New England. He was very fond of roast goose, and one day purchased one that proved so tough that it was impossible to eat it. His servant girl a few days later was visiting some relatives who were farmers in that vicinity, and they told of killing and selling a gander that they had owned for about twenty-five years, saying that the person who bought it must have found it pretty tough. The girl said: "Oh, yes, the elder bought it." The farmers were attendants at the elder's church. After being caught, as a salve to their consciences, they presented a young goose to the pastor.

On the whole, I do not believe the commission merchants *as a class* are more to be condemned than the farmers *as a class*. It is largely a case of "dog eat dog." There are a few "honest farmers" left, but I am sorry to say that I believe there are but few and the number is constantly decreasing.

J. H. B.

Rochester, N. Y.

ARE WE GROWING "MUSHY"?

I've bought your magazine from Mexico to Montana and from Pennsylvania to California, but never struck such a conglomeration of slush (*SLUSH*) as you dish up in the June number.

Tell your editorial bunch to get back from the Catskills and give us a magazine. In the meantime won't you do us the favor to cut out those mushy women contributors?

E. L. S.

Laredo, Texas.

UPLIFT AND THE GERMANS

DEAR OLD EVERYBODY'S: I know that is not true; you are not old, yet there is something about your make-up that makes one rather think of you as wise, and wisdom implies a great number of years if not infirmities. Certainly, you are not elderly, but your youth and virility has in it much of the astuteness of the years past and the garnered fruit of the wisdom of the passing years.

To think of the inscription in our own House of Representatives at Harrisburg, "Ye shall know the Truth and the Truth shall make ye free!" to come to believe that truth is just around the corner and we are apprehending it just as it always escapes our grasp, is the common lot in life; yet you are bringing it within hailing distance, if not within grasp. Perhaps this is another way of saying that you appeal to our mind sense, capacities and capabilities, rather than our perceptions, and are making us to see wherein lie the distinctions between physical and psychical or metaphysical phenomena. You are philosophers in the contemplations, else how could your works and your ingatherings, as shown in your printed pages, display the high degree of culture which your magazine has attained.

So much for this aspect, and leading directly out from it, what wonder is this? Why do we observe that in all the *uplift* articles you have printed, and we must believe the truth of them all, there is continually pointed out to us as the apex of the pyramid of human uplift the GERMAN SYSTEM? At every stage of the game, in every form of human activity, we find it is the German that leads us to a better realization of the superincumbent weight of responsibility devolving upon Government; the Germans that come more and more to realize the importance of properly directed activities of communities for sane protection and coöperative (not greedy) business undertakings. What is there in the German System or the German character that brings this about? Is it a "welfare" movement thrust upon the people from above, or is it that the Governing Classes have simply caught the rise of the best of the spirit of the German people? Tell us more about Germany, not as an example but as a First Cause. Find out for us the reason. You know "There is a Reason." Everybody knows it. We see it everywhere. And we must believe it, therefore, because we all read advertisements. But What is the Reason for the German UPLIFT?

H. A. M.

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LITTLE STORIES OF REAL LIFE

WHY BILLY PULLED UP HIS ANCHOR

By Alden Brooks

BILLY sat in his small house boat, mending a coat. With only sky, trees, and water about him, he lived here alone on one of the wildest inlets of Chesapeake Bay. As he glanced out of the window, something caught his eye. He stopped, put down the coat, and brought his face closer to the pane. Three men stood among the pines on the point. As quickly as he could, he ambled out over the plank that connected his boat with the shore and approached them.

By way of introduction he said, "Got a chaw of tebaccer?"

One of them had a cigarette. Billy took it, broke the paper, and rammed the tobacco into his mouth. The introduction was complete.

These men had bought all the neighboring land with the intention of starting a ducking club, and before they went away they hired his services at fifteen dollars a month, with the use of a small, tumble-down house back in the woods. He returned to his boat bewildered, overcome. For the first time in his life he was a rich man.

No doubt the house had once been white, and tenanted; but that was so long ago that the building had since lost all character as a dwelling place. The floors were littered with rubbish, the window sashes were broken, and the door would not close. But to Billy it was all very satisfactory. When he had made a thorough exploration, he stood away at some distance from the shack and, looking at it, said in the manner of a man forced by circumstances, "I reckon a feller like me oughter get married."

He spoke without any elation. It was a fact to be recognized. The situation demanded a wife. That he did not know whom to marry made no difference. There was plenty of time before winter set in.

A month went by. His life was much the same as before; only now in his odd hours he worked for the ducking club. When he got his first fifteen dollars, he went to town and bought two bottles of whisky, a flute, tobacco, perfumery, cough lozenges, two live chickens, a necktie, some putty, and a dozen detective stories. The possession of so many things again brought him face to face with the question of marriage. And after much thought he decided he would marry Joe Smith's eldest daughter, Margaret. She could make good corn cakes—things he could never make himself—and she would probably inherit her father's pigs. When the time came, he could fence in the clearing about the house and keep the pigs there. In the fashion of a man who has a business errand to perform, he went up to Beaver Brook and waited patiently for Joe Smith to come along. When that red-headed, freckled, wizened old person saw Billy, he pulled his horse to a standstill.

"Fishin'?" he asked.

"No." Billy came into the road, a bit of willow in his hand.

"What yer doin'?"

"I ain't doin' nothin', Joe."

"Yer must be doin' somethin'!"

"No, Joe, no. I reckon I was jest waitin' for you-all to come erlong."

"Pigs!" The old man suddenly had his weather eye open.

"No, it ain't pigs; it's women."

"Leave 'em alone—that's my advice. I've had experience, I hev."—

This did not bother Billy. "Yes, Joe, I done reckon I might be merrying one of your gals."

Joe had been in the pig business too long to be surprised by anything. He expectorated lengthily by way of sparring for time, then said, "I guess, Billy, my gals are goin' to marry someun pretty pert."

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Billy played his first card. "Someun that's earnin' fifteen dollars a month?"

The old man nodded his head slowly. "Sure."

"And he's got thet there house in Wilson's woods to live in."

This implied information rather staggered Joe, and he was on the point of giving in, if for no other reason than to satisfy his curiosity; but he inferred from Billy's attitude that there might be something more. So he held off and nodded his head with assumed indifference. There was an awkward pause, and then Billy pulled a bottle of whisky from his hip pocket.

"Hev a drink," he said.

Joe wrapped his reins round the whip, and reached over for the bottle, in the manner of a man who has been in the same situation before and knows how to make the most of it. He put the bottle to his mouth, jerked it up in the air, gave a long swallow, coughed slightly, smacked his lips, then looked down at the bottle.

"Thet's good licker." he said.

"'Deed it is."

"Where'd ye git it?"

"I bought two bottles last Friday."

"Two bottles?"

"Sure."

The old man shifted in his seat. "Give me them two bottles, and the gal's yours."

Billy hesitated. Finally he shook his head. "No, Joe, I reckon I couldn't do that."

"Ain't good enough for ye, eh?"

"No, Joe, no; but whisky's whisky."

Joe shuffled his feet and leaned over for his reins. Billy leisurely put the cork back in the bottle. There was a long pause. Neither man moved a muscle. Presently the horse flicked his tail, and Joe looked up:

"Wal," he said, condescendingly, "That bottle's half empty, anyhow, so you jest bring over t'other one and that'll do."

Billy agreed, though reluctantly.

Again he took his time, went oystering, did some odds and ends for the ducking club. A week or ten days slipped by before he approached Joe Smith's home. It was a ramshackle old house with broken shutters painted a vivid light green. A hitching post maintained the color scheme. The lawn was littered with odds and ends. Three or four pigs were lying at different angles. As Billy lifted back the gate and sauntered up the path, a lean goat, tethered to a small tree, looked up at him with a surprised air. The door of the house was open, and there was a view down a dimly-lighted passage, with articles hung up on the wall. A faint smell of cooking was in the air. Billy rapped on the side of the door and said:—

"Is any of the folks in?"

A head popped out around a door at the end of the passage, round eyes stared at him, and their owner said, "Lor', if it ain't Cap'n Billy!"

"It sure is," he replied.

A young slip of a girl with a heavy head of tangled reddish hair and large, mischievous eyes appeared. She was as dirty as she could be, and dressed in a shabby pink blouse and a huge skirt. A big safety pin in the back was the key to her whole make-up. Not in the least embarrassed, she seized his hand and asked, "How is you all?"

"'Deed, I'm feelin' right fine."

"Is you?"

"'Deed I am."

"I couldn't reckon nohow who thet was when you knocked."

Billy chuckled. "I 'lowed yer wouldn't."

"'Lor',' I says, when I sees you, 'if it ain't Cap'n Billy!'"

"And it was," said Billy.

"And it was," she replied. "Take a seat."

"Much obliged," he returned, and they sat down on the doorstep. Billy liked this girl. But he had an errand to perform.

"How is the folks?" he asked.

"They is very well."

A pause followed; then he began again. "Is the folks all to home?"

"I RECKON A FELLER LIKE ME OUGHTER GET MARRIED."

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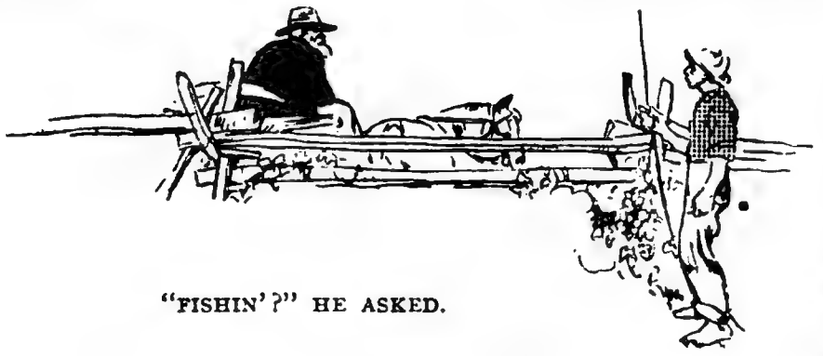
"Pa and the pigs and Ma hev gone to town."

As she did not seem to care to go any farther with the subject, he had to ask his question point-blank.



"FISHIN'?" HE ASKED.

"And your sister, Margaret—is she to home?"

"She sure is," she answered lightly; then went on rapidly, "Cap'n Billy, I reckon your dog Jake was a pretty pert dog afore he died."

Billy looked at her a moment. She stared idly at the hitching post. He felt that something was wrong, but he did not care. That Margaret was at home was sufficient. He could take his time. Then, too, he wanted to talk about his dog.

"Jem White 'lowed once that Jake could talk if he ever took a notion into his head to do it," he bragged.

She agreed with him so readily that, a few minutes later, he said unexpectedly, "How old are yer?"

"I'm older than what you think for."

"Is yer?" he chuckled.

"I sure am; guess."

"Eighteen; maybe so, maybe not!"

He had come so near that she could not help blushing, but to hide her embarrassment, and for other reasons, she said excitedly: "Oh, Lor', Cap'n Billy, I done reckon you all is goin' to expect me to get married next!"

There was a pause. As a matter of fact, that was very nearly what Billy had been thinking. But at this moment there was a noise behind them in the passage, and a prim, stiff voice called out:

"Phoebe, you come here right smart and get them potatoes boiled."

A young woman appeared in the doorway. She was dressed very much as Phoebe, except that a large yellow bow decorated her waist, and her face was clean in some places. She also knew how to present her best side to the visitor.

"How d' ye do?" she said with awkward dignity, as Phoebe reluctantly disappeared.

Billy was rather dazed. "Won't you pray come in and take a cheer?" she went on.

He stared at her, finally saying, "I dunno."

"Nice weather."

"Right nice."

This was enough, and they went inside. In the little front room there was a bed piled high with feathers, a barrel full of shingles, an old worn out sofa, a table, covered with seeds, a roll of fence wire, and an isolated picture of McKinley. Billy sat down comfortably in one of the two chairs in the room after first adjusting the promised bottle of whisky in his hip pocket.

"Nice weather," she began again.

"Right nice."

A long pause followed.

"Cap'n Billy, what church do you attend?"

"Wal, yer see, I fishes mostly, and when I don't fishes it's Sunday."

"And ain't yer frightened?"

"Of what?"

She shook her head slowly, sadly, but unrevealingly.

The conversation continued, in laborious starts and jerks, until suddenly he was conscious that she was silent. She sat with hands folded in her lap, eyes cast down, the bow framing in her chin with a glare of yellow; between them lay the roll of wire. He was very much embarrassed. He could think of nothing he wanted to do more than to take the whisky out of his pocket and have a drink. But, instead, he began: "Miss Margaret . . ."

"Cap'n Billy . . ."

"Miss Margaret, I done reckon you all knows jest about what . . ."

"Ain't yer coming to dinner?"

This interruption came from Phoebe, who stood in the doorway, languidly taking in the situation. Margaret glared at her; Billy chuckled. In the end they all went in to dinner.

As Billy ate, his mind was perplexed. He wanted to marry Phoebe. On the other hand, Margaret was more suitable as a wife. He might have made up his mind to marry Margaret if Phoebe had not swooped down upon him with a plate of vegetables, laugh-

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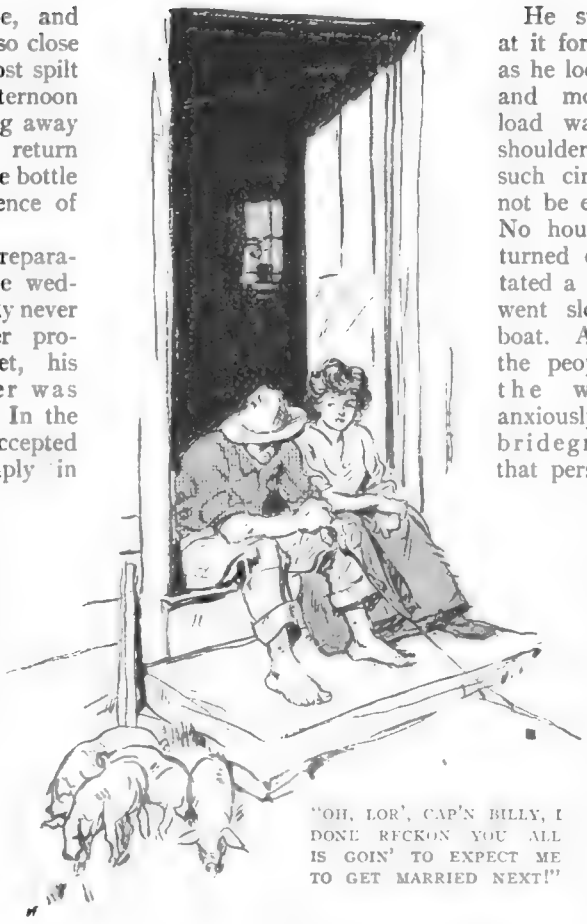
ingly offered some, and brought her head so close to his that he almost spilt the dish. The afternoon ended by his going away and promising to return shortly. He left the bottle of whisky in evidence of good faith.

From that day preparations began for the wedding. Although Billy never made any further proposals to Margaret, his marriage with her was taken for granted. In the end he himself accepted the fact, too, simply in order to save himself the trouble of deciding. On the morning of the wedding, after an all night's storm, he started out for Smith's. As he came into the clearance where stood his little house—the cause of all his unrest—he stopped abruptly. Only a few charred posts and a wrecked chimney remained. It had been struck by lightning in the night and burnt to the ground.



"OH, LOR', CAP'N BILLY, I DONE RECKON YOU ALL IS GOIN' TO EXPECT ME TO GET MARRIED NEXT!"

He stood and looked at it for a long time, and as he looked he felt more and more relieved. A load was taken off his shoulders. A man in such circumstances could not be expected to marry. No house, no wife. He turned on his heel, hesitated a moment and then went slowly back to his boat. An hour later, as the people gathered for the wedding were anxiously waiting for the bridegroom to appear, that person ran up his sail, pulled up anchor, and, with his punt towing behind, glided down the inlet toward the open waters of the Chesapeake. Half-way down the inlet, as he stood at the tiller, he took a long look around him, rubbed his nose, and chuckled. Then, with the easy sigh of a man who has passed through a terrible ordeal, he said, "Gawd!".

SHORT LETTERS OF A SMALL BOY

By Paul West

V

BROOKDALE MASS, Nov. 30, 1880

DERE COUS. GORGE

wel Gorge how are you, I am pritty wel, I am all over being sick from Thanksgiving, say wasent it fine, I had a good time even if I did get sick, dident you Gorge?

But I hav bin haveing a bandidge on the back of my hed, whare I hert it. It was Anny's falt, she is our gurl, you kno Gorge, the one that through the poker at you when you hooked the pie off the kitchen winder sil Thanksgiving day, wel I maid a gost to scare her, it was fine, it was maid out of a sheet rapped around a broom, and the eyes and mouth was shiney becawse I maid them with matches that I soked in watter, you want to try it Gorge, you cood scare yore gurl bully, I dident scare Anny becawse she dident see it. I put the gost at the hed of the stares going up to our attick, and Anny wood of bin scared stif only she dident go up stares, but I did. My farther cent me up to get something and I forgot all about the gost and when I saw it thare shining in the dark I let out a hoop and fel all the way down stares and hit my hed awfull, it wasent any joke, Gorge, I had too stitches in it. I mene my hed not the gost.

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wel Gorge you nedent of bin so sorry they maid you go hoam after diner at our howse and woodent let you go with me when I maid the speche that I was going to speek when we gave that chare to Deecon Draper, our sooperintendent, becawse it wasent anny good, I dont mene my speche, it wood of bin good only I didn't say it, I wil tel you why, no it wasent annything I did, this time it happend not to of bin my falt, which you may not beleeve, but it was this way.

wel you herd me maik the speche, I gues evveryboddy that evver caim to our howse herd me say it, and it was all rite, Uncle Walter rote it for me, you kno and he is a good riter, and after our diner when they maid you go hoam to yore howse they maid me go to sunday school even if it wasent only thursday, and all the other kids was thare, and all the grone up peeple too, and while we was waiting for Deecon Draper to come to the sunday school I had to say the speche over agen about a milion times. you kno how it went Gorge, if you dont I wil tel you, it sed Dere Deecon Draper, we the members of yore sunday school class hav assembaled to expres our esteam and love for you by a smal token. It is dere Deecon Draper this smal but beautifull chare which cost three dolars and 50 sents, I dident say that but that is what it did cost Uncle Walter sed.

I dident mind saying the speche at hoam, but saying it with all the peepul around was diffurent and Dwite was looking at me and trying to maik me laff and I wisht I dident hav to say it. Wel I dident after all, it was like this.

and I forgot to tel you Gorge Nellie Baldwin shes my gurl, she was going to pul a ribbon that was tied to the chare and yank the covver off it, it was all covvered up, and they maid us stand up together when I sed my speche and try it, with Fred Strong standing rite behind me saying kiss her, kiss her, shes yore gurl, I wood like to of smashed him.

and by and by when it was getting dark and they had the lite lit in the sunday school room Dwites farther come in and he sed goodness, issent Deecon Draper hear yet, I hoap he has not bin taiken sick after his thanksgiving diner, he is applepleckticK or something that sounded like that, and someboddy sed we wil wate a littel he has bin told to be hear for something verry important, and Dwites farther sed did the comitty see him in purson and they sed no, but we saw Missus Draper, and in the menetime we can let the littel Torrey boy and the littel Baldwin gurl go over the cerremonees agen, and they did twicet moar, and then haff the sunday school was going to slepe it was so lait, and Dwites farther sed mercy I hait to seme impashunt but Deecon Twitchull wil you kindly go over to his howse and inkqire, and Deecon Twitchull did, and while he was gone they maid me and Nellie do it all over agen, darn it, and I cood here Dwite and Fred and the gang out in the carridge shed playing marbles.

And then Deecon Twitchull come back and his face was awful pale and he sed to Dwites farther o a nawfull thing has happened, and Dwites farther sed goodness what, and Deecon Twitchull whispered something to him and they went off in a corner of the sunday school libry and lots of other peepul with them, and then I skiped out in the carridge shed and won seven commys and a blood aggit befoar my mother missed me and when they maid me go in the sunday school agen a lot of the ladies was crying and Dwites farther was talking to my farther and my farther sed I always new they was something the matter with that old white seppulker, anny man that wares side wiskers cant be trusted and Dwites farther sed to er is human, how frale is man, let us prey and we all did, only I laffed becaws Dwite let a marbel role down the isle and another man nelt down on it and it hert his nee, and my farther pinched my arm til it hert, when it wasent my fait.

"I LET OUT A HOOP."

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"KISS HER, KISS HER, SHES YORE GURL."

And when we had praid old Mrssus Lincun who is always lait come in and she sed o goodness I hoap I am not to lait for the cerremonys and my farther sed if you had of come nex weke you wood not be to lait, and she sed whats the matter whare is Deecon Draper the good man, and Dwites farther sed alas and she sed hevvins dont tel me he has past away, and Dwites farther sed o no he aint past away he has skiped away to Brazzil with all the churtchs monney.

And I ast my farther dont I hav to maik the speche then hurray and he sed not unles you can ketch up with Deecon Draper the old hippokrit and I gues you wont he has to good a start, the slick old villun and me giving up $five dolars only last sunday to him becaws he sed it was for the misshun, and when we got hoam my uncle Walter he hadent bin with us, when he herd the storey about Deecon Draper he laffed fit to kil and he sed to my farther if you had bot a looseanna lotry ticket with that five dollars like I did you would be in that much now O the old raskal, the only thing desent about him was that he skipd away without taiking the sunday school chare to.

I sed why did Deecon Draper skip and my uncle Walter sed maybe he herd you was going to maik that speche Sam and thot he woodent taik anny chances, but I gues it was becawse it was liable to be geting to hot for him hear, and I sed why I thot it was a good dele hoter in Brazzil than it was in America, and he sed not when a man has pinched evverything he can lay his hands on, so if Deecon Draper did it and I gues he did, wasent it lucky Gorge I dident put that nickle in the contribooshun box last sunday but hav got it yet, that is I wood of got it yet only I gave it to Pat Boyle, he's the man that works in the irron foundry out hear, and he is going to get me a rooster, a regler fitet.

I think my mother wil let me hav a rooster becawse now I havent got those squrrels anny more, I mene the ones uncle Walter was going to taik us to get thanksgiving day only he dident. But he took me the next day and they was fine, they lived in a tree up in blaneys woulds, I found the tree and uncle Walter stufed newspapers in a whole in the botom of the tree and I clum up the tree and put a potato sack over the whole whare the squrrels lived, and then uncle Walter lit the newspaper afire and youd out to of sene the squrrels hussle out of thare whole and I hung onto the neck of the potato sack and shinned down the tree and we went hoam.

Then we let the squrrels out in a nold rat trap, and thay was fine, only I got bit a cupple of times by the old mother on the thum gee but she was savvage or may be she was thare farther, I dont kno which annyway he bit me good.

So uncle Walter was going to sho me how to trane them so they cood do tricks, run around in a whele and beg and all, and he went down to the villidge to get a trap with a whele in it, and he dident come back, so I forgot the squrrels when Dwite came to get me to come out and I must of left the door of the cage open becawse when I went up to my room they wasent in it, of coarse I notised they was gone but I dident tel my farther and mother when I went to bed about it becawse I dident want to wory them.

wel byme by I herd a nawful noyse, and it was my mother, you talk about screming say Gorge you'd ort to of herd her.

And my mother was yelling O Samuel they's a rat in my bed and she was jumping around her room in her nite gownd and she looked awfull funny, and my farther woodent waik up for a long time and then he snorted and he sed, all rite, what time is it, whats the

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mater and my mother sed youd ly aslepe if I was being merderd in coald blood and my farther sed who's merdering you, whats the mater, and my mother sed a rat was in my bed and he bit me O. And my farther sed nonsents, how cood a rat be in yore bed, you must of bin dreming and my mother sed I was was I, wel you look just the saim or I wont get back into bed, so my farther put his hand down under the bed close and then he give a yel and then he through the bed close back and shure enuff it was my fore squrrels who had gone in my mothers bed to get worm, I gues.

grate scot my farther sed what on erth are thoase and I sed let me see why I do beleeve they are squrrels, and my mother sed he beleeves does he as tho he dident kno, whare did you get those squrrels and I told them and my farther sed wel you taik this darned menaggery out of our room and kepe it locked up or youll here from me with a dose of strap oil, which is a licking you kno Gorge.

So I took my squrrels into my room and they got into my bed and was just as quiet as they cood be only I roled over on them onse and one of them bit me I dont kno who it was but it was one of them all rite I wil show you the bite.

And the next morning my mother sed I dident slepe a wink thinking of those squrmy things and my farther sed O dont be harsh on the boy he has to hav some pets, why when I was a boy I had my room ful of snaiks.

"AND THEN HE GIVE A YEL."

So I thot may be my farther wood ruther hav snaiks than squrrels, so I swaped my squrrels to Eddie Rooney for three snaiks, and they was in my pocket, I left my cote in the hal and my mother was fishing the pockets and say Gorge when she found the snaiks she fainted and I felt sory all rite, so I took them out in the yard and through them over old Brookseys fense, I hait to wory my dere mother.

so no moar for this time, yore aff. cous.

SAMUEL TORREY, JR.

p. s. Say Gorge this is a sekret, Fred Strong, I havent bin riting much about Fred laitly becawse he was kep in and I coodent play with him, he and me are going to run away pritty soon, it is for tressure, out in the yossemity vally they is a hole lot of tressure berried and Fred has got a novvel that tels you how to get it, all you do is folow a chart in the novvel, so the next time you here from me I wil probly be verry rich, wont that be fine, Gorge, say! All the dime novvels you want and some knew riffles, hurray.

Or if we dont go to the yossemity vally we wil go to join Jessie Jaimes gang, and if we do you wil kno us by our naimes, Freds is Fred the Boy Fiend, and mine is Sam the Boy Skurge, we got that out of a book too.

So no moar for this time, from your aff. cous.

SAMUEL TORREY, JR.
SAM THE BOY SKURGE.

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A ROW OF BOOKS

By J. B. KERFOOT

Not very long ago, happening to arrive at a friend's house during what, from the sound, appeared to be a moment of general uproar, I was met at the door by a beaming-eyed young lady of six, who delightedly combined a hospitable greeting and an explanation of the family condition in a single sentence. "Father," she assured me as she offered me admittance, "is just having a foolish turn." And it is in a like spirit of pleased apology that this department presents to its readers "The Man in Lower Ten" (Bobbs-Merrill), a story by Mary Roberts Rinehart in which Literature, casting aside for the moment its professional responsibilities, indulges in what, for want of an apter term, we may call foolishness. "The Man in Lower Ten," though not quite in the usual form, and not at all in the familiar manner, is a detective story. That is to say, it is a tale of compound coincidence, concerned with mystery and murder, intended at once to fire our curiosity and to perplex our wits. And though we know all the while that we are being imposed upon, it does both very effectually. For the author has thrown herself so hilariously into her game of make-believe that one cannot but catch her spirit; and having, at her invitation, started to swallow a camel, it is beside the mark to strain at a few gnats by the way. Moreover, there are occasions, especially perhaps at this season, when to be whole-heartedly inconsequent is the part of wisdom; and "The Man in Lower Ten" offers us the opportunity.

There are, among the recent books, two novels that—since each is by an old literary acquaintance against whose name the "fatal asterisk" has but lately been placed—can hardly fail, even before we open them, to have for us a certain melancholy interest, and are yet likely, in the reading, to suffer from considerations unwarranted by their intrinsic excellencies and shortcomings. For always, do what we will, our objective judgment is colored by our subjective attitude. And just as in the reading of a first novel by a new writer, there is even some zest of intellectual adventure, some expectant matching of the likelihood of disappointment against the possibilities of discovery; so, in the reading of a last novel by a familiar author, we are inevitably chilled by the vague consciousness of closed issues and touched by that subtle disheartenment which inheres in the inexorable. We feel this, I think, rather more markedly in "The Royal End" (Dodd, Mead), by Henry Harland, than in "The White Sister" (Macmillan), by F. Marion Crawford. For Mr. Harland first won his way to our appreciation, not by creative accomplishment, but by the sparkling play of his imaginative spirits; and, between the not too frequent occasions on which he claimed it, he kept our attention attuned to his touch less by the persistence of specific memories than by a lively anticipation of promised joys. It follows, not perhaps creditably but naturally, that when, midway in this last tale so characteristically begun, we feel the author's unflagging fancy begin to waver, we follow the now lagging story to its quiet end with our mood more in harmony with thanatopsis than with romance.

With "The White Sister" the case is somewhat different. It is a story, conceived and carried out with no least hint of failing powers, in what, at another time, one would probably call Mr. Crawford's "later manner." That is to say, it is an exploitation, in remarkably readable narrative, of a situation essentially and simply melodramatic, but presented with the nicest consideration for our instinctive shrinking from melodrama. And were it not associated in our minds with our knowledge of its author's passing, we should probably read it with a lazy enjoyment and dismiss it with scant thought. But its accidental finality gives us pause. And, pausing, we realize that in Mr. Crawford's career there has been vouchsafed to those of us whose literary consciousness embraces the past quarter century, the opportunity of an experience at once interesting and disconcerting. We remember having been among those present when "Mr. Isaacs," making his exotic bow to a

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delighted audience, captivated the fancy of the early eighties. We shared in the aroused expectation, and joined in the enthusiastic verdict, of a generation that, finding their neighbors explained in "Saracinesca" and themselves reflected in "The Ralstons," confused their own responsiveness to contemporaneous truth with a recognition of the eternal verities. And step by step, with the scantiest realization of transition, we have come to acquiesce with an equal spontaneity in the calmer verdict of a later generation. In fact (if one may somewhat overstate the case for the sake of clearness) we find, not a little to our own surprise and confusion, that we have actually, in regard to this writer, bridged in our own experience the gap between contemporary judgment and the revised pronouncement of posterity.

One is, I imagine, more than likely to be wide of the mark when one indulges in speculation as to the source of an artist's inspiration or the impelling purpose that underlies his performance. The result is, conceivably enough, a sort of critical nature-fake in which, quite without warrant, the mental processes of the observer are ascribed to the observed. Yet the temptation is at times scarcely to be resisted, and a certain interest, if nothing more, may spring from its indulgence. It is, for example, difficult to read Mrs. Humphry Ward's recent story, "Marriage à la Mode" (Doubleday, Page), without regarding it, tentatively at least, as an argumentative pendant to Mrs. Ward's only less recent novel, "The Testing of Diana Mallory"; as a logical clinching, let us say, of the implied theorem of that tale by disproving the contradictory proposition. Diana, we remember, was presented to us (in one of her creator's most harmoniously sustained and finished tales) not only as an interesting instance of how far the feminine instinct of self-effacement may carry its possessor, but almost, by implication, as the concrete example of an ideal. And now, in this new book, Mrs. Ward bids us, and that, one feels, not without a certain controversial emphasis, to consider and condemn a young woman who quite flagrantly exemplifies the opposite extreme. Daphne Floyd is an individualist rampant. She is not only ready to recognize and to maintain her own right to rights, but, being both self-opinionated and at the last somewhat catty, she puts her principles into practice to the general undoing. Now the argument, if argument there be, embodied in these contrasted tales, while open to the charge of special pleading, is not without its effect. But Dante Gabriel Rossetti was wont to maintain that a prerequisite of all good fiction is sympathy and, since sympathy is manifestly not for those who are in charge of a case for the prosecution, Mrs. Ward has not made her point without sacrifice.

After reading even so little as a couple of chapters of Mr. Rollin Lynde Hartt's "The People at Play" (Houghton, Mifflin), one is fain to exclaim, like the devout patriarch whose eyes at last beheld the long expected, "Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace." For what one of us — or what one of us whose avocations bring us into even occasional touch with the kingdom of Bohemia — has not known in varying incarnations, that sardonic and quasi-mysterious figure whose aesthetic vagaries and whose presence in strange places are laid to the fact that he is "gathering material"? Have we not encountered him, superior yet at home, in purlieus where one's own mere presence was an adventure? Have we not glimpsed him in stage boxes in the Bowery, taking notes, as who should say "A point, a very palpable point!" And have we not long since given over watching the publishers' announcements for the fruit of his harvesting and lost the hope of eking out our casual observings with his broader knowledge? Yet here, actually in print and between covers, is the very stuff of which we had despaired. "The People at Play" is a series of studies—sympathetic yet perspicacious—of various forms of popular amusement and of the public that supports them. It is written by a man, doubtless neither sardonic nor mysterious, who is something of a wit and something of a philosopher, but withal too much of a tactician to let either attribute run away with him. And, to adopt an idiom of its own "people," it is a book that, in addition to being distinctly entertaining, "puts us next" to many considerations, social and psychological.

Mr. Owen Johnson's "The Eternal Boy" (Dodd, Mead) is a story—or rather a series of mutually relevant anecdotes—that may, for all that a mere man dares to assume, be limited in interest and significance to those who either actually have been boys or, by being tomboys, have approximated to that estate. If this is so, we beg the ladies to excuse us while, for a moment, we go into executive session over matters beneath their notice. The American boy, during that intermediate period between short dresses and long pants, when he is in the what-shall-I-do-next stage of mischievous, imitative, and irresponsible cubhood, has been carefully studied and amusingly exploited. But not so the American schoolboy; the boy in transition;

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the boy partially, but only partially, self-discovered, and hence both to himself and to others infinitely difficult of comprehension. And it is with the latter that Mr. Johnson deals in his anecdotes of the well-known Lawrenceville school. The adventures of the Prodigious Hickey, of Doc Macnooder and Hungry Smeed, of Turkey Reiter and the rest, are good stories, as stories. They have beginnings, and endings, and action in between; and withal they are alive with that inherent and not to be manufactured realism that helps us to realize. But for us who have groped, and shrunk, and dared, and lorded our way through the schoolboy's mimic world, the book's real worth lies in showing us to ourselves, not as others saw us, nor as we saw ourselves, but as, in fact, we were.

It is a little difficult to understand why the English fox-hunting novel has so often proved an acceptable form of light fiction to us comparatively foxless and non-riding-to-hounds Americans. The text of them is always full of strange verbiage, and the majority of us do not know a "M. F. H." from a "spinney." And yet the latest of these tales, Lina Ramsay's "The Straw" (Macmillan), like more than one that has gone before and been forgotten, has about it a certain attractiveness not wholly explained by the odd tale of somewhat questionable ethics that here works itself out between meets. The story itself has the advantage of a certain novelty and of allowing us (not seriously enough to arouse our consciences, but yet openly enough to relieve our tempers) to condone and even to applaud the murder of an extremely objectionable bounder. But there is some lure less obvious than this and yet, one feels, more significantly responsible for our interest. Perhaps—who knows?—this hunting-field jargon, like the translated twaddle of a dialogue in Scotch dialect, appeals less to our intellect by what it means than to our self-complacency in being able to guess its meaning. Or does it rest and refresh us by inducing us for a time to accept fixed, though irrelevant, standards, and by allowing us a momentary sense of sharing in immemorial tradition?

"Remaking the Mississippi" (Houghton, Mifflin). A discussion, vastly instructive and unexpectedly interesting, of the engineering problems and possibilities on the streams that flow into or are connected with, or connectable with, the greatest of our rivers. The author, John Lathrop Mathews, has brought into logical and apprehendable connection the scattered history of innumerable state and national undertakings, given his readers a working knowledge of present conditions, and he enables them at least to grasp the nature and something of the needs of the huge work that is being slowly outlined.

OTHER BOOKS

"Roads of Destiny" (Doubleday, Page). A new volume of O. Henry's rattling, rapid-fire stories; starting out with a surprise in the shape of an experiment in speculative philosophy, and continuing in familiar veins of Western, snappy, slangy, and high pressure narrative.

"The Man Without a Shadow" (Appleton). An ephemeral fiction for dogday consumption, by Oliver Cabot, in which romantic and adventurous entertainment is furnished by the hero's efforts to recapture his own lost identity and to wrest from unknown enemies the position and possessions of which he has been defrauded. It is told with sufficient spirit to hide its own unlikeliness and to satisfy an unexacting mood.

"Plays, Acting and Music" (Dutton), by Arthur Symons. A new version, as well as a new edition, of one of the author's earlier collections of critical essays. This practice of revision is familiar to Mr. Symons's readers, and is characteristic of his attitude toward matters aesthetic. He recognizes, more clearly than most, that artistic criticism is largely self-criticism, and that if one's analyses and speculations are to remain one's own, they must be periodically readjusted to one's changing self. And given, as in his case, an intellectual self of sufficient acumen and sufficient candor, the procedure offers us a double interest.

"Kingsmead" (Dodd, Mead). A sequel to a sequel, by Bettina von Hutten, in which Pam once more appears and in which the young brother of the heroine of "The Halo" grows up to be, himself, a hero of sorts. The book's characters have that intimate naturalness that makes so much of this writer's charm; but the story itself, judged by the standard of the Baroness von Hutten's best, seems, as in fact it is, a third brewing from the same leaves.

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UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

LITTLE Robert and Jim, the grocer's delivery man, were great friends; and on the momentous day of Robert's promotion from dresses to knickerbockers, he waited eagerly in front of the house for Jim's coming. But the delivery man, when he came, busied himself about his wagon, without seeming to see anything unusual in his small chum's appearance. Robert stood around hopefully, in various conscious positions until he could stand it no longer. "Jim," he burst out at last, "is your horses 'fraid of pants?"

The teacher was describing the dolphin and its habits.

"And, children," she said impressively, "a single dolphin will have two thousand offspring."

"Goodness!" gasped a little girl in the back row. "And how about married ones?"

"Say," a boy yelled in to the proprietor of a store in a prohibition town, "the express agent says for you to send down for that package of *Daily Tribunes* right away, 'cause they're leakin'!"

Some federal officers in the Civil War once sought shelter for the night in an old, tumble-down shack. About two o'clock a polecat announced its presence in its own peculiar way. A German sat up and looked helplessly about him. The others were all sleeping peacefully.

"Mein Gott!" he exclaimed in tones of despair. "All the resht ashleep, und I've got to shmell it all!"

A passenger on a New York and Chicago limited train, upon looking under his berth in the morning, found one black shoe and one tan shoe. He called the porter's attention to the error. The porter scratched his woolly head in bewilderment.

"Well, an' don't dat beat all!" he said. "Dat's de second time dis mawnin' dat dat mistake's happened!"

"Were you ever in prison?" demanded the prosecuting attorney insinuatingly.

"Yes, sir," admitted the gray-headed witness for the defense.

"Aha! I thought so. And what for, may I ask?"

"Assault and battery with intent to kill."

"And how long were you in prison?"

"Until I escaped, sir."

The prosecutor turned triumphantly to the gentlemen of the jury.

"So, gentlemen," he said, "we have here, as the chief witness for the defense, an ex-convict and fugitive from justice by his own confession!"

He turned again to the witness. "When and where were you in prison, sir?" he sneered.

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The old man straightened up and spoke in a strong, clear voice:

"I was captured, sir, at the battle of Fort Harrison on the twenty-ninth of September, 1864, and sent to Libby Prison, Richmond. I effected my escape while being transferred to Salisbury, North Carolina. As to——"

But that was already more than the prosecutor wanted to know.

Dennis was doing his best to speak respectfully of the dead.

"Yes," he said, "Mike was a foine mon. Honest, straightforward, hard-workin', ginerous——"

"Ginerous?" questioned Barney rather doubtfully. "Did ye ever know of his treatin' any one in all his loife?"

"Well, he nearly treated once."

"Nearly treated?"

"Yis. I remember once he dhropped into Cassidy's when th' boys were all there. 'Well, lads,' he sez, 'what'll we have?'—wid a wave of his hand toward the bar. 'What'll we have?—rain or snow?'"

Bishop Goodsell, of the Methodist Episcopal church, weighs over two hundred pounds. It was with mingled emotions, therefore, that he read the following in *Zion's Herald* some time ago:

"The announcement that our New England bishop, Daniel A. Goodsell, has promised to preach at the Willimantic camp meeting, will give great pleasure to the hosts of Israel who are looking forward to that feast of fat things."

Edwin Stevens, when he first made up his mind to tackle vaudeville, applied to a very gruff manager who had a strong German accent and a great deal of business on hand.

"Vell," he growled, "vat do you want?"

"I would like to get into vaudeville," replied the candidate meekly.

"Vat do you do? Vat is your line?"

"I am a comedian, sir. I——"

"A komiker, *was*?" The manager faced him fiercely. "Vell, make me laugh!"

Long before the days of Directoire gowns, when appendicitis was still the most fashionable thing one could have, a friend of the late Senator Hoar was stricken down. For a time an operation was thought necessary, but it finally turned out that the trouble was not appendicitis at all—merely acute indigestion. Whereupon the venerable Massachusetts statesman sent this message of congratulation:

"I rejoice that the difficulty lay in the table of contents rather than in the appendix."

And thus spoke Sewell Ford:

It was a dark night. A man was riding a bicycle with no lamp. He came to a crossroads, and did not know which way to turn. He felt in his pocket for a match. He found but one. Climbing to the top of the pole, he lit the match carefully and in the ensuing glimmer read:

WET PAINT

"How on earth did you ever cultivate such a beautiful black eye?" asked Brown's friend.

"Oh," replied Brown, who had unintentionally been illustrating the fall of man on roller skates, "I raised it from a slip."

Senator Reed Smoot once spoke before a large crowd of Swedes. There was but little applause. He was followed by a man who spoke to them in their native tongue. The applause was deafening, and Smoot cheered as loudly as the best of them. Then, still clapping his hands, he leaned over to the chairman of the meeting. "What did he say?" he asked.

"He was interpreting your speech to them," replied the chairman gravely.

A. M. F., writing from a safe distance (Camden, N. Y.), heckles us as follows:

"Ye Editor: In 'Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree' I read of Mrs. Perkins's futile attempts to bring surprise to her husband. But why should she have become disheartened after the conjurer's failure to rouse the good old gentleman by extracting three rabbits from his whiskers? Was not Mr. Perkins justified in believing that there were hares on his chin?"

A visitor to one of the hotels at Karlsbad was paid the most profound attention by the management. Neither he nor the other guests could figure out the cause of this marked deference until the appearance of the printed register, or Kurgast list. The visitor's name and address, James I. King, Buffalo, N. Y., had been rendered by the native printer: James the First, King of Buffalo, N. Y.

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Everybody's Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

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ERMAN J. RIDGWAY, *President* JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE, *Editor* WM. L. JENNINGS, *Sec'y and Treas.*
RAY BROWN, *Art Director* ROBERT FROTHINGHAM, *Adv. Mgr.*

31 EAST 17TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

WITH "EVERYBODY'S" PUBLISHERS

LAMARTINE said, "There is a woman at the beginning of all great things," and he was not thinking of the apple in the garden of Eden when he said it. Bad women there are, cruel, vicious, selfish, who sow to a frightful harvest; but they are relatively so few and with influence so slight as to be inconsiderable when compared with the millions whose influence weighs for good.

In bearing physical pain women are braver than men, some men say, because they are less highly organized. These men have not told us why women are braver in facing adversity; but they are. Possibly because they have less imagination. Maybe they do not see the picture of the troubles ahead so vividly, and maybe they just won't. Anyhow, they give the appearance of being braver in facing and fighting trouble. Much braver. We asked Dr. W. Hanna Thomson if women are less highly organized than men. His opinion, he said, could be found in Genesis Chap. V, Verse 2.

ARMS AND THE WOMAN

Last week we were talking with a very successful man about his success—a brave man, as men go—and the question of his wife's part in his (their) success came up. We were surprised to hear him—not *admit*, as men sometimes do, but *insist* eagerly and gratefully that his wife had everything to do with his (their) success. Surprised because he seemed so strong, so self-reliant, that here, if anywhere, we might expect an exception to the rule. "Why," said he, "when the critical turn in our affairs came, I was a coward. We had several children and others dependent, and very little money. I was miserable in my work, with an unappreciative employer who thought he owned me body and soul. Nights I would come home after some grueling experience unmanned and ill. I wanted to break away, to strike out for myself, but I didn't dare. Then my wife put her arms around me and told me she believed in me. She said my employer did not understand me. She knew I had the stuff in me. Why not start for ourselves?—nothing to be afraid of. She would welcome the opportunity to show how well she could run the house on less money, and the children would not suffer—she would sew or wash for other people for a while, if need be; and so on to the end of the dear old story of woman's faith, and love, and courage. Well, we made the fight. And she was better than her word, for, while she didn't wash or sew for outsiders, she gave the new firm the suggestion that put it on its feet almost immediately, and here we are."

Yes, there they are—a beautifully happy family, democratic, human, successful, because women are—women.

Owing to economic changes, the home life of women has changed radically in the past fifty years. Especially is this true for city folks; and it may be that some women have not yet adjusted themselves to the new conditions, have not yet found their places. But the opportunities are even greater in the more complex existence, and women may be trusted to adjust themselves and undertake their obligations in the same intelligent, brave, unselfish spirit as in the ages past.

A FULLER LIFE

Women on the farms contribute more directly to the success of the business than

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in any other field of activity. Perhaps more than their share. The larger life has not yet come in fullness to the farmer's women folks; but even there remarkable advances have been made. The telephone, rural free delivery, the daily paper, books and magazines, music, pictures, lure them away from the unremitting toil of other years. We lived on the farm and know what it meant twenty years ago. Nowadays the women read more, visit more, dress better, and work less. They have too much to do yet, as the following letters will show.

EVERYBODY'S:

L. V. K.'s letter in your April number was pretty, very, but it is just the sort that misleads the average person in reference to the farms. You are going to have some of the "home flavor" now.

We are living the life actually, as most farmers do, not romantically; and if the gentlemen who are interested in the "what-is-the-matter-with-the-farm" question would do likewise for a while (I think a very little while would suffice), they would arrive by a short cut at the answer. To play at farming from a comfortable city office is very nice. To do the actual work is quite another thing. Perhaps if Mr. Charles Edward Russell could tell us how to farm *rationally*, the question might be solved. But at present the farmer works too hard and plays too little, and that is what is the matter. Like L. V. K., I have a neighbor, also, with whom I share our beloved magazines. She is the mother of five little ones, and does all of her work, as farmers' wives usually do. This means a continual going, from four o'clock in the morning till eight o'clock at night. Besides her own family, there are hired hands to cook and *wash* for. If it weren't for the wee ones, I think she would be almost glad to "quit." Why not? There is only the endless routine, with no pleasures intervening; even rest cut off. She takes the magazines from me eagerly, but guiltily, and must often wait from one long day to another, till she can sandwich in a little time to peek at them.

Child labor, also, exists here—a point I have seldom seen discussed. Many a time a shudder has passed through the mother heart of me, at sight of some little fellow struggling with the handles of a plow, jerking and stumbling over cloddy ground from daylight till dark. Boys "making a full hand"; "helping Pa."

Farmers' families are never poor in the sense that they haven't enough to eat; there is usually prodigal plenty, in the matter of physical food; but they are poor in this, that they have *just* that much. Diversion? Listen. I'm not trying to be funny, only telling the pitiful truth, when I say that a funeral, in the country, is hailed with delight. How the telephones do rattle the news! One would think a picnic were in progress; and there is—for monotony-fed people, starved for the tonic of pleasure.

One hears a great deal about the "independent farmer." That sop has been thrown to him (to keep him at it) about long enough. He *ought* to be the most independent, comfortable man on earth, but the fact is, he is a slave. He has long hours of hard dirty work, with only small returns. The prices of corn, wheat, beef, and pork are controlled by a few men who raise or lower the price to suit themselves, and this glorious government of ours allows it. D. C. S.

PLATTE CITY, MO.

To the Editor of EVERYBODY'S:

To the man born and brought up on the farm the articles in EVERYBODY'S on "The Woman's Invasion" lead almost irresistibly to the making of comparisons. These comparisons are, of course, between conditions in factories, department stores, etc., as described in the articles of William Hard, and conditions as they exist on the average American farm, relative to the nature and extent of woman's work. Much has been said of late on this phase of rural life; but a large part of it comes to us second-hand and consequently is lacking in force.

As a lifelong farmer, I want to say that the state of affairs in rural districts in which the women are directly concerned is in as much need of an investigation and write-up in some prominent journal or magazine, as are the conditions of civic institutions.

The agriculturist occupies the most prominent position among the business men of the country (as regards numbers, at least) and the evils and abuses to which he is exposed are more pronounced and flagrant in their character than those found within city limits:

First, as to hours of labor. The telephone girl, the school teacher, the factory hand, the department store clerk, each have a specified number of hours, ranging from five to ten or, in exceptional cases, to twelve. The hours of a farmer's wife are often from four o'clock in the morning till nine or ten o'clock at night—with no hour off at noon, either. Rather, this is the busiest part of her day.

Secondly, as to the nature of the work. The factory hand may find her occupation nerve-racking. But if it will compare with that of the woman who performs the same monotonous household duties day after day throughout the year, with no time for the least development along either intellectual or aesthetic lines, and who does this amidst the worry and care of an indefinite number of small children (from which the woman in the factory is of necessity free), then appearances are certainly deceiving.

It is not necessary to go into statistics as to the number of farmers' wives who are at present in our sanatoriums and asylums. We all know that the number is far greater than it ought to be; and far greater than it would be with proper education of the rural community along social and sanitary lines, and with the oversight of the government, or of an agricultural commission.

This is a subject well worth the attention of such a magazine as EVERYBODY'S; for it is a matter of no less than national interest, touching, as it does, the vital interests of the community from which almost all other professions and lines of business take their rise, and which has given to the world many of her most prominent and successful men. And if this call to the country for leaders of men is to be answered in the future as in the past, it will be because the intellectual, social, and physical development of our wives and mothers is not neglected. J. E. M.

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